

MISCELLANIES,

BY

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



D U B L I N :

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M D C C X L I I I .

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MISCELLANEOUS

BY

FRANKLIN D. BROWN



D U B I N

Printed by E. J. ...
For ...
...

P R E F A C E.

THE Volumes I now present the Public, consist, as their Title indicates, of various Matter; treating of Subjects which bear not the least Relation to each other, and, perhaps, what *Martial* says of his Epigrams, may be applicable to these several Productions.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt malæ
PLURA.

At least, if the *Bona* be denied me, I shall, I apprehend, be allowed the other Two.

The Poetical Pieces which compose the First Part of the First Volume, were most of them written when I was very young, and are, indeed, Productions of the Heart rather than of the Head. If the Good-natured Reader thinks them tolerable, it will answer my warmest Hopes. This Branch of Writing is what I very little pretend to, and will appear to have been very little my Pursuit, since I think (one or two Poems excepted) I have here presented my Reader with all I could remember, or procure Copies of.

My Modernization of Part of the sixth Satire of *Juvenal*, will, I hope, give no Offence to that Half of our Species, for whom I have the greatest Respect and Tendernefs. It was originally fketched out before I was Twenty, and was all the Revenge taken by an injured Lover. For my Part, I am much more inclined to Panegyric on that amiable Sex, which I have always thought treated with a very unjust Severity by ours, who censure them for Faults (if they are truly fuch) into which we allure and betray them, and of which we ourfelves, with an unblamed Licence, enjoy the moft delicious Fruits.

As to the *Effay on Conversation*, however it may be executed, my Design in it will be at leaft allowed good; being to ridicule out of Society, one of the moft pernicious Evils which attends it, *viz*, pampering the grofs Appetites of Selfifhnefs and Ill-nature, with the Shame and Difquietude of others; whereas I have endeavoured in it to fhew, that true Good-Breeding confifts in contributing, with our utmoft Power, to the Satisfaction and Happinefs of all about us.

In my *Effay on the Knowledge of the Characters of Men*, I have endeavoured to expofe a fecond great Evil, namely, Hypocri-
fy; the Bane of all Virtue, Morality, and Goodnefs; and to arm, as well as I can, the honeft, undefigning, open-hearted Man, who is generally the Prey of this Monster,
againft

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against it. I believe a little Reflection will convince us, that most Mischiefs (especially those which fall on the worthiest Part of Mankind) owe their Original to this detestable Vice.

The Résidue of this Volume is filled with two Dramatic Pieces, both the Productions of my Youth, tho' the latter was not acted 'till this Season. It was the third Dramatic Performance I ever attempted; the Parts of *Millamour* and *Charlotte* being originally intended for Mr. *Wilks* and Mrs. *Oldfield*; but the latter died before it was finished; and a slight Pique which happened between me and the former, prevented him from ever seeing it. The Play was read to Mr. *Rich* upwards of twelve Years since, in the Presence of a very eminent Physician of this Age, who will bear me Testimony, that I did not recommend my Performance with the usual Warmth of an Author. Indeed I never thought, 'till this Season, that there existed on any one Stage, since the Death of that great Actor and Actress abovementioned, any two Persons capable of supplying their Loss in those Parts: for Characters of this Kind do, of all others, require most Support from the Actor, and lend the least Assistance to him.

From the Time of its being read to Mr. *Rich*, it lay by me neglected and unthought of, 'till this Winter, when it visited the Stage in the following Manner.

Mr. *Garrick*, whose Abilities as an Actor will, I hope, rouse up better Writers for the Stage than myself, asked me one Evening, if I had any Play by me; telling me, he was desirous of appearing in a new Part. I answered him, I had one almost finished: but I conceived it so little the Manager's Interest to produce any thing new on his Stage this Season, that I should not think of offering it him, as I apprehended he would find some Excuse to refuse me, and adhere to the Theatrical Politics, of never introducing new Plays on the Stage, but when driven to it by absolute Necessity.

Mr. *Garrick*'s Reply to this was so warm and friendly, that, as I was full as desirous of putting Words into his Mouth, as he could appear to be of speaking them, I mentioned the Play the very next Morning to Mr. *Fleetwood*, who embraced my Proposal so heartily, that an Appointment was immediately made to read it to the Actors who were principally to be concerned in it.

When I came to revise this Play, which had likewise lain by me some Years, tho' formed on a much better Plan, and at an Age when I was much more equal to the Task, than the former; I found I had allowed myself too little Time for the perfecting it; but I was resolved to execute my Promise, and, accordingly, at the appointed Day I produced five Acts, which were entitled, *The GOOD-NATURED MAN*.

Besides,

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Besides, that this Play appeared to me, on the Reading, to be less completely finished than I thought its Plan deserved; there was another Reason which dissuaded me from bringing it on the Stage, as it then stood, and this was, that the very Actor on whose Account I had principally been inclined to have it represented, had a very inconsiderable Part in it.

Notwithstanding my private Opinion, of which I then gave no Intimation, *The Good-natured Man* was received, and ordered to be writ into Parts, Mr. *Garrick* professing himself very ready to perform his; but as I remained dissatisfied, for the Reasons above-mentioned, I now recollected my other Play, in which I remembered there was a Character I had originally intended for Mr. *Wilks*.

Upon Perusal, I found this Character was preserved with some little Spirit, and (what I thought would be a great Recommendation to the Audience) would keep their so justly favourite Actor almost eternally before their Eyes. I apprehended (in which I was not deceived) that he would make so surprising a Figure in this Character, and exhibit Talents so long unknown to the Theatre, that, as hath happen'd in other Plays, the Audience might be blinded to the Faults of the Piece, for many I saw it had, and some very difficult to cure.

I accordingly sat down with a Resolution to work Night and Day, during the short

Time allowed me, which was about a Week, in altering and correcting this Production of my more juvenile Years; when unfortunately, the extreme Danger of Life into which a Person, very dear to me, was reduced, rendered me incapable of executing my Task.

To this Accident alone, I have the Vanity to apprehend, the Play owes most of the glaring Faults with which it appeared. However, I resolved rather to let it take its Chance, imperfect as it was, with the Assistance of Mr. *Garrick*, than to sacrifice a more favourite, and in the Opinion of others, a much more valuable Performance, and which could have had very little Assistance from him.

I then acquainted Mr. *Garrick* with my Design, and read it to him, and Mr. *Macklin*; Mr. *Fleetwood* agreed to the Exchange, and thus *The WEDDING-DAY* was destined to the Stage.

Perhaps it may be asked me, Why then did I suffer a Piece, which I myself knew was imperfect, to appear? I answer honestly and freely, that Reputation was not my Inducement; and that I hoped, faulty as it was, it might answer a much more solid, and, in my unhappy Situation, a much more urgent Motive. If it will give my Enemies any Pleasure to know that they totally frustrated my Views, I will be kinder to them, and give them a Satisfaction which they denied me: for tho' it was acted six Nights, I received not 50 *l.* from the House for it.

This

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This was, indeed, chiefly owing to a general Rumour spread of its Indecency ; which originally arose, I believe, from some Objections of the Licenser, who had been very unjustly censured for being too remiss in his Restraints on that Head ; but as every Passage which he objected to was struck out, and I sincerely think very properly so, I leave to every impartial Judge to decide, whether the Play, as it was acted, was not rather freer from such Imputation than almost any other Comedy on the Stage. However, this Opinion prevailed so fatally without Doors, during its Representation, that on the sixth Night, there were not above five Ladies present in the Boxes.

But I shall say no more of this Comedy here, as I intend to introduce it the ensuing Season, and with such Alterations as will, I hope, remove every Objection to it, and may make the Manager some Amends for what he lost by very honourably continuing its Representation, when he might have got much more by acting other Plays.

I come now to the Second Volume, which contains *The History of JONATHAN WILD*, and *The Journey from this World to the next*. And here it will not, I apprehend, be necessary to acquaint my Reader, that my Design is not to enter the Lists with that excellent Historian, who from authentic Papers and Records, &c. hath already given so satisfactory an Account of the Life and Actions

of this Great Man. I have not, indeed, the least Intention to depreciate the Veracity and Impartiality of that History; nor do I pretend to any of those Lights, not having, to my Knowledge, ever seen a single Paper relating to my Hero, save some short Memoirs, which, about the Time of his Death, were published in certain Chronicles called Newspapers, the Authority of which hath been sometimes questioned, and in the Ordinary of *Newgate* his Account, which generally contains a more particular Relation of what the Heroes are to suffer in the next World, than of what they did in this.

To confess the Truth, my Narrative is rather of such Actions which he might have performed, or would, or should have performed, than what he really did; and may, in reality, as well suit any other such great Man, as the Person himself whose Name it bears,

A second Caution I would give my Reader is, that as it is not a very faithful Portrait of *Jonathan Wild* himself, so neither is it intended to represent the Features of any other Person. Roguery, and not a Rogue, is my Subject; and as I have been so far from endeavouring to particularize any Individual, that I have with my utmost Art avoided it; so will any such Application be unfair in my Reader, especially if he knows much of the Great World, since he must then be acquainted, I believe, with more than one on whom he can fix the Resemblance. In

In the third Place, I solemnly protest, I do by no means intend in the Character of my Hero to represent Human Nature in general. Such Insinuations must be attended with very dreadful Conclusions ; nor do I see any other Tendency they can naturally have, but to encourage and soothe Men in their Villainies, and to make every well-disposed Man disclaim his own Species, and curse the Hour of his Birth into such a Society. For my Part, I understand those Writers who describe Human Nature in this depraved Character, as speaking only of such Persons as *Wild* and his Gang ; and I think it may be justly inferred, that they do not find in their own Bosoms any Deviation from the general Rule. Indeed it would be an insufferable Vanity in them to conceive themselves as the only Exception to it.

But without considering *Newgate* as no other than Human Nature with its Mask off, which some very shameless Writers have done, a Thought which no Price should purchase me to entertain, I think we may be excused for suspecting, that the splendid Palaces of the Great are often no other than *Newgate* with the Mask on. Nor do I know any thing which can raise an honest Man's Indignation higher than that the same Morals should be in one Place attended with all imaginable Misery and Infamy, and in the other, with the highest Luxury and Honour. Let any impartial Man in his Senses be asked, for which

which of these two Places a Composition of Cruelty, Lust, Avarice, Rapine, Insolence, Hypocrisy, Fraud, and Treachery, was best fitted, surely his Answer must be certain and immediate; and yet, I am afraid, all these Ingredients glossed over with Wealth and a Title, have been treated with the highest Respect and Veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the Gallows in the other.

If there are then any Men of such Morals who dare to call themselves Great, and are so reputed, or called, at least, by the deceived Multitude, surely a little private Censure by the few is a very moderate Tax for them to pay, provided no more was to be demanded: But I fear this is not the Case. However the Glare of Riches, and Awe of Title, may dazzle and terrify the Vulgar; nay, however Hypocrisy may deceive the more Discerning, there is still a Judge in every Man's Breast, which none can cheat nor corrupt, tho', perhaps, it is the only uncorrupt Thing about him. And yet, inflexible and honest as this Judge is, (however polluted the Bench be on which he sits) no Man can, in my Opinion, enjoy any Applause which is not thus adjudged to be his Due.

Nothing seems to me more preposterous than that, while the Way to true Honour lies so open and plain, Men should seek false by such perverse and rugged Paths: that while it is so easy and safe, and truly honourable,

able, to be good, Men should wade through Difficulty and Danger, and real Infamy, to be *Great*, or, to use a synonymous Word, *Villains*.

Nor hath Goodness less Advantage in the Article of Pleasure, than of Honour over this Kind of Greatness. The same righteous Judge always annexes a bitter Anxiety to the Purchases of Guilt, whilst it adds a double Sweetness to the Enjoyments of Innocence and Virtue: for Fear, which all the Wise agree is the most wretched of human Evils, is, in some Degree, always attending on the former, and never can in any Manner molest the Happiness of the latter.

This is the Doctrine which I have endeavoured to inculcate in this History, confining myself at the same Time within the Rules of Probability. (For except in one Chapter, which is visibly meant as a Burlesque on the extravagant Accounts of Travellers, I believe I have not exceeded it.) And tho', perhaps, it sometimes happens, contrary to the Instances I have given, that the Villain succeeds in his Pursuit, and acquires some transitory imperfect Honour or Pleasure to himself for his Iniquity; yet I believe he oftner shares the Fate of my Hero, and suffers the Punishment, without obtaining the Reward.

As I believe it is not easy to teach a more useful Lesson than this, if I have been able to add the pleasant to it, I might flatter myself with having carried every Point.

But,

But, perhaps, some Apology may be required of me, for having used the Word *Greatness*, to which the World have affixed such honourable Ideas, in so disgraceful and contemptuous a Light. Now if the Fact be, that the Greatness which is commonly worshipped is really of that Kind which I have here represented, the Fault seems rather to lie in those who have ascribed to it those Honours, to which it hath not in Reality the least Claim.

The Truth, I apprehend, is, we often confound the Ideas of Goodness and Greatness together, or rather include the former in our Idea of the latter. If this be so, it is surely a great Error, and no less than a Mistake of the Capacity for the Will. In Reality, no Qualities can be more distinct: for as it cannot be doubted but that Benevolence, Honour, Honesty, and Charity, make a good Man; and that Parts, Courage, are the efficient Qualities of a Great Man, so must it be confess'd, that the Ingredients which compose the former of these Characters, bear no Analogy to, nor Dependence on those which constitute the latter. A Man may therefore be Great without being Good, or Good without being Great.

However, tho' the one bear no necessary Dependence on the other, neither is there any absolute Repugnancy among them which may totally prevent their Union so that they
may,

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may, tho' not of Necessity, assemble in the same Mind, as they actually did, and all in the highest Degree, in those of *Socrates* and *Brutus*; and, perhaps, in some among us. I at least know one to whom Nature could have added no one great or good Quality more than she hath bestowed on him.

Here then appear three distinct Characters; the Great, the Good, and the Great and Good.

The last of these is the *true Sublime* in Human Nature. That Elevation by which the Soul of Man, raising and extending itself above the Order of this Creation, and brighten'd with a certain Ray of Divinity, looks down on the Condition of Mortals. This is, indeed, a glorious Object, on which we can never gaze with too much Praise and Admiration. A perfect Work! the Iliad of Nature! ravishing and astonishing, and which at once fills us with Love, Wonder, and Delight.

The Second falls greatly short of this Perfection, and yet hath its Merit. Our Wonder ceases; our Delight is lessened; but our Love remains; of which Passion, Goodness hath always appeared to me the only true and proper Object. On this Head I think proper to observe, that I do not conceive my Good Man to be absolutely a Fool or a Coward; but that he often partakes too little of Parts or Courage, to have any Pretensions to Greatness.

Now

Now as to that Greatness which is totally devoid of Goodness, it seems to me in Nature to resemble the *False Sublime* in Poetry; whose Bombast is, by the ignorant and ill-judging Vulgar, often mistaken for solid Wit and Eloquence; whilst it is in Effect the very Reverse. Thus Pride, Ostentation, Insolence, Cruelty, and every Kind of Villainy, are often construed into True Greatness of Mind, in which we always include an Idea of Goodness.

This Bombast Greatness then is the Character I intend to expose; and the more this prevails in and deceives the World, taking to itself not only Riches and Power, but often Honour, or at least the Shadow of it, the more necessary is it to strip the Monster of these false Colours, and shew it in its native Deformity: for by suffering Vice to possess the Reward of Virtue, we do a double Injury to Society, by encouraging the former, and taking away the chief Incentive to the latter. Nay, tho' it is, I believe, impossible to give Vice a true Relish of Honour and Glory, or tho' we give it Riches and Power, to give it the Enjoyment of them, yet it contaminates the Food it can't taste, and sullies the Robe which neither fits nor becomes it, 'till Virtue disdains them both.

As to the *Journey from this World to the next*, which fills the remaining Part of this Volume.

It

It would be paying a very mean Compliment to the human Understanding, to suppose I am under any Necessity of vindicating myself from designing, in an Allegory of this Kind, to oppose any present System, or to erect a new one of my own : but, perhaps, the Fault may lie rather in the Heart than in the Head ; and I may be misrepresented, without being misunderstood. If there are any such Men, I am sorry for it ; the Good-natured Reader will not, I believe, want any Assistance from me to disappoint their Malice.

Others may (and that with greater Colour) arraign my Ignorance ; as I have, in the Relation which I have put into the Mouth of *Julian*, whom they call the Apostate, done many Violences to History, and mixed Truth and Falshood with much Freedom. To these I answer. I profess Fiction only ; and tho' I have chosen some Facts out of History, to embellish my Work, and fix a Chronology to it, I have not, however, confined myself to nice Exactness ; having often ante-dated, and sometimes post-dated the Matter I have found in the Historian, particularly in the *Spanish* History, where I take both these Liberties in one Story.

Thus have I given some short Account of these Works. I come now to return Thanks to those Friends who have with uncommon Pains forwarded this Subscription : for tho'
the

the Number of my Subscribers be more proportioned to my Merit, than their Desire or Expectation, yet I believe I owe not a tenth Part to my own Interest. My Obligations on this Head are so many, that for Fear of offending any by Preference, I will name none. Nor is it, indeed, necessary, since I am convinced they served me with no Desire of a public Acknowledgment; nor can I make any to some of them, equal with the Gratitude of my Sentiments.

I cannot, however, forbear mentioning my Sense of the Friendship shewn me by a Profession of which I am a late and unworthy Member, and from whose Assistance I derive more than half the Names which appear to this Subscription.

It remains that I make some Apology for the Delay in publishing these Volumes, the real Reason of which was, the dangerous Illness of one from whom I draw all the solid Comfort of my Life, during the greatest Part of this Winter. This, as it is most sacredly true, so will it, I doubt not, sufficiently excuse the Delay to all who know me.

Indeed when I look a Year or two backwards, and survey the Accidents which have befallen me, and the Distresses I have waded through whilst I have been engaged in these Works, I could almost challenge some Philosophy to myself, for having been able to finish them as I have; and however imperfectly

fectly that may be, I am convinced the Reader, was he acquainted with the whole, would want very little Good-Nature to extinguish his Disdain at any Faults he meets with.

But this hath dropt from me unawares : for I intend not to entertain my Reader with my private History : nor am I fond enough of Tragedy, to make myself the Hero of one.

However, as I have been very unjustly censured, as well on account of what I have not writ, as for what I have ; I take this Opportunity to declare in the most solemn Manner, I have long since (as long as from *June 1741*) desisted from writing one Syllable in the *Champion*, or any other public Paper ; and that I never was, nor will be the Author of anonymous Scandal on the private History or Family of any Person whatever.

Indeed there is no Man who speaks or thinks with more Detestation of the modern Custom of Libelling. I look on the Practice of stabbing a Man's Character in the Dark, to be as base and as barbarous as that of stabbing him with a Poignard in the same Manner ; nor have I ever been once in my Life guilty of it.

It is not here, I suppose necessary to distinguish between Ridicule and Scurrility ; between a Jest on a public Character, and the Murder of a private one.

My

My Reader will pardon my having dwelt a little on this Particular, since it is so especially necessary in this Age, when almost all the Wit we have is applied this Way; and when I have already been a Martyr to such unjust Suspicion. Of which I will relate one Instance. While I was last Winter laid up in the Gout, with a favourite Child dying in one Bed, and my Wife in a Condition very little better, on another, attended with other Circumstances, which served as very proper Decorations to such a Scene, I received a Letter from a Friend, desiring me to vindicate myself from two very opposite Reflections, which two opposite Parties thought fit to cast on me, *viz.* the one of writing in the *Champion*, (tho' I had not then writ in it for upwards of half a Year) the other, of writing in the *Gazetteer*, in which I never had the Honour of inserting a single Word.

To defend myself therefore as well as I can from all past, and to enter a Caveat against all future Censure of this Kind; I once more solemnly declare, that since the End of *June 1741*, I have not, besides *Joseph Andrews*, published one Word, except *The Opposition, a Vision. A Defence of the Dutcheſs of Marlborough's Book. Miss Lucy in Town*, (in which I had a very small Share.) And I do farther protest, that I will never hereafter publish any Book or Pamphlet whatever, to which I will not put my Name.

A

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A Promise, which as I shall sacredly keep, so will it, I hope, be so far believed, that I may henceforth receive no more Praise or Censure, to which I have not the least Title.

And now, my good-natured Reader, recommending my Works to your Candour, I bid you heartily farewell; and take this with you, that you may never be interrupted in the reading these Miscellanies, with that Degree of Heart-ach which hath often discomposed me in the writing them.



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O F
TRUE GREATNESS.
A N
E P I S T L E
T O
GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq;

TIS strange, while all to Greatness
Homage pay,
So few should know the Goddess they
obey.

That Men should think a thousand Things the same,
And give contending Images one Name.
Not *Greece*, in all her Temples wide Abodes,
Held a more wild Democracy of Gods
Than various Deities we serve, while all
Profess before one common Shrine to fall.

Whether ourselves of Greatness are possess;
Or worship it within another's Breast.

VOL. I.

A

While

While a mean Crowd of Sycophants attend,
 And fawn and flatter, creep and cringe and bend ;
 The Fav'rite blesses his superior State,
 Rises o'er all, and hails Himself the Great.
 Vain Man ! can such as these to Greatness raise ?
 Can Honour come from Dirt ? from Baseness, Praise ?
 Then *India's* Gem on *Scotland's* Coast shall shine,
 And the *Peruvian* Ore enrich the *Cornish* Mine.

Behold, in blooming *May*, the May-pole stand,
 Dress'd out in Garlands by the Peasant's Hand ;
 Around it dance the Youth, in mirthful Mood ;
 And all admire the gaudy, dress'd up Wood.
 See, the next Day, of all its Pride bereft,
 How soon the unregarded Post is left.
 So Thou, the Wonder of a longer Day,
 Rais'd high on Pow'r, and dress'd in Titles, gay,
 Stript of these Summer Garlands, soon wouldst see,
 The mercenary Slaves ador'd not thee ;
 Wouldst see them thronging thy Successor's Gate,
 Shadows of Power, and Properties of State.
 As the Sun Insects, Pow'r Court-Friends begets,
 Which wanton in its Beams, and vanish as it sets.

Thy highest Pomp the Hermit dares despise,
 Greatness (cries this) is to be good and wise.
 To Titles, Treasures, Luxury and Show,
 The gilded Follies of Mankind, a Foe.
 He flies Society, to Wilds resorts,
 And rails at busy Cities, splendid Courts.
 Great to himself, he in his Cell, appears,
 As Kings on Thrones, or Conquerors on Cars.

O Thou, that dar'st thus proudly scorn thy Kind,
 Search, with impartial Scrutiny, thy Mind ;
 Disdaining outward Flatterers to win,
 Dost thou not feed a Flatterer within ?

White

While other Passions Temperance may guide,
 Feast not with too delicious Meals thy Pride.
 On Vice triumphant while thy Censures fall,
 Be sure, no Envy mixes with thy Gaul.
 Ask thyself oft, to Pow'r and Grandeur born,
 Had Pow'r and Grandeur then incurr'd thy Scorn;
 If no Ill-nature in thy Breast prevails,
 Enjoying all the Crimes at which it rails.
 A peevish sour Perverseness of the Will,
 Oft we miscall Antipathy to Ill.

Scorn and Disdain the little *Cynick* hurl'd
 At the exulting Victor of the World.
 Greater than this what Soul can be descri'd?
 His who contemns the *Cynick's* snarling Pride.
 Well might the haughty Son of *Philip* see
 Ambition's second Lot devolve on thee;
 Whose Breast Pride fires with scarce inferior Joy,
 And bids thee hate and shun Men, him destroy.

But hadst thou, *Alexander*, wish'd to prove
 Thyself the real Progeny of *Jove*,
 Virtue another Path had bid thee find,
 Taught thee to save, and not to slay Mankind.

Shall the lean Wolf, by Hunger fierce and bold,
 Bear off no Honours from the bloody Fold?
 Shall the dead Flock his Greatness not display;
 But Shepherds hunt him as a Beast of Prey?
 While Man, not drove by Hunger from his Den,
 To Honour climbs o'er Heaps of murder'd Men.
 Shall ravag'd Fields, and burning Towns proclaim
 The Hero's Glory, not the Robber's Shame?
 Shall Thousands fall, and Millions be undone
 To glut the hungry Cruelty of one?

Behold, the Plain with human Gore grow red,
 The swelling River heave along the Dead.

See, through the Breach the hostile Deluge flow,
 Along it bears the unresisting Foe :
 Hear, in each Street the wretched Virgin's Cries,
 Her Lover sees her ravish'd as he dies.
 The Infant wonders at its Mother's Tears,
 And smiling feels its Fate before its Fears.
 Age, while in vain for the first Blow it calls,
 Views all its Branches lopp'd before it falls.
 Beauty betrays the Mistress it should guard,
 And, faithless, proves the Ravisher's Reward :
 Death, their sole Friend, relieves them from their Ills,
 The kindest Victor he, who soonest kills.

Could such Exploits as these thy Pride create ?
 Could these, O *Philip's* Son, proclaim thee Great ?
 Such Honours *Mahomet* expiring crav'd,
 Such were the Trophies on his Tomb engrav'd.
 If Greatness by these Means may be possess'd,
 Ill we deny it to the greater Beast.
 Single and arm'd by Nature only, He,
 That Mischief does, which Thousands do for thee.

Not on such Wings, to Fame did *Churchill* soar,
 For *Europe* while defensive Arms he bore.
 Whose Conquests, cheap at all the Blood they cost,
 Sav'd Millions by each noble Life they lost.

Oh, Name august ! in Capitals of Gold,
 In Fame's eternal Chronicle enroll'd !
 Where *Cæsar*, viewing thee, ashamed withdraws,
 And owns thee Greater in a greater Cause.
 Thee, from the lowest Depth of Time, on high
 Blazing, shall late Posterity descry ;
 And own the Purchase of thy glorious Pains,
 While Liberty, or while her Name remains.

But quit, great Sir, with me this higher Scene,
 And view false Greatness with more awkward Mien.
 For

For now, from Camps to Colleges retreat;
 No Cell, no Closet here without the Great.
 See, how Pride swells the haughty Pedant's Looks;
 How pleas'd he smiles o'er Heaps of conquer'd Books:
Tully to him, and *Seneca*, are known,
 And all their noblest Sentiments his own.
 These, on each apt Occasion, he can quote;
 Thus the false Count affects the Man of Note,
 Aukward and shapeless in a borrow'd Coat. }

Thro' Books some travel, as thro' Nations some,
 Proud of their Voyage, yet bring nothing home.
 Criticks thro' Books, as Beaus thro' Countries stray,
 Certain to bring their Blemishes away.

Great is the Man, who with unwearied Toil
 Spies a Weed springing in the richest Soil.
 If *Dryden's* Page with one bad Line be blest,
 'Tis great to shew it, as to write the rest.

Others, with friendly Eye run Authors o'er,
 Not to find Faults, but Beauties to restore;
 Nor scruple (such their Bounty) to afford
 Folios of Dulness to preserve a Word:
 Close, as to some tall Tree the Insect cleaves,
 Myriads still nourish'd by its smallest Leaves.
 So cling these Scriblers round a *Virgil's* Name,
 And on his least of Beauties soar to Fame.

Awake, ye uselefs Drones, and scorn to thrive
 On the Sweets gather'd by the lab'ring Hive.
 Behold, the Merchant give to Thousands Food,
 His Loss his own, his Gain the Publick Good.
 Her various Bounties Nature still confines,
 Here gilds her Sands, there silvers o'er her Mines:
 The Merchant's Bounty Nature's hath outdone,
 He gives to all, what she confines to one,

And is he then not Great? Sir *B.* denies
 True Greatness to the Creature whom he buys;
 Blush the Wretch wounded, conscious of his Guile,
B—nard and *H—cote* at such Satyr smile.

But if a Merchant lives, who meanly deigns
 To sacrifice his Country to his Gains,
 Tho' from his House, untrusted and unfed,
 The Poet bears off neither Wipe nor Bread;
 As down *Cheapside* he meditates the Song,
 He ranks that Merchant with the meanest Throng.
 Nor Him the Poet's Pride contemns alone,
 But all to whom the Muses are unknown.
 These, cries the Bard, true Honours can bestow,
 And separate true Worth from outward Show;
 Scepters and Crowns by them grow glorious Things,
 (For tho' they make not, they distinguish Kings.)
 Short-liv'd the Gifts which Kings to them bequeath;
 Bards only give the never-fading Wreath.
 Did all our Annals no *Argyle* afford,
 The Muse constrain'd could sing a common Lord.
 But should the Muse with-hold her friendly Strain,
 The Hero's Glory blossoms fair in vain;
 Like the young Spring's, or Summer's riper Flow'r,
 The Admiration of the present Hour.
 She gleans from Death's sure Scythe the noble Name,
 And lays up in the Granaries of Fame.
 Thus the great tatter'd Bard, as thro' the Streets
 He cautious treads, lest any Bailiff meets:
 Whose wretched Plight the Jest of all is made;
 Yet most, if hapless, it betray his Trade.
 Fools in their Laugh at Poets are sincere,
 And wiser Men admire them thro' a Sneer:
 For Poetry with Treason shares this Fate,
 Men like the Poem and the Poet hate.
 And yet with Want and with Contempt oppress'd,
 Shunn'd, hated, mock'd, at once Men's Scorn and
 Jest,

Perhaps,

Perhaps, from wholesome Air itself confin'd,
Who hopes to drive out Greatness from his Mind?

Some Greatness in myself, perhaps I view;
Not that I write, but that I write to you.

To you! who in this *Gothick* Leaden Age,
When Wit is banish'd from the Press and Stage,
When Fools to greater Folly make Pretence,
And those who have it, seem ashamed of Sense;
When Nonsense is a Term for the Sublime,
And not to be an Idiot is a Crime;
When low Buffoons in Ridicule succeed,
And Men are largely for such Writings feed,
As *H——*'s self can purchase none to read;
Yourself th' unfashionable Lyre have strung,
Have own'd the Muses and their Darling *Young*.

All court their Favour when by all approv'd;
Ev'n Virtue, if in Fashion, would be lov'd.
You for their Sakes with Fashion dare engage,
Mæcenæ you in no *Augustan* Age.

Some Merit then is to the Muses due;
But oh! their Smiles the Portion of how few!
'Tho' Friends may flatter much, and more ourselves,
Few, *Dodington*, write worthy of your Shelves.
Not to a Song which *Cælia*'s Smiles make fine,
Nor Play which *Booth* had made esteem'd divine;
To no rude Satyr from Ill-nature sprung,
Nor Panegyrick for a Pension sung;
Not to soft Lines that gently glide along,
And vie in Sound and Sense with *Handel*'s Song;
To none of these will *Dodington* bequeath,
The Poet's noble Name and laureate Wreath.

Leave, Scriblers, leave, the tune'ful Road to Fame,
Nor by assuming damn a Poet's Name.

Yet how unjustly we the Muses slight,
 Unfir'd by them because a Thousand write !
 Who would a Soldier or a Judge upbraid,
 * That — wore Ermine, — a Cockade.

To Greatness each Pretender to pursue,
 Would tire, Great Sir, the jaded Muse and you.

The lowest Beau that skips about a Court,
 The Lady's Play-thing, and the Footman's Sport ;
 Whose Head adorn'd with Bag or Tail of Pig,
 Serves very well to bear about his Wig ; †
 Himself the Sign-post of his Taylor's Trade,
 That shews abroad, how well his Cloaths are made ;
 This little, empty, silly, trifling Toy,
 Can from Ambition feel a Kind of Joy ;
 Can swell, and even aim at looking wise,
 And walking Merit from *its* Chair despise.

Who wonders then, if such a Thing as this
 At Greatness aims, that none the Aim can miss !
 Nor Trade so low, Profession useless, thrives,
 Which to its Followers not Greatness gives.
 What Quality so mean, what Vice can shame
 The base Possessors from the mighty Claim ?
 To make our Merits little Weight prevail,
 We put not Virtue in the other Scale ;
 Against our Neighbour's Scale our own we press,
 And each Man's Great who finds another Less.
 In large Dominions some exert their State,
 But all Men find a Corner to be Great.
 The lowest Lawyer, Parson, Courtier, Squire,
 Is somewhere Great, finds some that will admire.
 Where

* This Verse may be filled up with any two Names
 out of our Chronicles, as the Reader shall think fit.

† These Verses attempt (if possible) to imitate the
 Meanness of the Creature they describe.

Where shall we say then that true Greatness dwells?
 In Palaces of Kings, or Hermits Cells?
 Doth she confirm the Minister's Mock-State,
 Or bloody on the Victor's Garland wait?
 Warbles, harmonious, she the Poet's Song,
 Or, graver, Laws pronounces to the Throng?

To no Profession, Party, Place confin'd,
 True Greatness lives but in the noble Mind;
 Him constant through each various Scene attends,
 Fierce to his Foes, and faithful to his Friends.
 In him, in any Sphere of Life she shines,
 Whether she blaze a *Hoadley* 'mid Divines,
 Or, an *Argyle*, in Fields and Senates dare,
 Supreme in all the Arts of Peace and War.
 Greatness with Learning deck'd in *Carteret* see,
 With Justice, and with Clemency in *Lee*;
 In *Chesterfield* to ripe Perfection come,
 See it in *Littleton* beyond its Bloom.

Lives there a Man, by Nature form'd to please,
 To think with Dignity, express with Ease;
 Upright in Principle, in Council strong,
 Prone not to change, nor obstinate too long:
 Whose Soul is with such various Talents blest'd,
 What he now does seems to become him best;
 Whether the Cabinet demands his Pow'rs,
 Or gay Addresses sooth his vacant Hours,
 Or when from graver Tasks his Mind unbends,
 To charm with Wit the Muses or his Friends.
 His Friends! who in his Favour claim no Place,
 From Titles, Pimping, Flattery, or Lace.
 To whose blest Lot superior Portions fall,
 To most of Fortune, and of Taste to all,
 And not by Fear, by Prejudice not sway'd,
 By Fashion led not, nor by Whim betray'd,

By Candour only bias'd, who shall dare
 To view, and judge, and speak Men as they are.
 In him, (if such there be) is Greatness shewn,
 Nor can he be to *Dodington* unknown.

OF GOOD-NATURE.

To his Grace the Duke of *RICHMOND*.

WHAT is Good-nature? Gen'rous *Richmond*,
 tell;

He can declare it best, who best can feel.
 Is it a foolish Weakness in the Breast,
 As some who know, or have it not, contest?
 Or is it rather not the mighty whole
 Full Composition of a virtuous Soul?
 Is it not Virtue's Self? A Flow'r so fine,
 It only grows in Soils almost divine.

Some Virtues flourish, like some Plants, less nice,
 And in one Nature blossom out with Vice.
 Knaves may be valiant, Villains may be Friends;
 And Love in Minds deprav'd effect its Ends.
 Good-nature, like the delicatest Seeds,
 Or dies itself, or else extirpates Weeds.

Yet in itself howe'er unmix'd and pure,
 No Virtue from Mistakes is less secure.
 Good-nature often we those Actions name,
 Which flow from Friendship, or a softer Flame.
 Pride may the Friend to noblest Efforts thrust,
 Or Salvages grow gentle out of Lust.
 The meanest Passion may this best appear,
 And Men may seem good-natur'd, from their Fear.

What

What by this Name, then, shall be understood ;
 What ? but the glorious Lust of doing Good ?
 The Heart that finds it Happiness to please,
 Can feel another's Pain, and taste his Ease.
 The Cheek that with another's Joy can glow,
 Turn pale, and sicken with another's Woe ;
 Free from Contempt and Envy, he who deems,
 Justly of Life's two opposite Extremes.
 Who to make all and each Man truly blest,
 Doth all he can, and wishes all the rest ?

Tho' few have Pow'r their Wishes to fulfil,
 Yet all Men may do Good, at least in Will.
 Tho' few, with you or *Marlborough* can save
 From Poverty, from Prisons, and the Grave ;
 Yet to each Individual Heav'n affords
 The Pow'r to bless in Wishes, and in Words.

Happy the Man with Passions blest like you,
 Who to be ill, his Nature must subdue.
 Whom Fortune fav'ring, was no longer blind,
 Whose Riches are the Treasures of Mankind.
 O ! nobler in thy Virtues than thy Blood,
 Above thy highest Titles place THE GOOD.

High on Life's Summit rais'd, you little know
 The Ills which blacken all the Vales below ;
 Where Industry toils for Support in vain,
 And Virtue to Distress still joins Disdain.
 Swelt'ring with Wealth, where Men unmov'd can
 hear

The Orphans sigh, and see the Widow's Tear ;
 Where griping Av'rice slights the Debtor's Pray'r,
 And Wretches wanting Bread deprives of Air.

Must it not wond'rous seem to Hearts like thine,
 That God, to other Animals benign,

Shou'd

Shou'd unprovided Man alone create,
 And send him hither but to curse his Fate!
 Is this the Being for whose Use the Earth
 Sprung out of nought, and Animals had Birth?
 This he, whose bold Imagination dares
 Converse with Heav'n, and soar beyond the Stars?
 Poor Reptile! wretched in an Angel's Form,
 And wanting that which Nature gives the Worm.

Far other Views our kind Creator knew,
 When Man the Image of himself he drew.

So full the Stream of Nature's Bounty flows,
 Man feels no Ill, but what to Man he owes.
 The Earth abundant furnishes a Store,
 To sate the Rich, and satisfy the Poor.
 These wou'd not want, if those did never hoard;
 Enough for *Irus* falls from *Dives*' Board.

And dost thou, common Son of Nature, dare
 From thy own Brother to with-hold his Share?
 To Vanity, pale Idol, offer up
 The shining Dish, and empty golden Cup!
 Or else in Caverns hide thy precious Ore,
 And to the Bowels of the Earth restore
 What for our Use she yielded up before?
 Behold, and take Example, how the Steed
 Attempts not, selfish, to engross the Mead.
 See how the lowing Herd, and bleating Flock,
 Promiscuous graze the Valley, or the Rock;
 Each tastes his Share of Nature's gen'ral Good,
 Nor strives from others to with-hold their Food.
 But say, O Man! wou'd it not strange appear
 To see some Beast (perhaps the meanest there)
 To his Repast the sweetest Pastures chuse,
 And ev'n the fourest to the rest refuse.
 Wouldst thou not view, with scornful wond'ring Eye,
 The poor, contented, starving Herd stand by?

All

All to one Beast a servile Homage pay,
And, boasting, think it Honour to obey.

Who wonders that Good-nature in so few,
Can Anger, Lust, or Avarice subdue?
When the cheap Gift of Fame our Tongues deny,
And risque our own, to poison with a Lie.

Dwells there a base Malignity in Men,
That 'scapes the Tiger's Cave, or Lion's Den?
Does our Fear dread, or does our Envy hate
To see another happy, good, or great?
Or does the Gift of Fame, like Money seem?
Think we, we lose, whene'er we give Esteem?

Oh! great Humanity, whose Beams benign,
Like the Sun's Rays, on just and unjust shine;
Who turning the Perspective friendly still,
Dost magnify all Good, and lessen Ill;
Whose Eye, while small Perfections it commends,
Not to what's better, but what's worse attends:
Who, when at Court it spies some well-shap'd Fair,
Searches not through the Rooms for *Shafsb'ry's* Air;
Nor when *Clarinda's* Lillies are confest,
Looks for the Snow that whitens *Richmond's* Breast.
Another's Sense and Goodness when I name,
Why wouldst thou lessen them with *Mountford's*
Fame?

Content, what Nature lavishes admire,
Nor what is wanting in each Piece require.
Where much is Right, some Blemishes afford,
Nor look for Ch——d in ev'ry Lord.

LIBERTY.

To GEORGE LYTTLETON, *Esq;*

TO *Lyttleton* the Muse this Off'ring pays :
 Who sings of Liberty, must sing his Praise.
 This Man, ye grateful *Britons*, all revere ;
 Here raise your Altars, bring your Incense here.
 To him the Praise, the Blessings which ye owe,
 More than their Sires your grateful Sons shall know.
 O ! for thy Country's Good and Glory born !
 Whom Nature vy'd with Fortune to adorn !
 Brave, tho' no Soldier ; without Titles, great ;
 Fear'd, without Pow'r ; and envy'd, without State.
 Accept the Muse whom Truth inspires to sing,
 Who soars, tho' weakly, on an honest Wing.

See Liberty, bright Goddess, comes along,
 Rais'd at thy Name, she animates the Song.
 Thy Name, which *Lacedemon* had approv'd,
Rome had ador'd, and *Brutus* Self had lov'd.

Come, then, bright Maid, my glowing Breast
 inspire ;
 Breathe in my Lines, and kindle all thy Fire.

Behold, she cries, the Groves, the Woods, the
 Plains,
 Where Nature dictates, see how Freedom reigns ;
 The Herd, promiscuous, o'er the Mountain strays ;
 Nor begs this Beast the other's Leave to graze,
 Each freely dares his Appetite to treat,
 Nor fears the Steed to neigh, the Flock to bleat.

Did God, who Freedom to these Creatures gave,
 Form his own Image, Man, to be a Slave ?

But

But, Men, it seems, to Laws of Compact yield;
 While Nature only governs in the Field.
 Curse on all Laws which Liberty subdue,
 And make the Many wretched for the Few.

However deaf to Shame, to Reason blind,
 Men dare assert all Falshoods of Mankind;
 The Publick never were, when free, such Elves
 To covet Laws pernicious to themselves.
 Presumptuous Pow'r assumes the publick Voice,
 And what it makes our Fate, pretends our Choice.

To whom did Pow'r original belong?
 Was it not first extorted by the Strong?
 And thus began, where it will end, in Wrong. }
 These scorn'd to Pow'r another Claim than Might,
 And in Ability establish'd Right.

At length a second nobler Sort arose,
 Friends to the Weak, and to Oppression Foes;
 With warm Humanity their Bosoms glow'd,
 They felt to Nature their great Strength they ow'd.
 And as some Elder born of noble Race,
 To whom devolves his Father's rich Estate,
 Becomes a kind Protector to the rest,
 Nor sees, unmov'd, the younger Branch distress.
 So these, with Strength whom Nature deign'd to
 grace,
 Became the Guardians of their weaker Race;
 Forc'd Tyrant Pow'r to bend its stubborn Knee,
 Broke the hard Chain, and set the People free.
 O'er abject Slaves they scorn'd inglorious Sway,
 But taught the grateful freed Man to obey;
 And thus by giving Liberty, enjoy'd
 What the first hop'd from Liberty destroy'd.

To such the Weak for their Protection flew,
 Hence Right to Pow'r and Laws by Compact grew.
 With Zeal embracing their Deliv'rer's Cause,
 They bear his Arms, and listen to his Laws.
 Thus Pow'r superior, Strength superior wears,
 In Honour chief, as first in Toils and Cares.
 The People Pow'r, to keep their Freedom, gave,
 And he who had it was the only Slave.

But Fortune wills to wisest human Schemes,
 The Fate that Torrents bring to purest Streams,
 Which from clear Fountains soon polluted run,
 Thus ends in Evil what from Good begun.

For now the savage Host, o'erthrown and slain,
 New Titles, by new Methods, Kings obtain.
 To Priests and Lawyers soon their Arts apply'd,
 The People these, and those the Gods bely'd.
 The Gods, unheard, to Pow'r Successors name,
 And silent Crowds their Rights divine proclaim.
 Hence all the Evils which Mankind have known,
 The Priest's dark Mystery, the Tyrant's Throne;
 Hence Lords, and Ministers, and such sad Things;
 And hence the strange Divinity of Kings.
 Hail Liberty! Boon worthy of the Skies,
 Like fabled *Venus* fair, like *Pallas* wise.
 Through thee the Citizen braves War's Alarms,
 Tho' neither bred to fight, nor pay'd for Arms;
 Thro' thee, the Laurel crown'd the Victor's Brow,
 Who serv'd before his Country at the Plough:
 Thro' thee (what most must to thy Praise appear)
 Proud Senates scorn'd not to seek Virtue there.

O thou, than Health or Riches dearer far,
 Thou gentle Breath of Peace, and Soul of War;
 Thou that hast taught the Desert Sweets to yield,
 And shame the fair *Campania's* fertile Field;

Hail

Hast shewn the Peasant Glory, and call'd forth
Wealth from the barren Sand, and Heroes from the
North.

The southern Skies, without thee, to no End
In the cool Breeze, or genial Show'rs descend :
Possess'd of thee, the *Vandal*, and the *Hun*,
Enjoy their Frost, nor mourn the distant Sun.

As Poets *Samos*, and the *Cyprian* Grove,
Once gave to *Juno*, and the Queen of Love ;
Be thine *Britannia* : ever friendly smile,
And fix thy Seat eternal in this Isle.
Thy sacred Name no *Romans* now adore,
And *Greece* attends thy glorious Call no more.
To thy *Britannia*, then, thy Fire transfer,
Give all thy Virtue, all thy Force to her ;
Revolve, attentive, all her Annals o'er,
See how her Sons have lov'd thee heretofore.
While the base Sword oppress'd *Iberia* draws,
And slavish *Gauls* dare fight against thy Cause,
(See *Britain's* Youth rush forth, at thy Command,
And fix thy Standard in the hostile Land.
With noble Scorn they view the crowded Field,
And force unequal Multitudes to yield.
So Wolves large Flocks, so Lions Herds survey,
Not Foes more num'rous, but a richer Prey.
O! teach us to withstand, as they withstood,
Nor lose the Purchase of our Father's Blood.
Ne'er blush that Sun that saw in *Blenheim's* Plain
Streams of our Blood, and Mountains of our Slain ;
Or that of old beheld all *France* to yield
In *Agincourt*, or *Cressy's* glorious Field ;
Where Freedom *Churchill*, *Henry*, *Edward* gave,
Ne'er blush that Sun to see a *British* Slave.

As Industry might from the Bee be taught,
So might Oppression from the Hive be brought :
Behold

Behold the little Race laborious stray,
And from each Flow'r the hard-wrought Sweets
convey,

That in warm Ease in Winter they may dwell,
And each enjoy the Riches of its Cell.

Behold th' excising Pow'r of Man despoil
These little Wretches of their Care and Toil.
Death's the Reward of all their Labour lost,
Careful in vain, and provident to their Cost.

But thou, great Liberty, keep *Britain* free,
Nor let Men use us as we use the Bee.
Let not base Drones upon our Honey thrive,
And suffocate the Maker in his Hive.

To a FRIEND:

On the CHOICE of a WIFE.

TIS hard (Experience long so taught the wife)
Not to provoke the Person we advise.
Counsel, tho' ask'd, may very oft offend,
When it insults th' Opinion of my Friend.
Men frequent with another's Judgment known,
Not to destroy, but to confirm their own.
With feign'd Suspence for our Advice they sue,
On what they've done, or are resolv'd to do.
The favour'd Scheme should we by Chance oppose,
Henceforth they see us in the Light of Foes.
For could Mankind th' Advice they ask receive,
Most to themselves might wholesome Counsel give.
Men in the beaten Track of Life's Highway,
Ofter through Passion than through Error stray,
Want less Advice than Firmness to obey. }

Nor

Nor can Advice an equal Hazard prove
 To what is given in the Cause of Love;
 None ask it here, 'till melting in the Flame,
 If we oppose the now victorious Dame,
 You think her Enemy and yours the same.

But yet, tho' hard, tho' dangerous the Task,
Fidus must grant, if his *Alexis* ask.
 Take then the friendly Councils of the Muse;
 Happy, if what you've chosen she should chuse.

The Question's worthy some diviner Voice,
 How to direct a Wife's important Choice.
 In other Aims if we shou'd miss the White,
 Reason corrects; and turns us to the Right:
 But here, a Doom irrevocable's past,
 And the first fatal Error proves the last.
 Rash were it then, and desperate, to run
 With Haste to do what cannot be undone.
 Whence come the Woes which we in Marriage find,
 But from a Choice too negligent, too blind?

Marriage, by Heav'n ordain'd, is understood,
 And bounteous Heav'n ordain'd but what is good.
 To our Destruction we its Bounties turn,
 In Flames, by Heav'n to warm us meant, we burn.
 What draws Youth heedless to the fatal Gin?
 Features well form'd, or a well polish'd Skin.
 What can in riper Minds a Wish create?
 Wealth, or Alliance with the Rich and Great:
 Who to himself, now in his Courtship, says,
 I chuse a Partner of my future Days;
 Her Face, or Pocket seen, her Mind they trust;
 They wed to lay the Fiends of Avarice or Lust.

But

But thou, whose honest Thoughts the Choice
 intend
 Of a Companion, and a softer Friend ;
 A tender Heart, which while thy Soul it shares,
 Augments thy Joys, and lessens all thy Cares.
 One, who by thee while tenderly carest,
 Shall steal that God-like Transport to thy Breast, }
 The Joy to find you make another blest.
 Thee in thy Choice let other Maxims move,
 They wed for baser Passions ; thou for Love.

Of Beauty's subtle Poison well beware ;
 Our Hearts are taken e'er they dread the Snare :
 Our Eyes, soon dazzled by that Glare, grow blind,
 And see no Imperfections in the Mind.
 Of this appriz'd, the Sex, with nicest Art,
 Insidiously adorn the outward Part.
 But Beauty, to a Mind deprav'd and ill,
 Is a thin Gilding to a nauseous Pill ;
 A cheating Promise of a short-liv'd Joy,
 Time must this Idol, Chance may soon destroy.
 See *Leda*, once the Circle's proudest Boast,
 Of the whole Town the universal Toast ;
 By Children, Age, and Sickness, now decay'd,
 What Marks remain of the triumphant Maid ?
 Beauties which Nature and which Art produce,
 Are form'd to please the Eye, no other Use.
 The Husband, fated by Possession grown,
 Or indolent to flatter what's his own ;
 With eager Rivals keeps unequal Pace :
 But oh ! no Rival flatters like her Glasse.
 There still she's sure a thousand Charms to see,
 A thousand Times she more admires than he :
 Then soon his Dulness learns she to despise,
 And thinks she's thrown away too rich a Prize.
 To please her, try his little Arts in vain ;
 His very Hopes to please her move Disdain.

The

The Man of Sense, the Husband, and the Friend,
 Cannot with Fools, and Coxcombs condescend
 To such vile Terms of tributary Praise,
 As Tyrants scarce on conquer'd Countries raise.
 Beauties think Heav'n they in themselves bestow,
 All we return is Gratitude too low.
 A gen'ral Beauty wisely then you shun :
 But from a Wit, as a Contagion, run.
 Beauties with Praise is difficult to fill ;
 To praise a Wit enough, is harder still.
 Here with a thousand Rivals you'll contest ;
 He most succeeds, who most approves the Jest.
 Ill-nature too with Wit's too often join'd ;
 Too firm Associates in the human Mind.
 Oft may the former for the latter go,
 And for a Wit we may mistake a Shrew.
 How seldom burns this Fire, like *Sappho's*, bright ?
 How seldom gives an innocent Delight ?
Flavia's a Wit at Modesty's Expence ;
Iris to Laughter sacrifices Sense.
 Hard Labour undergo poor *Delia's* Brains,
 While ev'ry Joke some Mystery contains ;
 No Problem is discuss'd with greater Pains. }
 Not, *Lais* more resolv'd, through thick and thin,
 Will plunge to meet her ever-darling Sin,
 Than *Myrrha*, through Ingratitude and Shame,
 To raise the Laugh, or get a witty Fame.
 No Friendship is secure from *Myrrha's* Blows ;
 For Wits, like Gamesters, hurt both Friends and Foes.
 Besides, where'er these shining Flowers appear, }
 Too nice the Soil more useful Plants to bear ;
 Her House, her Person, are below her Care.
 In a domestick Sphere she scorns to move,
 And scarce accepts the vulgar Joys of Love.
 But while your Heart to Wit's Attacks is cool,
 Let it not give Admission to a Fool.
 He who can Folly in a Wife commend,
 Proposes her a Servant, not a Friend.

Thou

Thou too, whose Mind is generous and brave,
 Wouldst not become her Master, but her Slave;
 For Fools are obstinate, Advice refuse,
 And yield to none but Arts you'd scorn to use.
 When Passion grows, by long Possession, dull,
 The sleepy Flame her Folly soon must lull;
 Tho' now, perhaps, those childish Airs you prize.
 Lovers and Husbands see with diff'rent Eyes.
 A rising Passion will new Charms create;
 A falling seeks new Causes for its Hatred.
 Wisely the Bee, while teeming Summer blooms,
 Thinks of the Death which with cold Winter glooms,
 So thou should'st, in thy Love's serener Time,
 When Passion reigns, and *Flora's* in her Prime,
 Think of that Winter which must sure ensue,
 When she shall have no Charms, no Fondness you.
 How then shall Friendship to fond Love succeed?
 What Charms shall serve her then in Beauty's Stead?
 What then shall bid the Passion change, not cool?
 No Charm's in the Possession of a Fool.
 Next for the all-attracting Power of Gold,
 That as a Thing indifferent you hold,
 I know thy am'rous Heart, whose honest Pride
 Is still to be on the obliging Side,
 Would wish the fair One, who your Soul allures,
 Enjoy'd a Fortune rather less than yours.
 Those whom the dazzling Glare of Fortune strikes,
 Whom Gold allures to what the Soul dislikes;
 If counterfeit Affection they support,
 Strict Penance do, and golden Fetters court.
 But if ungrateful for the Boon they grow,
 And pay the bounteous Female back with Woe,
 These are the worst of Robbers in their Wills,
 Whom Laws prevent from doing lesser Ills.

Many who Profit in a Match intend,
 Find themselves clearly Losers in the End.

Fulvius,

Fulvius, who basely from *Melissa* broke,
 With richer *Chloe* to sustain the Yoke,
 Sees, in her vast Expence, his Crimes repaid,
 And oft laments the poor forsaken Maid.
 And say, What Soul, that's not to Slav'ry born,
 Can bear the Taunts, th' Upbraidings, and the Scorn,
 Which Women with their Fortunes oft bestow?
 Worse Torments far than Poverty can know.

Happy *Alexis*, sprung from such a Race,
 Whose Blood would no Nobility disgrace.
 But O prefer some tender of a Flock,
 Who scarce can graft one Parson on her Stock.
 To a fair Branch of *Churchil's* Noble Line,
 If Thou must often hear it match'd with thine.
 Hence should, I say, by her big Taunts compell'd,
 With *Tallard* taken, *Villars* forc'd to yield,
 And all the Glories of great *Blenheim's* Field,
 While thus secure from what too frequent charms,
 Small Force against the rest your Bosom arms,
 Ill-nature, Pride, or a malicious Spleen,
 To be abhorr'd, need only to be seen;
 But to discover 'em may ask some Art:
 Women to Lovers seldom Faults impart.
 She's more than Woman, who can still conceal
 Faults from a Lover, who will watch her well.
 The Dams of Art may Nature's Stream oppose,
 It swells at last, and in a Torrent flows.
 But Men, too partial, think, when they behold
 A Mistress rude, vain, obstinate, or bold,
 That she to others who a Dæmon proves,
 May be an Angel to the Man she loves.
 Mistaken Hope, that can expect to find
 Pride ever humble, or Ill-nature kind.
 No, rest assur'd, the Ill which now you see
 Her act to others, she will act to thee.
 Shun then the Serpent, when the Sting appears,
 Nor think a hurtful Nature ever spares.

Two Sorts of Women never should be woo'd,
 The wild Coquette, and the censorious Prude :
 From Love both chiefly seek to feed their Pride,
 Those to affect it strive, and these to hide.
 Each gay Coquette would be admir'd alone
 By all, each Prude be thought to value none.
Flaretta so weak Vanities enthrall,
 She'd leave her eager Bridegroom for a Ball.
Chloe, the darling Trifle of the Town,
 Had ne'er been won but by her Wedding Gown ;
 While in her fond *Myrtillo's* Arms carefs'd,
 She doats on that, and wishes to be dress'd.
 Like some poor Bird, just pent within the Cage,
 Whose rambling Heart in vain you would engage,
 Cold to your Fondness, it laments its Chain,
 And wanton longs to range the Fields again.
 But Prudes, whose Thoughts superior Themes employ,
 Scorn the dull Transports of a carnal Joy :
 With screw'd-up Face, confess they suffer Raptures,
 And marry only to obey the Scriptures.
 But if her Constitution take the Part
 Of honest Nature 'gainst the Wiles of Art ;
 If she gives loose to Love, she loves indeed ;
 Then endless Fears and Jealousies succeed.
 If Fondness e'er abate, you're weary grown,
 And doat on some lewd Creature of the Town.
 If any Beauty to a Visit come ;
 Why can't these gadding Wretches stay at Home ?
 They think each Compliment conveys a Flame,
 You cannot both be civil to the same.
 Of all the Plagues with which a Husband's curst,
 A jealous Prude's, my Friend, sure knows the worst.

Some sterner Foes to Marriage bold aver,
 That in this Choice a Man must surely err :
 Nor can I to this Lottery advise,
 A thousand Blanks appearing to a Prize.

Women

Women by Nature form'd too prone to Ill,
 By Education are made proner still,
 To cheat, deceive, conceal each genuine Thought,
 By Mothers, and by Mistresses are taught.
 The Face and Shape are first the Mother's Care;
 The Dancing-Master next improves the Air.
 To these Perfections add a Voice most sweet;
 The skill'd Musician makes the Nymph compleat.
 Thus with a Person well equipp'd, her Mind
 Left, as when first created, rude and blind.
 She's sent to make her Conquests on Mankind. }
 But first inform'd the studied Glance to aim,
 Where Riches shew the profitable Game:
 How with unequal Smiles the Jest to take,
 When Princes, Lords, or Squires, or Captains speak;
 These Lovers careful shun, and those create;
 And Merit only see in an Estate.
 But tho' too many of this Sort we find,
 Some there are surely of a nobler Kind.
 Nor can your Judgment want a Rule to chuse,
 If by these Maxims guided you refuse,
 His Wishes then give *Fidus* to declare,
 And paint the chief Perfections of the Fair.
 May she then prove, who shall thy Lot besal,
 Beauteous to thee, agreeable to all.
 Nor Wit, nor Learning proudly may she boast;
 No low-bred Girl, nor gay fantastic Toast:
 Her tender Soul, Good-nature must adorn,
 And Vice and Meanness be alone her Scorn.
 Fond of thy Person, may her Bosom glow
 With Passions thou hast taught her first to know.
 A warm Partaker of the genial Bed,
 Thither by Fondness, not by Lewdness led.
 Superior Judgment may she own thy Lot;
 Humbly advise, but contradict thee not.
 'Thine to all other Company prefer;
 May all thy Troubles find Relief from her.

If Fortune gives thee such a Wife to meet,
Earth cannot make thy Blessing more complete.

To JOHN HAYES, Esq;

THAT *Varius* huffs, and fights it out to Day,
Who ran last Week so cowardly away,
In *Codrus* may surprize the little Skill,
Who nothing knows of Humankind, but Ill :
Confining all his Knowledge, and his Art,
To this, that each Man is corrupt at Heart.

But thou who Nature thro' each Maze canst trace,
Who in her Closet forcest her Embrace ;
Canst with thy *Horace* see the human Elves
Not differ more from others than themselves :
Canst see one Man at several Times appear,
Now gay, now grave, now candid, now severe ;
Now save his Friends, now leave 'em in the Lurch ;
Now rant in Brothels, and now cant in Church.

Yet farther with the Muse pursue the Theme,
And see how various Men at once will seem ;
How Passions blended on each other fix,
How Vice with Virtues, Faults with Graces mix ;
How Passions opposite, as sour to sweet,
Shall in one Bosom atone Moment meet.
With various Luck for Victory contend,
And now shall carry, and now lose their End.
The rotten Beau, while smelt along the Room,
Divides your Nose 'twixt Stench and Perfume :
So Vice and Virtue lay such equal Claim,
Your Judgment knows not when to praise or blame.
Had Nature Actions to one Source confin'd,
Ev'n blund'ring *Codrus* might have known Mankind.

But

But as the diff'ring Colours blended lie
 When *Titian* variegates his clouded Sky ;
 Where White and Black, the Yellow and the Green,
 Unite, and undistinguish'd form the Scene,
 So the Great Artist diff'ring Passions joins,
 And Love with Hatred, Fear with Rage combines.

Nor Nature this Confusion makes alone,
 She gives us often Half, and Half's our own.

Men what they are not struggle to appear,
 And Nature strives to shew them as they are ;
 While Art, repugnant thus to Nature, fights,
 The various Man appears in different Lights.
 The Sage or Heroe on the Stage may show
 Behind the Scenes the Blockhead or the Beau.
 For tho' with *Quin's*, or *Garrick's* matchless Art,
 He acts ; my Friend, he only acts a Part :
 For *Quin* himself, in a few Moments more,
 Is *Quin* again, who *Cato* was before.
 Thus while the Courtier acts the Patriot's Part,
 This guides his Face and Tongue, and that his Heart,
 Abroad the Patriot shines with artful Mien,
 The naked Courtier glares behind the Scene.
 What Wonder then to Morrow if he grow
 A Courtier good, who is a Patriot now.

*A Description of U——N G———,
 (alias New Hog's Norton) in Com.
 Hants.*

Written to a young Lady in the Year 1728.

TO *Rosalinda*, now from Town retir'd,
 Where noblest Hearts her brilliant Eyes have
 fir'd ;

Whom Nightingales in fav'rite Bow'rs delight,
 Where sweetest Flow'rs perfume the fragrant Night;
 Where Music's Charms enchant the fleeting Hours,
 And Wit transports with all *Thalia's* Pow'rs;
Alexis sends: Whom his hard Fates remove
 From the dear Scenes of Poetry and Love,
 To barren Climates, less frequented Plains,
 Unpolish'd Nymphs, and more unpolish'd Swains.
 In such a Place how can *Alexis* sing?
 An Air ne'er beaten by the Muse's Wing!
 In such a Place what Subject can appear?
 What not unworthy *Rosalinda's* Ear?
 Yet if a Charm in Novelty there be,
 Sure it will plead to *Rosalind* for me;
 Whom Courts or Cities nought unknown can shew,
 Still U—— G—— presents a Prospect new.

As the dawb'd Scene, that on the Stage is shewn,
 Where this Side Canvas is, and that a Town;
 Or as that Lace which *Paxton* Half Lace calls,
 That decks some Beau Apprentice out for Balls;
 Such our Half House erects its mimick Head,
 This Side an House presents, and that a Shed.
 Nor doth the inward Furniture excel,
 Nor yields it to the Beauty of the Shell:
 Here *Roman* Triumphs plac'd with aukward Art,
 A Cart its Horses draws, an Elephant the Cart.
 On the House-Side a Garden may be seen,
 Which Docks and Nettles keep for ever green.
 Weeds on the Ground, instead of Flow'rs, we see,
 And Snails alone adorn the barren Tree.
 Happy for us, had *Eve's* this Garden been;
 She'd found no Fruit, and therefore known no Sin.
 Nor meaner Ornament the Shed-Side decks,
 With Hay-Stacks, Faggot Piles, and Bottle-Ricks;
 The Horses Stalls, the Coach a Barn contains;
 For purling Streams, we've Puddles fill'd with Rains.

What

What can our Orchard without Trees surpass?
 What, but our dusty Meadow without Grass?
 I've thought (so strong with me Burlesque prevails,)
 This Place design'd to ridicule *Versailles*;
 Or meant, like that, Art's utmost Pow'r to shew,
 That tells how high it reaches, this how low.
 Our Conversation does our Palace fit,
 We've ev'ry thing but Humour, except Wit.

O then, when tir'd with laughing at his Strains,
 Give one dear Sigh to poor *Alexis'* Pains;
 Whose Heart this Scene wou'd certainly subdue,
 But for the Thoughts of happier Days, and You;
 With whom one happy Hour makes large Amends
 For ev'ry Care his other Hours attends.

To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,
 (Now Earl of ORFORD).

Written in the Year 1730.

S I R,

WHILE at the Helm of State you ride,
 Our Nation's Envy, and its Pride;
 While foreign Courts with Wonder gaze,
 And curse those Councils which they praise;
 Would you not wonder, Sir, to view
 Your Bard a greater Man than you?
 Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
 When you have read the Sequel out.

You know, great Sir, that ancient Fellows,
 Philosophers, and such Folks, tell us,

No great Analogy between
Greatness and Happiness is seen.
If then, as it might follow strait,
Wretched to be, is to be great.
Forbid it, Gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be so great as I.

The Family that dines the latest,
Is in our Street esteem'd the greatest ;
But latest Hours must surely fall
Before him who ne'er dines at all.

Your Taste in Architect, you know,
Hath been admir'd by Friend and Foe ;
But can your earthly Domes compare
To all my Castles——in the Air ?

We're often taught it doth behove us
To think those greater who're above us.
Another Instance of my Glory,
Who live above you twice two Story,
And from my Garret can look down
On the whole Street of *Arlington*.*

Greatness by Poets still is painted,
With many Followers acquainted ;
This too doth in my Favour speak,
Your Levée is but twice a Week ;
From mine I can exclude but one Day,
My Door is quiet on a *Sunday*.

Nor in the Manner of Attendance
Doth your great Bard claim less Ascendance,
Familiar you to Admiration,
May be approach'd by all the Nation :

While

* Where the present Lord *Orford* then lived.

While I, like the Mogul in *Indo*,
 Am never seen but at my Window.
 If with my Greatness you're offended,
 The Fault is easily amended.
 For I'll come down, with wond'rous Ease,
 Into whatever Place you please.

I'm not ambitious ; little Matters
 Will serve us great, but humble Creatures.
 Suppose a Secretary o' this Isle,
 Just to be doing with a While ;
 Admiral, Gen'ral, Judge or Bishop ;
 Or I can foreign Treaties dish up.
 If the good Genius of the Nation
 Should call me to Negotiation ;
Tuscan and *French* are in my Head ;
Latin I write, and *Greek* I ——— read.

If you should ask, what pleases best ?
 To get the most, and do the least,
 What fittest for ?——you know, I'm sure,
 I'm fittest for a——*Sinecure*.

To the same. Anno 1731.

GREAT Sir, as on each *Levée* Day
 I still attend you—still you say
 I'm busy now, To-morrow come ;
 To-morrow, Sir, you're not at Home.
 So says your Porter, and dare I
 Give such a Man as him the Lie.

In Imitation, Sir, of you,
 I keep a mighty *Levée* too ;

Where my Attendants, to their Sorrow,
Are bid to come again To-morrow.
To-morrow they return, no doubt,
And then like you, Sir, I'm gone out.
So says my Maid—but they, less civil,
Give Maid and Master to the Devil;
And then with Menaces depart,
Which could you hear would pierce your Heart,

Good Sir, or make my Levée fly me,
Or lend your Porter to deny me.

*Written Extempore, on a Half-penny,
which a young Lady gave a Beggar,
and the Author redeem'd for Half a
Crown.*

DE A R little, pretty, fav'rite Ore,
That once increas'd *Gloriana's* Store;
That lay within her Bosom blest,
Gods might have envy'd thee thy Nest.
I've read, imperial *Jove* of old,
For Love transform'd himself to Gold:
And why, for a more lovely Lads,
May he not now have lurk'd in Brads?
Oh! rather than from her he'd part,
He'd shut that charitable Heart,
That Heart whose Goodness nothing less
Than his vast Pow'r, could dispossess.

From *Gloriana's* gentle Touch
Thy mighty Value now is such,
That thou to me art worth alone
More than his Medals are to *Sloan*.

Not for the Silver and the Gold
Which *Corinth* lost shouldst thou be sold :
Not for the envy'd mighty Mass
Which Misers wish, or *M——h* has :
Not for what *India* sends to *Spain*,
Nor all the Riches of the Main.

While I possess thy little Store,
Let no Man call, or think me poor :
Thee, while alive, my Breast shall have,
My Hand shall grasp thee in the Grave ;
Nor shalt thou be to *Peter* giv'n,
* Tho' he should keep me out of Heav'n.

* In Allusion to the Custom of *Peter-Pence*, used by
the *Roman Catholics*.

The BEGGAR.

A SONG.

I.

WHILE cruel to your wishing Slave,
You still refuse the Boon I crave,
Confess, what Joy that precious Pearl
Conveys to thee, my lovely Girl?

II.

Dost thou not act the Miser's Part,
Who with an aking, lab'ring Heart,
Counts the dull joyless shining Store,
Which he refuses to the Poor?

III.

Confess then, my too lovely Maid,
Nor blush to see thy Thoughts betray'd;
What, parted with, gives Heav'n to me;
Kept, is but Pain and Grief to thee.

IV.

Be charitable then, and dare
Bestow the Treasure you can spare;
And trust the Joys which you afford
Will to yourself be sure restor'd.

An EPIGRAM.

WHEN *JOVE* with fair *Alcmena* lay,
He kept the Sun a-bed all Day;
'That he might taste her wond'rous Charms,
Two Nights together in her Arms.
Were I of *Celia's* Charms possest,
Melting on that delicious Breast,
And could, like *JOVE*, thy Beams restrain,
Sun, thou should'st never rise again;
Unfated with the luscious Bliss,
I'd taste one dear eternal Kiss.

The QUESTION.

IN *Celia's* Arms while blest'd I lay,
My Soul in Bliss dissolv'd away;
'Tell me, the Charmer cry'd, how well
You love your *Celia*; *Strephon*, tell.
Kissing her glowing burning Cheek,
I'll tell, I cry'd—but could not speak.

At length my Voice return'd, and she
 Again began to question me.
 I pull'd her to my Breast again,
 And try'd to answer, but in vain :
 Short falt'ring Accents from me broke,
 And my Voice fail'd before I spoke.
 The Charmer pitying my Distress,
 Gave me the tenderest Carefs,
 And sighing cry'd, You need not tell ;
 Oh ! *Strepson*, Oh ! I feel how well.

J—N W—TS at a P L A Y.

WHILE Hisses, Groans, and Cat-calls thro'
 the Pit,
 Deplore the hapless Poet's want of Wit :
J—n W—ts, from Silence bursting in a Rage,
 Cry'd, *Men are mad who write in such an Age.*
 Not so, reply'd his Friend, a sneering Blade,
The Poet's only dull, the Printer's mad.

T O C E L I A.

I Hate the Town, and all its Ways ;
 Ridotto's, Opera's, and Plays ;
 The Ball, the Ring, the Mall, the Court ;
 Wherever the Beau-Monde resort ;
 Where Beauties lie in Ambush for Folks,
Earl Straffords, and the Duke of *Norfolks* ;
 All Coffee-Houses, and their Praters ;
 All Courts of Justice, and Debaters ;

All Taverns, and the Sots within 'em ;
 All Bubbles, and the Rogues that skin 'em.
 I hate all Critics ; may they burn all,
 From *Bentley* to the *Grub-street Journal*.
 All Bards, as *Dennis* hates a Pun :
 Those who have Wit, and who have none.
 All Nobles, of whatever Station ;
 And all the Parsons in the Nation.
 All Quacks and Doctors read in Physick,
 Who kill or cure a Man that is sick.
 All Authors that were ever heard on,
 From *Bavius* up to *Tommy Gordon* ;
 Tradesmen with Cringes ever stealing,
 And Merchants, whatsoe'er they deal in.
 I hate the Blades professing Slaughter,
 More than the Devil Holy Water.
 I hate all Scholars, Beaus, and Squires ;
 Pimps, Puppies, Parasites, and Liars.
 All Courtiers, with their Looks so smooth ;
 And Players, from *Boheme* to *Booth*.
 I hate the World, cram'd all together,
 From Beggars, up the Lord knows whither.

Ask you then, *Celia*, if there be
 The Thing I love ? My Charmer, Thee.
 Thee more than Light, than Life adore,
 Thou dearest, sweetest Creature, more
 Than wildest Raptures can express ;
 Than I can tell,—or thou canst guess.

Then tho' I bear a gentle Mind,
 Let not my Hatred of Mankind
 Wonder within my *Celia* move,
 Since she possesses all my Love.

*On a LADY, coquetting with a very silly
Fellow.*

CORINNA's Judgment do not less admire,
That she for *Oulus* shews a gen'rous Fire;
Lucretia toying thus had been a Fool,
But wiser *Helen* might have us'd the Tool.
Since *Oulus* for one Use alone is fit,
With Charity judge of *Corinna's* Wit,

On the Same.

WHILE Men shun *Oulus* as a Fool;
Dames prize him as a Beau;
What Judgment form we by this Rule?
Why this it seems to shew.
Those apprehend the Beau's a Fool,
These think the Fool's a Beau.

E P I T A P H

On BUTLER's Monument.

WHAT tho' alive neglected and undone,
O let thy Spirit triumph in this Stone.
No greater Honour could Men pay thy Parts,
For when they give a Stone, they give their Hearts.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER.

*On a wicked Fellow, who was a great
BLUNDERER.*

INTERR'D by Blunder in this sacred Place,
Lies *William's* wicked Heart, and smiling Face.
Full Forty Years on Earth he blunder'd on,
And now the L—d knows whither he is gone.
But if to Heav'n he stole, let no Man wonder,
For if to Hell he'd gone, he'd made no Blunder.

EPIGRAM

*On one who invited many Gentlemen
to a small Dinner.*

PETER (says *Pope*) won't poison with his Meat;
'Tis true, for *Peter* gives you nought to eat.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Design'd for the STAGE.

COME, let's aboard, my jolly Blades,
That love a merry Life;
To lazy Souls leave home-bred Trades,
To Husbands home-bred Strife;
Through *Europe* we will gayly roam;
And leave our Wives and Cares at Home.
With a Fa la, &c.

If any Tradesman broke should be,
 Or Gentleman distress'd,
 Let him away with us to Sea,
 His Fate will be redress'd:
 The glorious Thunder of great Guns,
 Drowns all the horrid Noise of Duns.

With a Fa la, &c.

And while our Ships we proudly steer
 Through all the conquer'd Seas,
 We'll shew the World that Britons bear
 Their Empire where they please:
 Where'er our Sails are once unfurl'd,
 Our King rules that Part of the World.

With a Fa la, &c.

The Spaniard with a solemn Grace
 Still marches slowly on,
 We'll quickly make him mend his Pace,
 Desirous to be gone:
 Or if we bend our Course to France,
 We'll teach Monsieur more brisk to dance.

With a Fa la, &c.

At length, the World subdu'd, again
 Our Course we'll homeward bend;
 In Women, and in brisk Champaign,
 Our Gains we'll freely spend:
 How proud our Mistresses will be
 To hug the Men that fought as we.

With a Fa la, &c.

ADVICE

ADVICE to the Nymphs of New S—m.

Written in the Year 1730.

CEASE, vaineſt Nymphs, with *Celia* to contend,
 And let your Envy and your Folly end.
 With her Almighty Charms when yours compare,
 When your blind Lovers think you half ſo fair,
 Each *Sarum* Ditch, like *Helicon* ſhall flow,
 And *Harnam Hill*, like high *Parnaffus*, glow ;
 The humble Dazie trod beneath our Feet,
 Shall be like Lillies fair, like Violets ſweet ;
 Winter's black Nights outſhine the Summer's Noon,
 And Farthing Candles ſhall eclipse the Moon :
T--b-ld ſhall blaze with Wit, ſweet *Pope* be dull,
 And *German* Princes vie with the *Mogul*.
 Cease then, advis'd, O ceaſe th' unequal War,
 'Tis too much Praiſe to be o'ercome by her.
 With the ſweet Nine ſo the *Pierians* ſtrove ;
 So poor *Arachne* with *Minerva* wove :
 'Till of their Pride juſt Punishment they ſhare ;
 Thoſe fly and chatter, and this hangs in Air.
 Unhappy Nymphs ! O may the Powers above,
 Thoſe Powers that form'd this ſecond Queen of Love,
 Lay all their wrathful Thunderbolts aſide,
 And rather pity than avenge your Pride ;
 Forbid it Heaven, you ſhould bemoan too late
 The ſad *Pierian's* or *Arachne's* Fate ;
 That hid in Leaves, and perch'd upon a Bough,
 You ſhould o'erlook thoſe Walks you walk in now ?
 The gen'rous Maid's Compaſſion, others Joke,
 Should chatter Scandal which you once have ſpoke ;
 Or elſe in Cobwebs hanging from the Wall,
 Should be condemn'd to overlook the Ball :
 To ſee, as now, victorious *Celia* reign,
 Admir'd, ador'd by each politer Swain.

O ſhun

O shun a Fate like this, be timely wise,
 And if your Glass be false, if blind your Eyes,
 Believe and own what all Mankind aver,
 And pay with them the Tribute due to her.

To C E L I A.

*Occasioned by her apprehending her House
 would be broke open, and having an old
 Fellow to guard it, who sat up all Night
 with a Gun without any Ammunition.*

CUPID call'd to Account.

LAST Night, as my unwilling Mind
 To Rest, dear Celia, I resign'd;
 For how should I Repose enjoy,
 While any Fears your Breast annoy?
 Forbid it, Heav'n, that I should be
 From any of your Troubles free.
 Oh! would kind Fate attend my Pray'r,
 Greedy, I'd give you not a Share.

Last Night then, in a wretched taking,
 My Spirits toss'd 'twixt Sleep and waking,
 I dreamt (ah! what so frequent Themes
 As you and *Venus* of my Dreams!)
 That she, bright Glory of the Sky,
 Heard from below her Darling's Cry:
 Saw her Cheeks pale, her Bosom heave,
 And heard a distant Sound of Thieve.
 Not so you look when at the Ball,
 Envy'd you shine, outshining all.
 Not so at Church, when Priest perplex,
 Beholds you, and forgets the Text.

The

The Goddess frighten'd, to her Throne
 Summon'd the little God her Son,
 And him in Passion thus bespoke;
 " Where, with that cunning Urchin's Look,
 " Where from thy Colours hast thou stray'd?
 " Unguarded left my darling Maid?
 " Left my lov'd Citadel of Beauty,
 " With none but *Sancho* upon Duty!
 " Did I for this a num'rous Band
 " Of Loves send under thy Command!
 " Bid thee still have her in thy Sight,
 " And guard her Beauties Day and Night!
 " Were not th' *Hesperian* Gardens taken?
 " The hundred Eyes of *Argus* shaken?
 " What Dangers will not Men despise,
 " T' obtain this much superior Prize?
 " And didst thou trust what *Jove* hath charm'd,
 " To a poor Centinel unarm'd?
 " A Gun indeed the Wretch had got,
 " But neither Powder, Ball, nor Shot.
 " Come tell me, Urchin, tell no Lies;
 " Where was you hid, in *Vince's* Eyes?
 " Did you fair *Bennet's* Breast importune?
 " (I know you dearly love a Fortune.)"
 Poor *Cupid* now began to whine;
 " Mamma, it was no Fault of mine.
 " I in a Dimple lay *perdue*,
 " That little Guard-Room chose by you.
 " A hundred Loves (all arm'd) did grace
 " The Beauties of her Neck and Face;
 " Thence, by a Sigh I dispossest,
 " Was blown to *Harry Fielding's* Breast;
 " Where I was forc'd all Night to stay,
 " Because I could not find my Way.
 " But did Mamma know there what Work
 " I've made, how acted like a Turk;

What

“ What Pains, what Torment he endures,
 “ Which no Physician ever cures,
 “ She would forgive.” The Goddess smil’d,
 And gently chuck’d her wicked Child,
 Bid him go back, and take more Care,
 And give her Service to the Fair.

To the Same.

*On her wishing to have a LILLIPUTIAN,
 to play with.*

IS there a Man who would not be,
 My *Celia*, what is priz’d by thee?
 A Monkey Beau, to please thy Sight,
 Would wish to be a Monkey quite.
 Or (couldst thou be delighted so)
 Each Man of Sense would be a Beau.
 Courtiers would quit their faithless Skill,
 To be thy faithful Dog *Quadrille*.
P—lt—y, who does for Freedom rage,
 Would sing confin’d within thy Cage;
 And *W—lp—le*, for a tender Pat,
 Would leave his Place to be thy Cat.
 May I, to please my lovely Dame,
 Be five Foot shorter than I am;
 And, to be greater in her Eyes,
 Be sunk to *Lilliputian* Size.
 While on thy Hand I skipt the Dance,
 How I’d despise the King of *France*!
 That Hand! which can bestow a Store
 Richer than the *Peruvian* Ore,
 Richer than *India*, or the Sea,
 (That Hand will give yourself away)
 Upon your Lap to lay me down,
 Or hide in Plaitings of your Gown.

Or

Or on your Shoulder sitting high,
 What Monarch so entron'd as I?
 Now on the rosy Bud I'd rest,
 Which borrows Sweetness from thy Breast.
 Then when my *Celia* walks abroad,
 I'd be her Pocket's little Load:
 Or sit astride to frighten People,
 Upon her Hat's new-fashion'd Steeple.
 These for the Day; and for the Night,
 I'd be a careful, watchful Spright.
 Upon her Pillow sitting still,
 I'd guard her from th' Approach of Ill.
 Thus (for afraid she could not be
 Of such a little Thing as me)
 While I survey her Bosom rise,
 Her lovely Lips, her sleeping Eyes,
 While I survey, what to declare
 Nor Fancy can, nor Words must dare,
 Here would begin my former Pain,
 And wish to be myself again.

S I M I L E S.

To the Same.

AS wildest Libertines would rate,
 Compar'd with Pleasure, an Estate;
 Or as his Life a Heroe'd prize,
 When Honour claim'd the Sacrifice;
 Their Souls as strongest Miser's Hold,
 When in the Ballance weigh'd with Gold;
 Such, was thy Happiness at Stake,
 My Fortune, Life, and Soul, I'd make.

The

The P R I C E.

To the Same.

CAN there on Earth, my *Celia*, be,
A Price I would not pay for thee?
Yes, one dear precious Tear of thine
Should not be shed to make thee mine.

Her C H R I S T I A N N A M E.

To the Same. A Rebus.

A Very good Fish, very good Way of Selling
A very bad Thing, with a little bad Spelling,
Make the Name by the Parson and Godfather giv'n,
When a Christian was made of an Angel from Heav'n.

To the Same ;

*Having blamed Mr. GAY for his Severity
on her Sex.*

LET it not CELIA's gentle Heart perplex,
That GAY severe hath satyriz'd her Sex :
Had they, like her, a Tendernefs but known,
Back on himself each pointed Dart had flown.
But blame thou last, in whose accomplish'd Mind
The strongest Satire on thy Sex we find.

An

An EPIGRAM.

THAT *Kate* weds a Fool what Wonder can be,
Her Husband has marry'd a Fool great as she.

A N O T H E R.

MISS *Molly* lays down as a positive Rule,
That no one should marry for Love, but a
Fool :

Exceptions to Rules even *Lilly* allows ;
Moll has sure an *Example* at Home in her Spouse.

To the MASTER *of the* SALISBURY
ASSEMBLY ;

*Occasioned by a Dispute, whether the Com-
pany should have fresh Candles.*

TAKE your Candles away, let your Musick
be mute,
My Dancing, however, you shall not dispute ;
Jenny's Eyes shall find Light, and I'll find a Flute. }

The CAT and FIDDLE.

To the favourite CAT *of a fiddling* MISER.

THREE happy Cat, if in thy A—— House,
Thou luckily shouldst find a half-starv'd Mouse.
The

The Mice, that only for his Musick stay,
 Are Proofs that *Orpheus* did not better play.
 Thou too, if Danger could alarm thy Fears,
 Hast to this *Orpheus* strangely ty'd thy Ears:
 For oh! the fatal Time will come, when he,
 Prudent, will make his Fiddle-strings of thee.

THE Queen of Beauty, t'other Day,
 (As the *Elysian* Journals say)

To ease herself of all her Cares,
 And better carry on Affairs;
 By Privy-Council mov'd above,
 And *Cupid* Minister of Love,
 To keep the Earth in due Obedience,
 Resolv'd to substitute Vice Regents;
 To Canton out her Subject Lands,
 And give the fairest the Commands.

She spoke, and to the Earth's far Borders
 Young *Cupid* issued out his Orders,
 That every Nymph in its Dimensions
 Should bring or send up her Pretensions.
 Like Lightning swift the Order flies,
 Or swifter Glance from *Celia's* Eyes:
 Like Wit from sparkling *W—tley's* Tongue,
 Or Harmony from *Pope*, or *Young*.
 Why should I sing what Letters came;
 Who boasts her Face, or who her Frame?
 From black, and brown, and red, and fair,
 With Eyes and Teeth, and Lips and Hair.
 One fifty hidden Charms discovers;
 A second boasts as many Lovers:
 This Beauty all Mankind adore;
 And this all Women envy more.

This

This witnesses, by *Billetsdoux*,
 A thousand Praises, and all true;
 While that by Jewels makes Pretences
 To triumph over Kings and Princes;
 Bribing the Goddess by that Pelf,
 By which she once was brib'd herself.
 So Borough Towns, Election brought on,
 E'er yet Corruption Bill was thought on.
 Sir Knight, to gain the Voters Favour,
 Boasts of his former good Behaviour;
 Of Speeches in the Senate made;
 Love for its Country, and its Trade.
 And, for a Proof of Zeal unshaken,
 Distributes Bribes he once had taken.
 What matters who the Prizes gain,
 In *India*, *Italy*, or *Spain*;
 Or who requires the brown Commanders
 Of *Holland*, *Germany*, and *Flanders*.
 Thou *Britain*, on my Labours smile,
 The Queen of Beauty's favour'd Isle;
 Whom she long since hath priz'd above
 The *Paphian*, or the *Cyprian* Grove.
 And here, who ask the Muse to tell,
 That the Court Lot to *R—chmond* fell?
 Or who so ignorant as wants
 To know that *S—per*'s chose for *Hants*.
Sarum, thy Candidates be nam'd,
Sarum, for Beauties ever fam'd,
 Whose Nymphs excel all Beauty's Flowers,
 As thy high Steeple doth all Towers.
 The Court was plac'd in Manner fitting;
Venus upon the Bench was sitting;
Cupid was Secretary made.
 The Cryer an *O Yes* display'd;
 Like Mortal Cryer's loud Alarum,
 Bring in Petitions from *New Sarum*.

* When

* When lo, in bright celestial State,
Jove came and thunder'd at the Gate.
 " And can you, Daughter, doubt to whom
 " (He cry'd) belongs the happy Doom,
 " While *C——cks* yet make blest'd the Earth,
 " *C——cks*, whom long before their Birth,
 " I, by your own Petition mov'd,
 " Decreed to be by all belov'd.
 " *C——cks*, to whose celestial Dower
 " I gave all Beauties in my Power ;
 " To form whose lovely Minds and Faces,
 " I stript half Heaven of its Graces.
 " Oh let them bear an equal Sway,
 " So shall Mankind well-pleas'd obey."
 The God thus spoke, the Goddess bow'd ;
 Her rising Blushes strait avow'd
 Her hapless Memory and Shame,
 And *Cupid* glad writ down their Name.

* The middle Part of this Poem (which was writ when the Author was very young) was filled with the Names of several young Ladies, who might, perhaps, be uneasy at seeing themselves in Print, that Part therefore is left out ; the rather, as some Freedoms, though gentle ones, were taken with little Foibles in the amiable Sex, whom to affront in Print, is, we conceive, mean in any Man, and scandalous in a Gentleman.

A PARODY,

From the FIRST ÆNEID.

DIXIT; et avertens Rosæâ Cervice refulsit,
 Ambrosiæque Comæ divinum Vertice Odorem
 Spiravere: Pêdes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera Incessu patuit Dea.——

SHE said; and turning shew'd her wrinkled Neck,
 In Scales and Colour like a Roach's Back.
 Forth from her greasy Locks such Odour flow,
 As those who've smelt *Dutch* Coffee-Houses, know.
 To her Mid-Leg her Petticoat was rear'd,
 And the true Slattern in her Dress appear'd..

A SIMILE,

From SILIUS ITALICUS.

AUT ubi Cecropius formidine Nubis aquosæ
 Sparsa super Flores examina tollit *Hymettos*;
 Ad dulcis Ceras et odori Corticis Antra,
 Mellis Apes gravidæ properant, densoque volatu
 Raucum connexæ glomerant ad Limina murmur.

OR when th' *Hymettian* Shepherd, struck with
 Fear
 Of wat'ry Clouds thick gather'd in the Air,
 Collects to waxen Cells the scatter'd Bees
 Home from the sweetest Flowers, and verdant Trees;
 Loaded with Honey to the Hive they fly,
 And humming Murmurs buzz along the Sky.

TO EUTHALIA.

Written in the Year 1728.

Burning with Love, tormented with Despair,
 Unable to forget or ease his Care ;
 In vain each practis'd Art *Alexis* tries ;
 In vain to Books, to Wine or Women flies ;
 Each brings *Euthalia's* Image to his Eyes.
 In *Lock's* or *Newton's* Page her Learning glows ;
Dryden the Sweetness of her Numbers shows ;
 In all their various Excellence I find
 The various Beauties of her perfect Mind.
 How vain in Wine a short Relief I boast !
 Each sparkling Glass recalls my charming Toast.
 To Women then successful I repair,
 Engage the Young, the Witty, and the Fair.
 When *Sappho's* Wit each envious Breast alarms,
 And *Rosalinda* looks ten thousand Charms ;
 In vain to them my restless Thoughts would run ;
 Like fairest Stars, they show the absent Sun.

JUVENALIS
SATYRA
SEXTA.

CREDO pudicitiam Saturno Rege moratam
In terris, visamque diu; cùm frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque, Laremque,
Et pecus, & dominos communi clauderet umbrâ:
Silvestrem montana torum cùm sterneret uxor
Frondebis & culmo, vicinarumque ferarum

Pellibus:

NOTÆ.

Saturno Rege.] Aureo scilicet sæculo; quod vigasse Saturno, Cœli & Vestæ filio, in Latio regnante a Poetis fingitur. Regem hunc eleganter satis Poeta profert, cum de moribus in Latio mutatis agitur.

Vicinarumque.] Contubernalium. Vel forsân non longe petitarum sicut nunc; & exprobrare vult sui Temporis Romanis, qui ex longinquo, mollitiei vel odoris causâ, Ferarum pelles maximo cùm pretio comparabant.

PART OF
Juvenal's Sixth SATIRE,

MODERNIZED IN
BURLESQUE VERSE.

DAME *Chastity*, without Dispute,
Dwelt on the Earth with good King *Brute*;
When a cold Hut of modern *Greenland*
Had been a Palace for a Queen *Anne*;
When hard and frugal Temp'rance reign'd,
And Men no other House contain'd
Than the wild Thicket, or the Den;
When Household Goods, and Beasts, and Men,
Together lay beneath one Bough,
Which Man and Wife would scarce do now;
The Rustick Wife her Husband's Bed
With Leaves and Straw, and Beast-skin made.

C 3

Not

NOTES.

[*King Brute*.] The Roman Poet mentions *Saturn*, who was the first King of *Italy*; we have therefore rendered *Brute* the oldest to be found in our Chronicles, and whose History is as fabulous as that of his *Italian* Brother.

Pellibus, haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
 Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos;
 Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,
 Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito.
 Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cœloque recenti
 Vivebant homines; qui rupto robore nati,
 Compositique luto nullos habuere parentes.
 Multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan,

Aug

NOTÆ.

Haud similis, &c] Cynthia Propertii, Lesbia Catulli amica. Quarum quidem hanc ineptam, illam delicatulam fuisse innuit noster.

Magnis.] Grangæum quendam hic refutat Lubinus. Qui per magnos, adultæ vel saltem provectioris ætatis pueros, intelligit. Ego tamen cum Grangæo sentio. Nam delicatulis & nobilissimis Matronis consuetudinem pueros a Matris Mammis arcendi objicere vult Poetu, ob quam Romanas mulieres, Juvenalis Temporibus, sicut & nostræ, infames & Reprehensione dignas fuisse ne minimùm quidem dubito.

Rupto robore nati.] Sic Virgilius.

Gensque virum truncis, & rupto Robore nati.

Hanc Fabulam ex eo natam fuisse volunt, quod habitantes in arborum cavitibus exinde egredi solebant. Ridicula fane Conjectura, & quæ Criticorum Homunculorum Hallucinantem Geniunculum satis exprimit. Hæc Fabula & aliæ quæ de Hominis origine extiterunt, ab uno & eodem Fonte effluxisse videntur, ab Ignorantia scilicet humana cum vanitate conjuncta. Homines enim cum sui Generis originem prorsus ignorarent, & hanc ignorantiam sibi probro verterent, causas varias genitivas, ad suam cujusque Regionem accommodatas invenerunt & tradiderunt; Alii ab arboribus, alij a Luto, alij a Lapidibus originem suam ducentes.

Not like Miss *Cynthia*, nor that other,
 Who more bewail'd her Bird than Mother ;
 But fed her Children from her Bubbies,
 'Till they were grown up to great Loobies :
 Herself an Ornament less decent
 Than Spouse, who smelt of Acorn recent.
 For, in the Infancy of Nature,
 Man was a diff'rent sort of Creature ;
 When Dirt-engender'd Offspring broke
 From the ripe Womb of Mother Oak.
 Ev'n in the Reign of *Jove*, perhaps,

C 4

The

NOTES.

Not like, &c.] This is the first satyrical Stroke, in which the Poet inveighs against an over Affectation of Delicacy and Tenderness in Women.

'Till they were grown up.] Here the Poet slyly objects to the Custom of denying the Mother's Breast to the Infant ; there are among us truly conscientious Persons, who agree with his Opinion.

When Dirt-engendered] We have here varied a little from the Original, and put the two Causes of Generation together.

Aut aliqua extiterant, & sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
 Barbato, nondum Græcis jurare paratis
 Per caput alterius; cùm furem nemo timeret
 Caulibus, aut pomis, sed aperto viveret horto.
 Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
 Hâc comite; atque duæ pariter fugère sorores.
 Antiquum & vetus est, alienum, Posthume, lectum
 Concutere, atque sacri Genium contemnere fulcri.
 Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas:
 Viderunt primos argentea sæcula mœchos.
 Convenit tamen, & pactum, & sponsalia nostrâ
 Tempestate paras; jamque à tonsore magistro
 Pectoris, & digito pignus fortasse dedisti.
 Certè sanus eras: uxorem, Posthume, ducis?
 Dic, quâ Tisiphone? quibus exagitare colubris?
 Ferre potes dominam falsis tot restibus ullam?
 Cùm

NOTÆ.

Sub Jove.] Argenteo Sæculo, Jove Saturni filio regnante. Miram hujus Loci Elegantiam nimine prætereundam censeo. Quantâ enim acerbitate in vitia Humana insurgit Poeta noster, qui non nisi vestigia Pudicitiae argenteo sæculo attribuit, neque hæc asserit, sed *forſan* extitisse sæculo hoc *ineunte* dicit; mox Jove pubescente ad superos avolasse.

Græcis jurare paratis.] Apud Romanos Punica Fides, & apud Græcos, ut liquet ex Demosthene in 1 Olynth. *Macedonica* Fides, Proverbio Locum tribuerunt: Afaticos etiam ob Perjuriam insectatur Noster Sat. sequente vers. 14. Sed hic originem Perjurii Græcis attribuere videtur.

Tonsore magistro.] Adprimè docto. Hic & ad vers. 78, 79. Ritus nuptiales exhibet Poeta.

The Goddess may have shewn her Chaps ;
 But it was sure in its Beginning,
 E'er *Jupiter* had Beard to grin in.
 Not yet the *Greeks* made Truth their Sport,
 And bore false Evidence in Court ;
 Their Truth was yet become no Adage ;
 Men fear'd no Thieves of Pears and Cabbage.
 By small Degrees *Astrea* flies
 With her two Sisters to the Skies.
 O 'tis a very ancient Custom,
 To taint the genial Bed, my Posthum !
 Fearless lest Husband should discover it,
 Or else the Genius that rules over it.
 The Iron Age gave other Crimes,
 Adult'ry grew in Silver Times.
 But you, in this Age, boldly dare
 The Marriage Settlements prepare ;
 Perhaps have bought the Wedding Garment,
 And Ring too, thinking there's no Harm in't.
 Sure you was in your Senses, Honey.
 You marry. Say, what *Tisiphone*
 Possesses you with all her Snakes,
 Those Curls which in her Pole she shakes ?

C 5

What,

NOTES.

Not yet the Greeks.] They were so infamous for Perjury, that to have Regard to an Oath was a great Character among them, and sufficient to denote a Gentleman. See our Notes on the *Plutus* of *Aristophanes*.

Her two Sisters.] Truth and Modesty.

What Tisiphone.] One of the Furies. We have presumed to violate the Quantity of this Word.

Cùm pateant altæ, caligantesque fenestræ?
 Cùm tibi vicinum se præbeat Æmilius pons?
 Aut si de multis nullus placet exitus; illud
 Nonne putas melius, quòd tecum pufio dormit?
 Pufio qui noctu non litigat: exigit à te
 Nulla jacens illic munuscula, nec queritur quòd
 Et lateri parcas, nec, quantum jussit, anheles.
 Sed placet Urfidio lex Julia: tollere dulcem
 Cogitat hæredem, cariturus turture magno,
 Mullorumque jubis, & captatore macello.
 Quid fieri non posse putes, si jungitur ulla
 Urfidio? si mœchorum notissimus olim
 Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capistro,
 Quem toties textit periturum cista Latini?

Quid,

NOTÆ.

Lex Julia.] De Adulterijs; quâ lata est Poena Adulterii, ideoque ad Matrimonium viri ab ea Lege impelluntur.

Mullorumque jubis.] i. e. Mullatis jubis. Sic Phædrus: Aviditas canis pro avido cane, & etiam apud Græcos Βίη Πλάμιο pro Βιάιος Πλάμιος.

Notissimus.] Al. Turpissimus, perperam: nam si ita legas diminuitur hujus Loci vis; quo quis enim majorem Adulterarum habuit Notitiam, eo magis Maritali Capistro porrecturus, ora Exemplum præbet ridiculum.

What, wilt thou wear the Marriage Chain,
While one whole Halter doth remain ;
When open Windows Death present ye,
And *Thames* hath Water in great Plenty ?

But Verdicts of Ten Thousand Pound
Most sweetly to *Ursidius* sound.

“ We’ll all (he cries) be Cuckolds *Nem. Con.*

“ While the rich Action lies of *Crim. Con.*”

And who would lose the precious Joy
Of a fine thumping darling Boy ?

Who, while you dance him, calls you Daddy,
(So he’s instructed by my Lady.)

What tho’ no Ven’son, Fowl, or Fish,
Presented, henceforth grace the Dish :

Such he hath had, but dates no Merit hence ;
He knows they came for his Inheritance.

What would you say, if this *Ursidius*,
A Man well known among the Widows,
First of all Rakes, his Mind should alter,
And stretch his simple Neck to th’ Halter ?
Often within *Latinus*’ Closet,

(The Neighbours, nay, the whole Town knows it,)
He

N O T E S.

They came for his Inheritance.] This Custom of making Presents to rich Men who had no Children, in order to become their Heirs, is little known to us. Mr. *Ben Johnson*, indeed, hath founded a Play on it, but he lays the Scene in *Venice*.

Within Latinus’ Closet.] We have here a little departed from the *Latin*. This *Latinus* was a Player, and used to act the Part of the Gallant ; in which, to avoid the Discovery of the Husband, he used to be hid in a Chest, or Cloaths-Basket, as *Falstaff* is concealed in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The Poet therefore here alludes to that Custom.

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Quid, quòd & antiquis uxor de moribus illi
 Quæritur? O medici mediam pertundite venam:
 Delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
 Pronus, & auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,
 Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.
 Paucae adeò Cereris vittas contingere dignæ;
 Quarum non timeat pater oscula. nocte coronam
 Postibus, & densos per limina tende corymbos.
 Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit? ocyùs illud
 Extorquebis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.
 Magna tamen fama est cujusdam rure paterno
 Viventis: vivat Gabijs, ut vixit in agro;
 Vivat Fidenis, & agello cedo paterno.
 Quis tamen affirmat nil actum in montibus, aut in
 Speluncis? adeò senuerunt Jupiter & Mars?

Porticibusne

NOTÆ.

Delicias hominis!] Delicatum Hominem. Sic monstrum hominis, pro monstruosus Homo.

Cereris vittas.] Mysteria Eleusynia hic respicit. Quæ quidem a Warburtono illo doctissimo in Libro suo de Mosaicâ, Legatione accuratissimè nunc demum explicantur.

He hath escap'd the Cuckold's Search ;
 Yet now he seeks a Wife most starch ;
 With good old-fashion'd Morals fraught.
 Physicians give him a large Draught,
 And Surgeons ope his middle Vein.
 O delicate Taste ! go, prithee strain
 Thy Lungs to Heav'n, in Thanksgivings ;
 Build Churches, and endow with Livings.
 If a chaste Wife thy Lot befall,
 'Tis the Great Prize drawn in *Guildhall*.

Few worthy are to touch those Mysteries,
 Of which we lately know the Histories,
 To *Ceres* sacred, who requires
 Strict Purity from loose Desires.
 Whereas at no Crime now they boggle,
 Ev'n at their Grandfathers they ogle.

But come, your Equipage make ready,
 And dress your House out for my Lady.
 Will one Man *Iberine* supply ?
 Sooner content her with one Eye.

But hold ; there runs a common Story
 Of a chaste Country Virgin's Glory.

NOTES.

And stretch his simple Neck to th' Halter.] We have endeavoured to preserve the Beauty of this Line in the Original. The Metaphor is taken from the Posture of a Horse holding forth his Neck to the Harness.

The Mysteries of Ceres.] Which the Reader may see explain'd in a most masterly Stile, and with the profoundest Knowledge of Antiquity, by Mr. *Warburton*, in the first Vol. of his *Divine Legation of Moses vindicated*.

Porticibusne tibi monstratur foemina voto
 Digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis
 Quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis?
 Chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo,
 Tuccia vesicae non imperat; Appula gannit
 (Sicut in amplexu) subitum, & miserabile longum:
 Attendit Thymele; Thymele tunc rustica discit,
 Ast aliae, quoties aulae recondita cessant,
 Et vacuo clausoque sonant fora sola theatro,
 Atque à plebeijs longè Megalesia; tristes
 Personam, thyrsumque tenent, & subligar Acci.

Urbicus

NOTÆ.

Subitum, & miserabile, longum.] Hæc & sequentia
 ut minus a castis intelligenda, sic ab Interpretibus mi-
 nime intellecta videntur. Omnes quos unquam vidi,
 Codd. ita se habent.

Appula gannit

Sicut in Amplexu; subitum, & miserabile longum
Attendit Thymele.

Quid sibi vult hæc Lectio, me omnino latere fateor;
 Sin vero nobiscum legas, tribus illis verbis parenthesi
 inclusis, invenies planam quidem (licet castiore Musa
 indignam) Sententiam.

At *Bath* and *Tunbridge* let her be ;
 If there she's chaste, I will agree.
 And will the Country yield no Slanders ?
 Is all our Army gone to *Flanders* ?

Can the full *Mall* afford a Spouse,
 Or Boxes, worthy of your Vows ?
 While some soft Dance *Bathyllus* dances,
 Can *Tuccy* regulate her Glances ?
Appula chuckles, and poor *Thomyly*
 Gapes, like a Matron at a Homily.

But others, when the House is shut up,
 Nor Play-Bills, by *Desire*, are put up ;
 When Players cease, and Lawyer rises
 To harangue Jury at Affizes ;
 When Drolls at *Barthol'mew* begin,
 A Feast Day after that of *Trin'*.

Italian

NOTES.

Is all our Army gone to Flanders ?] As the Patron of these Gentlemen is mentioned in the Original, we thought his Votaries might be pleased with being inserted in the Imitation.

The Mall.] The *Partico's* in the Original ; where both Sexes used to assemble.

By Desire.] A constant Puff at the Head of our Play-Bills ; Designed to allure Persons to the House, who go thither more for the sake of the Company than of the Play ; but which has proved so often fallacious (Plays having been acted *at the particular Desire of several Ladies of Quality, when there hath not been a single Lady of Quality in the House*) that at present it hath very little Signification.

When Players cease.] *Viz.* In the Vacation. In the Original, *As the Megalesian Festival is so long distant from the Plebeian.* The latter being celebrated in the *Calends of December*, the former in the *Nones of April*.

Urbicus exodio risum movet Attellanæ
 Gestibus Autonoës ; hunc diligit Ælia pauper.
 Solvitur his magno comœdi fibula ; sunt quæ
 Chryfogonum cantare vetent ; Hispulla tragœdo
 Gaudet : an expectas, ut Quintilianus ametur ?
 Accipis uxorem, de quâ citharœdus Echion
 Aut Glaphyrus fiat pater, Ambrosiusve choraules.
 Longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos :
 Ornentur postes, & grandi janua lauro,
 Ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo
 Nobilis Euryalum mirmillonem exprimat infans.
 Nupta senatori comitata est Hippiâ Ludium

Ad

N O T Æ.

Ludium.] Salmaf. Ludum mavult, & hoc pro Ludio,
 ut Regna pro Regibus, positum censet : sed synæresis
 hæc frequenter occurrit apud Poetas. Sic τὸ Omnia
 apud Virgilium Dissyllabum est.

Others, I say, themselves turn Players,
 With *Clive* and *Woffington*'s gay Airs ;
 Paint their fair Faces out like Witches,
 And cram their Thighs in *Fle—w—d*'s Breeches.

Italian Measures while *Fausan*

Mov'd, what a Laugh thro' Gall'ry ran ?

Poor *Ælia* languishes in vain ;

Fausan is bought with greater Gain.

Others make *B—rd* their wiser Choice,

And wish to spoil his charming Voice.

Hispulla sighs for *Buskin*'s Wit,

Cou'd she love *Lyt—n* or *P—t* ?

Chuse you a Wife, whom the blind Harper,

Or any Fidler else, or Sharper,

Fine Rivals ! might with Ease enjoy,

And make thee Father of a Boy ?

Come then, prepare the Nuptial Feast,

Adorn the Board, invite the Guest ;

That Madam may, in Time, be big,

And bring an Heir resembling *Fig*.

Hippia to Parl'ment Man was wed,

But left him for a Fencer's Bed :

With

NOTES.

Fig.] A celebrated Prize-fighter.

Hippia.] She was Wife to *Fabricius Veiento*, a noble rich Roman, who was infamous for his Luxury and Pride. * This last Quality was so eminent in him, that he scorned to salute any almost of his Fellow Citizens ; for which he is lashed by our Poet, Sat. III. v. 185. He is likewise introduced in the fourth Satyr. His Wife *Hippia* ran away to Egypt with the Gladiator *Sergius*.

Ad Pharon & Nilum, famosaque moenia Lagi;
 Prodigia, & mores urbis damnante Canopo.
 Immemor illa domus, & conjugis, atque sororis,
 Nil patriæ indulgit; plorantesque improba gnatos,
 Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit.
 Sed quanquam in magnis opibus, plumaque paternâ,
 Et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,
 Contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim,
 Cujus apud molles minima est jactura cathedras.
 Tyrrenos igitur fluctus, latèque sonantem
 Pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis
 Mutandum toties esset mare. Justa pericli
 Si ratio est, & honesta, timent; pavidoque gelantur
 Pectore, nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
 Fortem animum præstant rebus, quas turpiter audent.
 Si jubeat conjux, durum est conscendere navim;

Tunc

NOTÆ.

Canopo.] Urbs erat Ægyptiaca ad ostium Nili, sed hic pro tota Ægypto usurpatur. Hujus Populi mores tam apud Græcos quam Romanos maxime infames fuere, adeo ut ἀγυρτίας perinde valeat ac turpiter. His duobus versibus nihil acerbius esse potest.

With him she went to some Plantation,
Which damn'd the Morals of our Nation ;
Forgetful of her House and Sister,
And Spouse and Country too, which mis'd her ;
Her brawling Brats ne'er touch'd her Mind ;
Nay, more, young C——r's left behind.

Nor was this Nymph bred up to Pattins,
But swaddled soft in Silks and Sattins ;
Yet she despis'd the Sea's loud Roar ;
Her Fame she had despis'd before :
For that's a Jewel, in Reality,
Of little Value 'mongst the Quality.
Nor *Bay of Biscay* rais'd her Fears,
Nor all the *Spanish* Privateers.
But should a just Occasion call
To Danger, how the Charmers squall !
Cold are their Breasts as addled Eggs,
Nor can they stand upon their Legs,
More than an Infant that is ricketty ;
But they are stronger in Iniquity.

Should Spouse decoy them to a Ship,
Good Heavens ! how they'd have the Hip !
“ 'Tis

NOTES.

Young Cib——r.] In the Original *Paris*, a Player, of whom *Domitian* was so fond, that our Author was banished for his abusing him. He afterwards was put to Death for an Amour with the Empress.

The Quality.] We have inserted this rather to stick as close to the Original as possible, than from any Conceit that it is justly applicable to our own People of Fashion.

Tunc sentina gravis ; tunc summus vertitur aër.
 Quæ mœchum sequitur, stomacho valet ; illa maritum
 Convomit : hæc inter nautas & prandet, & errat
 Per puppim, & duros gaudet tractare rudentes.
 Quâ tamen exarsit formâ ? quâ capta juventâ
 Hippiâ ? Quid vidit, propter quod ludia dici
 Sustinuit ? nam Sergiolus jam radere guttur
 Cœperat, & secto requiem sperare lacerto.
 Prætereà multa in facie deformia ; sicut
 Attritus galeâ, medijsque in naribus ingens
 Gibbus ; & acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.
 Sed gladiator erat ; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos :
 Hoc pueris, patriæque, hoc prætulit illa sorori,
 Atque viro : ferrum est, quod amant : hic Sergius
 idem
 Acceptâ rude, cœpisset Veiento videri.

Quid

NOTÆ.

Sergiolus.] Diminutivo blandulo quàm facetè utitur Poeta !

Secto requiem sperare lacerto.] Missionem impetrabant Gladiatores, Brachio, vel aliquo alio Membro mutilato. Vide ut Sergii Laudes enumeret noster ; eum nempe Formæ Decorem, propter quem Hippiâ, Famæ suæ oblita, Ludia dici sustinuit. Senex erat, mutilatus, & forma turpissima. Hæc omnia munere suo Gladiatorio compensavit.

" 'Tis hard to clamber up the Sides ;
 " O filthy Hold ! and when she rides,
 " It turns one's Head quite topsy-turvy,
 " And makes one sicker than the Scurvy."
 Her Husband is the nauseous Physick,
 With her Gallant, she's never Sea-sick.
 To dine with Sailors then she's able,
 And even bears a Hand to Cable.
 But say, what Youth or Beauty warm'd thee,
 What, *Hippia*, in thy Lover charm'd thee ?
 For little *Sergy*, like a Goat,
 Was bearded down from Eyes to Throat ;
 Already had he done his best ;
 Fit for an Hospital, and Rest.
 His Face wore many a Deformity,
 Upon his Nose a great Enormity.
 His Eyes distill'd a constant Stream ;
 In Matter not unlike to Cream.
 But he was still of the Bear-Garden,
 Hence her Affection fond he shar'd in :
 This did, beyond her Children, move ;
 Dearer than Spouse or Country prove ;
 In short, 'tis Iron which they love.
 Dismiss this *Sergius* from the Stage ;
 Her Husband could not less engage.

But

N O T E S.

Fit for an Hospital and Rest.] The Gladiators, when they were maimed, received their Dismission ; as a Token of which, a Wand was presented to them. *Sergius* had not, however, yet obtained this Favour ; our Poet hints only, that he was intitled to it.

Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippiæ, curas?

Respice rivales Divorum : Claudius audi

Quæ tulerit : dormire virum cùm fenserat uxor,

(Ausu Palatino tegetem præferre cubili,

Sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos,)

Linquebat, comite ancillâ non ampliùs unâ ;

Et nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero,

Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar,

Et cellam vacuum, atque suam : tunc nuda papillis

Constitit auratis, titulum mentita Lyciscæ,

Ostenditque tuum, generosè Britannice, ventrem.

Excepit blanda intrantes, atque æra poposcit.

Mox,

But say you, if each private Family
Doth not produce a perfect *Pamela*;
Must ev'ry Female bear the Blame
Of one low private Strumpet's Shame?

See then a dignify'd Example,
And take from higher Life a Sample;
How Horns have sprouted on Heads Royal,
And *Harry's Wife* hath been disloyal.
When she perceiv'd her Husband snoring,
Th' Imperial Strumpet went a Whoring:
Daring with private Rakes to solace,
She preferr'd *Ch-rl-s-Street* to the Palace:
Went with a single Maid of Honour,
And with a *Capuchin* upon her,
Which hid her black and lovely Hairs;
At *H——d's* softly stole up Stairs:
There at Receipt of Custom sitting,
She boldly call'd herself the *Kitten*;
Smil'd, and pretended to be needy,
And ask'd Men to *come down the Ready*.

But

NOTES.

Harry's Wife.] This may be, perhaps, a little applicable to one of *Henry VIII's* Wives.

H——d's.] A useful Woman in the Parish of *Ch-vent-Garden*.

The Kitten.] A young Lady of Pleasure.

Come down the Ready.] This is a Phrase by which loose Women demand Money of their Gallants.

Mox, lenone suas jam dimittente puellas,
 Tristis abit; set, quod potuit, tamen ultima cellam
 Clausit, adhuc ardens rigidæ tentigine vulvæ;
 Et lassata viris, nondum satiata recessit:
 Obscurisque genis turpis, fumoque lucernæ
 Foeda, lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.
 Hippomanes, carmenque loquar, coctumque vene-
 num;

Privignoque datum? faciunt graviora coactæ
 Imperio sexûs, minimûmque libidine peccant.

Optima sed quare Cesennia teste marito?
 Bis quingenta dedit; tanti vocat ille pudicam:
 Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampade fervet:
 Inde faces ardent; veniunt à dote sagittæ.
 Libertas emitur: coram licèt innuat, atque
 Rescribat; vidua est, locuples quæ nupsit avaro.

Cur desiderio Bibulæ Sertorius ardet?

Si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.

Jam

N O T Æ.

Dicet libertus.] Sensus hujus loci non subolet Interpretibus. Divitem maritum e Libertino genere hic ostendi volunt: cum Poeta plane servûm manumissum, vel primi ordinis servum intendit: quem nos anglicè, *the Gentleman, the Steward, &c.* nominamus.

But when for Fear of Justice' Warrants,
The Bawd dismiss'd her Whores on Errands,
She staid the last — then went, they say,
Unsatisfy'd, though tir'd, away?

Why should I mention all their Magick
Poison, and other Stories tragick?
Their Appetites are all such rash ones,
Lust is the least of all their Passions.

Cesennia's Husband call, you cry,
He lauds her Virtues to the Sky.
She brought him twice ten thousand Pounds,
With all *that* Merit she abounds.

Venus ne'er shot at him an Arrow,
Her Fortune darted through his Marrow:
She bought her Freedom, and before him
May wink, forgetful of Decorum,
And Lovers Billet-doux may answer:
For he who marries Wives for Gain, Sir,
A Widow's Privilege must grant 'em,
And suffer Captains to gallant 'em.

But *Bibula* doth *Sertorius* move:
I'm sure he married her for Love.
Love I agree was in the Case;
Not of the Woman, but her Face.

VOL. I.

D

Let

NOTES.

When for Fear.] In *Rome*, the Keepers of evil Houses used to dismiss their Girls at Midnight; at which Time those who follow the same Trade in this City, first light up their Candles.

Piant obscuri dentes, oculique minores ;

Collige sarcinulas, dicet libertus, & exi ;

Jam gravis es nobis, & sæpè emungeris ; exi

Ocyùs, & propera ; sicco venit altera naso.

Intereà calet, & regnat, poscitque maritum

Pastores, & ovem Canusinam, ulmosque Falernas.

Quantulum in hoc ? pueros omnes, ergastula tota,

Quòdque

Let but one Wrinkle spoil her Forehead ;
 Or should she chance to have a sore Head ;
 Her Skin grow flabby, or Teeth blacken,
 She quickly would be sent a packing.

“ Be gone—(the Gentleman would cry)

“ Are those d—n’d Nostrils never dry ?

“ Defend me, Heav’n, from a Strumpet,

“ Who’s always playing on a Trumpet.”

But while her beauteous Youth remains,
 With Power most absolute she reigns.

Now Rarities she wants ; no matter

What Price they cost—they please the better.

Italian Vines, and *Spanish Sheep*.

But these are Trifles—you must keep

An Equipage of six stout Fellows ;

Of no Use to ’em, as they tell us,

D 2

Unless

NOTES.

The Gentleman.] That is, her Husband’s Gentleman.
 The Commentators have wretchedly blunder’d here, in
 their Interpretation of the *Latin*.

Italian Vines, and Spanish Sheep.] In the Original,
Falernian Vines and *Canusian Sheep* : for *Falernia* pro-
 duced the most delicious Wine, and the Sheep which
 came from *Canusium*, a Town or Village of *Apulia*, the
 finest Wool. I know not whether either of the In-
 stances by which I have attempted to modernize this
 Passage be at present in Fashion, but if they are not,
 it is probable the only Reason is, that we forget *Italian*
Vines, as they would require the Assistance of artificial
 Heat ; and *Spanish Sheep*, as they are to be fetched a
 great Way by Sea, would be extremely expensive, and
 consequently well worth our having.

Six stout Fellows.] The *Latin* hath it—*All the Fel-
 lows in the Work-House* : but this is an Instance that our
 Luxury is not yet so extravagant as that of the *Romans*
 was in *Juvenal’s Days*.

Quoddq; domi non est, & habet vicinus, ematur.
 Mense quidem brumæ, cùm jam mercator Iason
 Clausus, & armatis obstat casa candida nautis,
 Grandia tolluntur crySTALLINA, maxima rursus
 Myrrhina, deinde adamas notissimus, & Berenices
 In digito factus pretiosior : hunc dedit olim
 Barbarus incestæ ; dedit hunc Agrippa sorori ;
 Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges,
 Et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.

Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur?
 Sit formosa, decens, dives, fœcunda, vetustos
 Porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni
 Crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabinâ :
 (Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.)
 Quis feret uxorem, cui constant omnia? malo,
 Malo Venusinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
 Grande supercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.

Tolle

NOTÆ.

Dedit hunc, &c.] Repetitionem hujus vocis *dedit* sunt qui conantur abjicere, licet elegantissimam ; ideoque Interpretum Gustui minus gratam.

De tantis gregibus.] Ambiguitatem qua Greges refert tam ad mulieres quam ad porcos miratur Lubinus, & queritur quod ab aliis non animadvertatur. Sed nescio annon inurbanus potius quam argutus hic dicendus sit Poeta.

Cornelia.] Scipionis Africani Filia, Cornelio Graccho nupta, & Caii & Tiberii mater, hîc maximæ Laudis, non vituperationis causa, memorata.

Unless to walk before their Chairs,
 When they go out to shew their Airs.
 However liberal your Grants,
 Still what her Neighbour hath she wants ;
 Even *Pit's* precious Diamond — that
 Which *Lewis* Fifteen wears in's Hat ;
 Or what *Agrippa* gave his Sister,
 Incestuous Bribe ! for which he kifs'd her.
 (Sure with less Sin a *Jew* might dine,
 If hungry, on a Herd of Swine.)

But of this Herd, I mean of Women,
 Will not an Individual do Man ?
 No, none my Soul can e'er inflame,
 But the rich, decent, lovely Dame :
 Her Womb with Fruitfulness attended ;
 Of a good ancient House descended :
 A Virgin too, untouch'd, and chaste,
 Whom Man ne'er took about the Waiste.
 She's a rare Bird ! find her who can,
 And much resembling a black Swan.

But who could bear a Wife's great Merit,
 Who doth such Qualities inherit ?
 I would prefer some Country Girl
 To the proud Daughter of an Earl ;
 If my Repose must still be hindred
 With the great Actions of her Kindred.

D 3

Go.

NOTES.

What Agrippa gave his Sister.] Berenice.

Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem; victumque Sy-
phacem

In castris, & cum totâ Carthagine migra.

Parce, precor, Pæan; & tu, Dea, pone sagittas;
Nil pueri faciunt; ipsam configite matrem;
Amphion clamat: sed Pæan contrahit arcum.
Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsumque parentem,
Dum sibi nobilior Latonæ gente videtur,
Atque eadem scrofâ Niobe fœcundior albâ.
Quæ tanti gravitas? quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet? hujus enim rari, summiue voluptas
Nulla boni; quoties animo corrupta superbo
Plus aloës, quàm mellis, habet. Quis deditus autem

Usque

Go to the Devil, should I say,
 With the *West-Indies* ta'en—away.
 “ Hold, *Pæan*, hold ; thou Goddess, spare
 “ My Children,—was *Amphion*’s Pray’r—
 “ They have done nought to forfeit Life ;
 “ O shoot your Arrows at my Wife.”
 His Pray’r nor God nor Goddess heard,
 Nor Child, nor ev’n the Mother spar’d.
 For why, the Vixen proudly boasted,
 More than *Latona* she was toasted ;
 And had been oft’ner in the Straw,
 Than the white Sow *Æneas* saw.
 But say, tho’ Nature should be lavish,
 Can any Mien or Beauty ravish,
 Whose Mind is nothing but Inanity,
 Meer Bladder blown with Wind of Vanity ?
 Trust, if for such you give your Money,
 You buy more Vinegar than Honey.

D 4

Who

N O T E S.

With the West Indies ta'en—away.] *Juvenal* here mentions *Cornelia*, the Daughter of *Scipio Africanus*, Wife of *Cornelius Gracchus*, and Mother of the *Gracchi*, *Caius* and *Tiberius*. The Beauty of the Original here is inimitable.

The Vixen proudly boasted.] Our Poet here alludes to the Story of *Niobe*, Wife of *Amphion* King of *Thebes*, who affronted *Latona*, in preferring her own Fruitfulness to that of the Goddess ; for which Reason *Apolls* and *Diana* destroyed all her Children ; the Number of which Authors report variously.

The white Sow.] Which produced thirty Pigs at a Litter.

Usque adeò est, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
Horreat? inque diem septenis oderit horis?

Quædam parva quidem; sed non toleranda maritis.
Nam quid rancidius, quàm quòd se non putat ulla
Formosam, nisi quæ de Thuseâ Græcula facta est?

De Sulmonensi mera Cecropis omnia Græce;
Cum sit turpe minùs nostris nescire Latine.

Hoc sermone pavent; hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra?

Concumbunt Græcé. Dones tamen ista puellis:

Tùne etiam, quam sextus & octogesimus annus
Pulsat, adhuc Græcé? non est hic sermo pudicus

In vetulâ. Quoties lascivum intervenit illud,

ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ, modò sub lodice relictis

Uteris in turbâ. Quod enim non excitat inguen

Vox blanda & nequam? digitos habet: ut tamen

omnes

Subsidant pennæ: dicas hæc molliùs Æmo

Quanquam, & Carpophoro; facies tua computat
annos.

Si

Who is there such a Slave in Nature,
That while he praises, would not hate her?
Some smaller Crimes, which seem scarce nomin-
able,

Are yet to Husbands most abominable :
For what so fulsome — if it were new t' ye,
That no one thinks herself a Beauty,
'Till *Frenchify'd* from Head to Foot,
A meer *Parisian* Dame throughout.
She spells not *English*, who will blame her?
But *French* not understood would shame her.

This Language 'tis in which they tremble,
Quarrel, are happy, and dissemble ;
Tell Secrets to some other Miss ;
What more ? — 'tis this in which they kiss.

But if to Girls we grant this Leave ;
You, Madam, whom fast by your Sleeve
Old Age hath got — must you still stammer
Soft Phrases out of *Bowyer's* Grammar ?
Mon ame, mon Mignon ! how it comes
Most graceful from your toothless Gums !!
Though softer spoke than by Lord *Fanny*,
Can that old Face be lik'd by any ?

D 5

If

NOTES:

'Till *Frenchify'd*] The *Romans* were (if I may be
allowed such a Word) *Greecify'd*, at this Time, in the
same Manner as we are *Frenchify'd*.

Si tibi legitimis pactam, junctamque tabellis
 Non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
 Causa; nec est quare coenam & mustacea perdas,
 Labente officio, crudis donanda, nec illud,
 Quod primâ pro nocte datur; cum lance beatâ
 Dacicus, & scripto radiat Germanicus auro.
 Si tibi simplicitas uxoriam, deditus uni
 Est animus; submitte caput cervice paratâ
 Ferre jugum: nullam invenies, quæ parcat amanti.
 Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis,
 Et spoliis, igitur longè minùs utilis illi
 Uxor, quisquis erit bonus, optandusque maritus.
 Nil unquam invitâ donabis conjuge: vendes
 Hâc obstante nihil: nihil, hæc si nolit, emetur.
 Hæc dabit affectus: ille excludetur amicus
 Jam senior, cujus barbam tua janua vidit.
 Testandi cum sit lenonibus, atque lanistis
 Libertas, & juris idem contingat arenæ,
 Non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur hæres.
 Pone crucem servo: meruit quo crimine servus
 Supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi:

Nulla

N O T Æ.

Primâ pro nocte] Mos erat præmium aliquod novæ
 nuptæ donandi, quasi Virginitatis depositæ pretium:
 Hæc est autem hujus loci vis. *Si non amaturus es*
Nuptam quam ducis. ne nox prima quidem grata erit;
Quam solam in Matrimonio jucundam esse expectare debes.

If Love be not your Cause of Wedding,
 There is no other for your Bedding;
 All the Expence of Wedding-Day
 Would then, my Friend, be thrown away.

If, on the contrary, you doat,
 And are of the uxorious Note,
 For heavy Yoke your Neck prepare;
 None will the tender Husband spare:
 Ev'n when they love they will discover
 Joys in the Torments of a Lover:
 The Hope to govern them by Kindness,
 Argues, my Friend, a total Blindness.
 For Wives most useless ever prove
 To those most worthy of their Love.

Before you give, or sell, or buy,
 She must be courted to comply:
 She points new Friendships out — and strait
 'Gainst old Acquaintance shuts your Gate.

The Privilege which at their Birth
 Our Laws bequeath the Scum o' th' Earth,
 Of making Wills, to you's deny'd;
 You for her Fav'rites must provide;
 Those your sole Heirs creating, who
 Have labour'd to make Heirs for you.

Now, come Sir, take your Horse-whip down,
 And lash your Footman there, *Tom Brown*.
 What hath *Tom* done? or who accuses him?
 Perhaps some Rascal, who abuses him.

Let

Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.

O demens, ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto :

Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.

Imperat ergo viro : sed mox hæc regna relinquit,

Permutatque domos, & flammea conterit : inde

Avolat, & spreti repetit vestigia lecti ;

Ornatas paulò antè fores, pendentia linquit

Vela domûs, & adhuc virides in limine ramos.

Sic crescit numerus ; sic fiunt octo mariti

Quinque per autumnos : titulo res digna sepulchri.

Desperanda tibi salvâ concordia socru :

Illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti :

Illa docet, missis à corruptore tabellis,

Nil rude, nil simplex rescribere : decipit illa

Custodes, aut ære domat : tunc corpore sano

Advocat Archigenem, onerosaque pallia jactat.

Abditus intereà latet accersitus adulter,

Impatiensque moræ fileat, & præputia ducit.

Scilicet

NOTÆ.

Fiunt octo mariti.] Quot nempe à Lege permisi sunt. Nam prohibitum erat mulieribus, pluribus quam octo maritis nubere, cum hunc numerum ergo minime liceret transire, necessitate coacta uxor ab octavo marito redit iterum ad primum.

Let us examine first — and then —
 'Tis ne'er too late to punish Men.
 Men ! Do you call this abject Creature
 A Man ? — He's scarce of human Nature.
 What hath he done ? — no matter what —
 If nothing — lash him well for that :
 My Will is a sufficient Reason
 To constitute a Servant's Treason.

Thus she commands ; but strait she leaves
 This Slave, and to another cleaves ;
 Thence to a third and fourth, and then
 Returns, perhaps, to you again.
 Thus in the Space of seven short Years
 Possessing half a score of Dears.

Be sure, no Quiet can arrive
 To you while her Mamma's alive :
 She'll teach her how to cheat her Spouse,
 To pick his Pocket, strip his House :
 Answers to Love-Letters indite,
 And make her Daughter's Stile polite.
 With Cunning she'll deceive your Spies,
 Or bribe with Money to tell Lies.

Then, tho' Health swells her Daughter's Pulse,
 She sends for *Wasey, Hoadley, Hulse*.
 So she pretends, — but in their Room,
 Lo, the Adulterer is come.

Do

N O T E S.

[*He's scarce of Human Nature.*] The *Romans* derived from the *Greeks* an Opinion, that their Slaves were of a Species inferior to themselves. As such a Sentiment is inconsistent with the Temper of Christianity, this Passage loses much of its Force by being modernized.

Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honestos,
Aut alios mores, quàm quos habet? utile pond
Filiolam turpi vetulæ producere turpem.

Nulla ferè causa est, in quâ non foemina litem
Moverit. Accusat Mamia, si rea non est.
Componunt ipsæ per se, formantque libellos,
Principium atque locos Celso dictare paratæ.

Endromidas Tyrias, & foemineum ceroma
Quis nescit? vel quis non vidit vulnera pali?
Quem cavat assiduus sudibus, scutoque laceffit,
Atque omnes implet numeros; dignissima prorsus
Floralis matrona tubâ; nisi si quid in Hlo
Pectore plus agitet, veræque paratur arenæ.
Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem?
Quæ fugit à sexu, vires amat; hæc tamen ipsa
Vir nollet fieri; nam quantula nostra voluptas?
Quale decus rerum, si conjugis auctio fiat,
Balteus,

N O T Æ.

[Si rea non est.] Accusator & reus eandem habent
quam in Lege nostra Querens & defendens, significati-
onem.

[Floralis dignissima tubâ.] Tuba ad impudicos ludos
vocante. Hos a Flora meretrice quadam in honorem
Floræ Dæ institutos docet Ovid. Fast. Acerbius qui-
dem hoc in matronas a Poeta dictum.

[Quæ fugit à sexu, vires amat? &c.] Ita prorsus le-
gendum existimo, finita interrogatione ad vocem pudo-
rem? sensus tum erit. Quamquam amat vires mulier
quæ fugit à sexu, tamen omnino vir fieri nolit, quia, &c.
— Multo elegantior ita fiet sententia. Alii legunt Quæ
fugit à sexu & vires amat. — Sed minus rectè.

Do you expect, you simple Elf,
That she who hath them not herself,
Should teach Good Manners to your Lady,
And not debauch her for the Ready?

In Courts of Justice what Transactions?
Manilia's never without Actions:
No Forms of *Litigation*'scape her,
In Special Pleading next to *Dr—per*.

Have you not heard of fighting Females,
Whom you would rather think to be Males?
Of Madam Sutton, Mrs. Stokes,
Who give confounded Cuts and Strokes?
They fight the Weapons through complete,
Worthy to ride along the Street.

Can Female Modesty so rage,
To draw a Sword, and mount the Stage?
Will they their Sex entirely quit?
No, they have not so little Wit:
Better they know how small our Shares
Of Pleasure—how much less than theirs.

But should your Wife by Auction sell,
(You know the modern Fashion well)

Should

NOTES.

Worthy to ride, &c.] Prize-Fighters, on the Day
of Battle, ride through the Streets with a Trumpet be-
fore them.

Balteüs, & manicæ, & cristæ, crurisque sinistri
 Dimidium tegmen ! vel si diversa movebit
 Prælia, tu felix, ocreas vendente puellâ.
 Hæ sunt, quæ tenui sudant in cyclâde, quarum
 Delicias & panniculus bombycinus urit.
 Aspice, quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus,
 Et quanto galeæ curvetur pondere ; quanta
 Poplitibus sedeat ; quàm denso fascia libro ;
 Et ride, scaphium pōitis cūm sumitur armis.
 Dicite vos neptes Lepidi, cæcive Metelli,
 Gurgitis aut Fabii, quæ ludia sumpserit unquam
 Hos habitus ? quando ad palum gemat uxor Asylli ?

Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
 In quo nupta jacet : minimū dormitur in illo.
 Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride peior,
 Cūm simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,
 Aut odit pueros, aut fictâ pellice plorat
 Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis

Should *Cock* aloft his Pulpit mount,
 And all her Furniture recount,
 Sure you would scarce abstain from Oaths,
 To hear, among your Lady's Cloaths,
 Of those superb fine Horseman's Suits,
 And those magnificent Jack-Boots.

And yet, as often as they please,
 Nothing is tenderer than these.
 A Coach! — O Gad! they cannot bear
 Such Jolting! — *John*, go fetch a Chair.
 Yet see, through *Hide-Park* how they ride!
 How masculine! almost astride!
 Their Hats fierce cock'd up with Cockades,
 Resembling Dragoons more than Maids.

Knew our Great Grandmothers these Follies?
 Daughters of *Hampden*, *Baynton*, *Hollis*?
 More Modesty they surely had,
 Decently ambling on a Pad.

Sleep never shews his drowsy Head
 Within the Reach of Marriage-Bed:
 The Wife thence frightens him with Scolding.
 — Then chiefly the Attack she's bold in,
 When, to conceal her own Amours,
 She falls most artfully on yours:
 Pretends a Jealousy of some Lady,
 With Tears in Plenty always ready;

Which

NOTES.

Daughters of Hampden, &c.] These, according to *Sidney*, are some of the best Families in *England*, and superior to many of our modern Nobility.

In statione suâ, atque expectantibus illam,
 Quo jubeat manare modo : tu credis amorem ;
 Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, fletumque labellis
 Exorbes ; quæ scripta, & quas lecture tabellas,
 Si tibi zelotypæ retlegantur scrinia mœchæ !
 Sed jacet in servi complexibus, aut equitis : dic,
 Dic aliquem, fodes hîc, Quintiliane, colorem.
 Hæremus : dic ipsa : olim convenerat, inquit,
 Ut faceres tu quod velles ; necnon ego possem
 Indulgere mihi : clames licèt, & mare cœlo
 Confundas, homo sum. Nihil est audacius illis
 Deprênsis : iram atque animos à crimine sumunt.
 Unde hæc monstra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris ?
 Præstabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
 Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebat

Tecta

NOTÆ.

Mare cælo confundas.] Exclamando scilicet, ut apud
 Terentium, O Cœlum ! O Terra ! O Maria !

Which on their Post true Cent'nels stand,
The Word still waiting of Command,
How she shall order them to trinkle.

—Thou thinkest Love her Soul doth tickle
Poor Hedge-Sparrow—with fifty Dears,
Lickest up her fallacious Tears.

Search her Scrutore, Man, and then tell us
Who hath most Reason to be jealous.

But, in the very Fact she's taken;
Now let us hear, to save her Bacon,
What *Murray*, or what *Henley* can say;

Neither Proof positive will gainsay :
It is against the Rules of Practice;
Nothing to her the naked Fact is.

“ You know (she cries) e'er I consented

“ To be, what I have since repented,

“ It was agreed between us, you

“ Whatever best you lik'd should do;

“ Nor could I, after a long Trial,

“ Persist myself in Self-Denial.”

You at her Impudence may wonder,
Invoke the Lightning and the Thunder :

“ You are a Man (she cries) 'tis true ;

“ We have our human Frailties too.

Nought bold is like a Woman caught,
They gather Courage from the Fault.

Whence come these Prodigies? what Fountain,
You ask, produces them? I' th' Mountain
The *British* Dames were chaste, no Crimes
The Cottage stain'd in elder Times ;

When

Tecta labor, somnique breves, & vellere Thuseo
 Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
 Hannibal, & stantes Collinâ in turre mariti.
 Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala : sævior armis
 Luxuriâ incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.
 Nullum crimen abest, facinusque libidinis, ex quo
 Paupertas Romana perit : hinc fluxit ad istos
 Et Sybaris colles, hinc & Rhodos, atque Miletos,
 Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidumque Ta-
 rentum.

Prima peregrinos obscœna pecunia mores
 Intulit, & turpi fregerunt secula luxu
 Divitiæ molles.———

N O T Æ.

Sævior armis Luxuria, &c.] Eximiæ sunt hi versus
 Notæ, & vix satis laudandi.

When the laborious Wife slept little,
 Spun Wool, and boil'd her Husband's Kettle :
 When the *Armada* frighten'd *Kent*,
 And good Queen *Bessy* pitch'd her Tent.
 Now from Security we feel
 More Ills than threaten'd us from Steel ;
 Severer Luxury abounds,
 Avenging *France* of all her Wounds.
 When our old *British* Plainness left us,
 Of ev'ry Virtue it bereft us :
 And we've imported from all Climes,
 All Sorts of Wickedness and Crimes :
French Finery, *Italian* Meats,
 With *German* Drunkenness, *Dutch* Cheats.
 Money's the Source of all our Woes ;
 Money ! whence Luxury o'erflows,
 And in a Torrent, like the *Nile*,
 Bears off the Virtues of this Isle.

We shall here close our Translation of this Satire ;
 for as the Remainder is in many Places too obscene for
 chaste Ears ; so, to the Honour of the *English* Ladies,
 the *Latin* is by no Means applicable to them, nor, in-
 deed, capable of being modernized.

To Miss H—AND at Bath.

Written extempore in the Pump-Room,

1742.

SOON shall these bounteous Springs thy Wish
 bestow,
 Soon in each Feature sprightly Health shall glow;
 Thy Eyes regain their Fire, thy Limbs their Grace,
 And Roses join the Lillies in thy Face.
 But say, sweet Maid, what Waters can remove
 The Pangs of cold Despair, of hopeless Love?
 The deadly Star which lights th' autumnal Skies
 Shines not so bright, so fatal as those Eyes.
 The Pains which from their Influence we endure,
 Not *Brewster*, Glory of his Art, can cure.



A N
E S S A Y
O N
CONVERSATION.

MAN is generally represented as an Animal formed for, and delighting in, Society : In this State alone, it is said, his various Talents can be exerted, his numberless Necessities relieved, the Dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the Pleasures, he eagerly affects, enjoyed. If these Assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied Man to be a social Animal, have left us these two Solutions of their Conduct : either that there are Men as bold in Denial as can be found in Assertion ; and as *Cicero* says, there is no Absurdity which some Philosopher or other hath not asserted ; so we may say, there is no Truth so glaring, that some have not denied it. Or else ; that these Rejecters of Society borrow all their Information from their own savage Dispositions, and are, indeed, themselves the only Exceptions to the above general Rule.

But

But to leave such Persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an Answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social State, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their own Species; and, entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking Parts of the Creation, from all Benefits of it, to set up this as one grand general Distinction, between the Human and the Brute Species.

Shall we conclude this *Denial* of all Society to the Nature of Brutes, which seems to be in Defiance of every Day's Observation, to be as bold, as the Denial of it to the Nature of Men? Or, may we not more justly derive the Error from an improper understanding of this Word *Society* in too confined and special a Sense? In a Word; Do those who utterly deny it to the Brutal Nature, mean any other by Society than Conversation?

Now if we comprehend them in this Sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the Distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other Animals are not without all Use of Society, yet this noble Branch of it seems, of all the Inhabitants of this Globe, confined to Man only; the narrow Power of communicating some few Ideas of Lust, or Fear, or Anger, which may be observable in Brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by Conversation, as may be deduced from the Origination of the Word itself, the only accurate Guide to Knowledge. The primitive and literal Sense of this Word is, I apprehend, to *Turn round together*; and in its more copious Usage we intend by it, that reciprocal Interchange of Ideas, by which Truth is examined, Things are, in a manner, *turned round*, and sifted, and all our Knowledge communicated to each other.

In

In this Respect Man stands, I conceive, distinguished from and superior to all other Earthly Creatures : it is this Privilege which, while he is inferior in Strength to some, in Swiftneſs to others ; without Horns, or Claws, or Tuſks to attack them, or even to defend himſelf againſt them, hath made him Maſter of them all. Indeed, in other Views, however vain Men may be of their Abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal Neighbours. With what Envy muſt a Swine, or a much leſs voracious Animal, be ſurvey'd by a Glutton ; and how contemptible muſt the Talents of other Senſualiſts appear, when oppos'd, perhaps, to ſome of the loweſt and meaneſt of Brutes : But in Converſation Man ſtands alone, at leaſt in this Part of the Creation ; he leaves all others behind him at his firſt Start, and the greater Progreſs he makes, the greater Diſtance is between them.

Converſation is of three Sorts. Men are ſaid to conſerve with God, with themſelves, and with one another. The two firſt of theſe have been ſo liberally and excellently ſpoken to by others, that I ſhall, at preſent, paſs them by, and confine myſelf, in this Eſſay, to the third only : Since it ſeems to me amazing, that this grand Buſineſs of our Lives, the Foundation of every Thing, either uſeful or pleaſant, ſhould have been ſo ſlightly treated of ; that while there is ſcarce a Profeſſion or Handicraft in Life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furniſhed with proper Rules to the attaining its Perfection, Men ſhould be left almoſt totally in the Dark, and without the leaſt Light to direct, or any Guide to conduct them in the proper exerting of thoſe Talents, which are the nobleſt Privilege of human Nature, and productive of all rational

VOL. I. E Happineſs ;

Happiness ; and the rather as this Power is by no means self-instructed, and in the Possession of the artless and ignorant, is of so mean Use, that it raises them very little above those Animals who are void of it.

As Conversation is a Branch of Society, it follows, that it can be proper to none who is not in his Nature social. Now Society is agreeable to no Creatures who are not inoffensive to each other ; and we therefore observe in Animals who are intirely guided by Nature, that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious Disposition addict themselves to Solitude, and, unless when prompted by Lust, or that necessary Instinct implanted in them by Nature, for the Nurture of their Young, shun as much as possible the Society of their own Species. If therefore there should be found some human Individuals of so savage a Habit, it would seem they were not adapted to Society, and consequently, not to Conversation : nor would any Inconvenience ensue the Admittance of such Exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general Rule of Man's being a social Animal ; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my Friend, the Author of *An Enquiry into Happiness**) that these Men live in a constant Opposition to their own Nature, are no less Monsters than the most wanton Abortions, or extravagant Births.

Again ; if Society requires that its Members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other, the more suitable are they to the social Nature, and more perfectly adapted to its Institution : for all Creatures seek
their

* The Treatise here mentioned is not yet public.

their own Happiness, and Society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this Happiness. To render therefore any Animal social, is to render it inoffensive; an Instance of which is to be seen in those, the Ferocity of whose Nature can be tamed by Man. And here the Reader may observe a double Distinction of Man from the more savage Animals by Society, and from the social by Conversation.

But if Men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if Society and Conversation would be merely indifferent; and that in order to make it desirable by a sensible Being, it is necessary we should go farther, and propose some positive Good to ourselves from it; and this presupposes not only negatively, our not receiving any Hurt; but positively, our receiving some Good, some Pleasure or Advantage from each other in it, something which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary State: otherwise we might cry out with the Right Honourable Poet; *

*Give us our Wildness and our Woods,
Our Huts and Caves again.*

The Art of pleasing or doing Good to one another is therefore the Art of Conversation. It is this Habit which gives it all its Value. And as Man's being a social Animal (the Truth of which is incontestably proved by that excellent Author of *An Enquiry*, &c. I have above cited) presupposes a natural Desire or Tendency this Way, it will follow, that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable End from Ignorance only in the Means; and how general this Ignorance is, may be, with some Probability, inferred from our want of even

E 2

a Word

* The Duke of *Buckingham*.

a Word to express this Art by : that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple Ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The Word I mean is *Good Breeding* ; a Word, I apprehend, not at first confined to Externals, much less to any particular Dress or Attitude of the Body : nor were the Qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a Milliner, a Taylor, or a Perriwig-maker ; no, nor even by a Dancing-Master himself. According to the Idea I myself conceive from this Word, I should not have scrupled to call *Socrates* a well-bred Man, though I believe he was very little instructed by any of the Persons I have above enumerated. In short, by *Good Breeding* (notwithstanding the corrupt Use of the Word in a very different Sense) I mean the Art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the Ease and Happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this Head : for whilst my Reader clearly conceives the Sense in which I use this Word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original Application.

Good Breeding then, or the *Art of pleasing in Conversation*, is expressed two different Ways, viz. in our Actions and our Words, and our Conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive Rule in Scripture ; *Do unto all Men as you would they should do unto you*. Indeed, concise as this Rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all Treatises on Ethics, but Comments upon it ? And whoever is well read in the Book of Nature, and hath made much Observation on the Actions of Men, will perceive so few capable of judging, or
rightly

rightly pursuing their own Happiness, that he will be apt to conclude, that some Attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable Men to know truly, *what they would have done unto them*, or at least, what it would be their Interest to have done.

If therefore Men, through Weakness or Inattention, often err in their Conceptions of what would produce their own Happiness, no wonder they should miss in the Application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a Censure on their Inclinations, account for that frequent Failure in true Good Breeding, which daily Experience gives us Instances of.

Besides, the Commentators have well paraphrased on the abovementioned divine Rule, that it is, to *do unto Men what you would they, IF THEY WERE IN YOUR SITUATION AND CIRCUMSTANCES, AND YOU IN THEIRS, should do unto you*: And as this Comment is necessary to be observed in Ethics, so is it particularly useful in this our Art, where the Degree of the Person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see then a Possibility for a Man well disposed to this Golden Rule, without some Precautions, to err in the Practice; nay, even Good-Nature itself, the very Habit of Mind most essential to furnish us with true Good Breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the Appearance at least of Propriety, artificial *Good Nature*. This excellent Quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the Mark, and shews the Truth of those Lines in *Har-*
race:

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui.
Ultrà quam satis est VIRTUTEM si petat ipsam.

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we shew the Deviations from those Rules, which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this Good Breeding is the Art of pleasing, it will be first necessary, with the utmost Caution, to avoid hurting or giving any Offence to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual Disrespect, or Affront to their Persons, by Insolence, which is the severest Attack that can be made on the Pride of Man, and of which *Florus* seems to have no inadequate Opinion, when speaking of the second *Tarquin*, he says; *In omnes superbiam (quæ Crudelitæ gravior est BONIS) grassatus;* "He trod on all with INSOLENCE, which sits heavier on Men of great Minds than Cruelty itself." If there is any Temper in Man, which more than all others disqualifies him for Society, it is this Insolence or Haughtiness, which, blinding a Man to his own Imperfections, and giving him a Hawk's Quick-sightedness to those of others, raises in him that Contempt for his Species, which inflates the Cheeks, erects the Head, and stiffens the Gait of those strutting Animals, who sometimes stalk in Assemblies, for no other Reason, but to shew in their Gesture and Behaviour the Disregard they have for the Company. Though to a truly great and philosophical Mind, it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous Exhibition than this Puppet; yet to others he is little less than a Nuisance; for Contempt is a murderous Weapon, and there is this Difference only between the greatest and weakest Men, when attacked by it; that, in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas

whereas without the Shields of Wisdom and Philosophy, which God knows are in the Possession of very few, it wants no Justice to point it; but is certain to penetrate, from whatever Corner it comes. It is this Disposition which inspires the empty *Cacus* to deny his Acquaintance, and overlook Men of Merit in Distress; and the little, silly, pretty *Phillida*, or *Foolida*, to stare at the strange Creatures round her. It is this Temper which constitutes the supercilious Eye, the reserved Look, the distant Bowe, the scornful Leer, the affected Astonishment, the loud Whisper, ending in a Laugh directed full in the Teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless Offences given too frequently, in public and private Assemblies, by Persons of weak Understandings, indelicate Habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a Vanity, that it wants to devour whatever comes in its Way. Now, if Good-Breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and indeed how opposite to it, must such a Behaviour be? And can any Man call a Duke or a Dutchess who wears it, well-bred? or are they not more justly intitled to those inhuman Names which they themselves allot to the lowest Vulgar? But behold a more pleasing Picture on the Reverse. See the Earl of C——, noble in his Birth, splendid in his Fortune, and embellished with every Endowment of Mind; how affable, how condescending! himself the only one who seems ignorant that he is every Way the greatest Person in the Room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive, we must be profitable Servants to each other: we are, in the second Place, to proceed to the utmost Verge in paying the Respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in

this Particular. My Lord *Shaftsbury* hath a pretty Observation, that the Beggar, in addressing to a Coach with, my Lord, is sure not to offend, even though there be no Lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain Sir fly in the Face of a Nobleman, what must be the Consequence? And indeed, whoever considers the Bustle and Contention about Precedence, the Pains and Labours undertaken, and sometimes the Prices given for the smallest Title or Mark of Pre-eminence, and the visible Satisfaction betray'd in its Enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a Matter of no small Consequence. The Truth is, we live in a World of common Men, and not of Philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the Name of an *odd Fellow*: for what is it less than extreme Oddity to despise what the Generality of the World think the Labour of their whole Lives well employed in procuring: we are therefore to adapt our Behaviour to the Opinion of the Generality of Mankind, and not to that of a few odd Fellows.

It would be tedious, and, perhaps, impossible, to specify every Instance, or to lay down exact Rules for our Conduct in every minute Particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief, which most ordinarily occur, after premising, that the Business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an Idea of your Esteem of them, which is indeed the Substance of all the Compliments, Ceremonies, Presents, and whatever passes between well-bred People. And here I shall lay down these Positions.

First, That all meer Ceremonies exist in *Form* only, and have in them no Substance at all: But being imposed by the Laws of Custom, become essential

essential to Good Breeding, from those high-flown Compliments paid to the Eastern Monarchs, and which pass between *Chinese* Mandarines, to those coarser Ceremonials in use between *English* Farmers and *Dutch* Boors.

Secondly, That these Ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more Consequence than they at first appear, and, in Reality, constitute the only external Difference between Man and Man. Thus, His Grace, Right Honourable, My Lord, Right Reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Esquire, Mr. &c. have, in a Philosophical Sense, no Meaning, yet are; perhaps, politically essential, and must be preserved by Good Breeding; because,

Thirdly, They raise an Expectation in the Person by Law and Custom intitled to them, and who will consequently be displeased with the Disappointment.

Now, in order to descend minutely into any Rules for Good Breeding, it will be necessary to lay some Scene, or to throw our Disciple into some particular Circumstance. We will begin then with a Visit in the Country; and as the principal Actor on this Occasion is the Person who receives it, we will, as briefly as possible, lay down some general Rules for his Conduct; marking, at the same Time, the principal Deviations we have observed on these Occasions.

When an expected Guest arrives to Dinner at your House, if your Equal, or, indeed, not greatly your Inferior, he should be sure to find your Family in some Order, and yourself dress'd and ready to receive him at your Gate with a smiling Countenance. This infuses an immediate Cheerfulness into your Guest, and persuades him of your Esteem and Desire of his Company. Not so is the Behaviour of *Polysperchon*, at whose Gate:

you are obliged to knock a considerable Time before you gain Admittance. At length, the Door being opened to you by a Maid, or some improper Servant, who wonders where the Devil all the Men are ; and being asked if the Gentleman is at home, answers, She believes so ; you are conducted into a Hall, or back Parlour, where you stay some Time, before the Gentleman, in *Disbambille* from his Study or his Garden, waits upon you, asks Pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your Guest being introduced into a Drawing-Room, is, after the first Ceremonies, to be asked, whether he will refresh himself after his Journey, before Dinner, (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed Hour.) But this Request is never to be repeated oftner than twice, in Imitation of *Chalepus*, who, as if hired by a Physician, crams Wine in a Morning down the Throats of his most temperate Friends, their Constitutions being not so dear to them as their present Quiet.

When Dinner is on the Table, and the Ladies have taken their Places, the Gentlemen are to be introduced into the Eating-Room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming Indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose Degrees claim an undoubted Precedence. As to the rest, the general Rules of Precedence are by Marriage, Age, and Profession. Lastly ; in placing your Guests, Regard is rather to be had to Birth than Fortune : for though Purse-Pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a Degradation with more secret Comfort and Ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of Neglect or Contempt.

The Order in helping your Guests is to be regulated by that of placing them: but here I must with great Submission recommend to the Lady at the upper End of the Table, to distribute her Favours as equally, and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large Dish of Fish extend no farther than to the fifth Person, and a Haunch of Venison lose all its Fat before half the Table had tasted it.

A single Request to eat of any particular Dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest Solicitations, all Complaints that you have no Appetite, which are sometimes little less than Burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some Readers, as I have known Omissions of this Kind give Offence, and sometimes make the Offenders, who have been very well-meaning Persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the Ceremonial of drinking Healths at Table, which is always to begin with the Lady's, and next the Master's of the House.

When Dinner is ended, and the Ladies retired, though I do not hold the Master of the Feast obliged to fuddle himself through Complacence; and, indeed, it is his own Fault generally, if his Company be such as would desire it, yet he is to see that the Bottle circulate sufficiently to afford every Person present a moderate Quantity of Wine, if he chuses it; at the same Time permitting those who desire it, either to pass the Bottle, or fill their Glass as they please. Indeed, the beastly Custom of besotting, and ostentatious Contention for Pre-eminence in their Cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better sort of People. Yet *Methus* still remains, who measures the Hon-
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neſty and Underſtanding of Mankind by the Capaciousneſs of their Swallow ; who ſings forth the Praiſes of a Bumper, and complains of the Light in your Glaſs ; and at whoſe Table it is as difficult to preſerve your Senſes, as to preſerve your Purſe at a Gaming-Table, or your Health at a B——y-Houſe. On the other Side, *Sophronus* eyes you carefully whiſt you are filling out his Liquor. The Bottle as ſurely ſtops when it comes to him, as your Chariot at *Temple-Bar* ; and it is almoſt as impoſſible to carry a Pint of Wine from his Houſe, as to gain the Love of a reigning Beauty, or borrow a Shilling of P—— W——.

But to proceed. After a reaſonable Time, if your Gueſt intends ſtaying with you the whole Evening, and declines the Bottle, you may propoſe Play, Walking, or any other Amuſement ; but theſe are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his Choice with all Indifference on your Part. What Perſon can be ſo dull as not to perceive in *Agyrtes* a Longing to pick your Pockets ? or in *Alazon*, a Deſire to ſatisfy his own Vanity in ſhewing you the Rarities of his Houſe and Gardens ? When your Gueſt offers to go, there ſhould be no Solicitations to ſtay, unleſs for the whole Night, and that no farther than to give him a moral Assurance of his being welcome ſo to do : no Affertions that he ſhan't go yet ; no laying on violent Hands ; no private Orders to Servants, to delay providing the Horſes or Vehicles ; like *Deſmophylax*, who never ſuffers any one to depart from his Houſe without intitling him to an Action of falſe Imprifonment.

Let us now conſider a little the Part which the Viſitor himſelf is to act. And firſt, he is to avoid the two Extremes of being too early, or too late, ſo as neither to ſurprize his Friend un-
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wares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in Expectation. *Orthrius*, who hath nothing to do, disturbs your Rest in a Morning; and the frugal *Chronophidus*, lest he should waste some Minutes of his precious Time, is sure to spoil your Dinner.

The Address at your Arrival should be as short as possible, especially when you visit a Superior; not imitating *Phlenaphius*, who would stop his Friend in the Rain, rather than omit a single Bowe.

Be not too observant of trifling Ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the Room, except with one greatly your Superior; but when such a one offers you Precedence, it is uncivil to refuse it: Of which I will give you the following Instance. An *English* Nobleman being in *France*, was bid by *Lewis XIV.* to enter his Coach before him, which he excused himself from; the King then immediately mounted, and ordering the Door to be shut, drove on, leaving the Nobleman behind him.

Never refuse any thing offered you out of Civility, unless in Preference of a Lady, and that no oftner than once; for nothing is more truly Good Breeding, than to avoid being troublesome. Though the Taste and Humour of the Visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some Regard likewise to be had to that of the Master of the House; for otherwise your Company will be rather a Penance than a Pleasure. *Methusuf* plainly discovers his Visit to be paid to his sober Friend's Bottle; nor will *Philopafus* abstain from Cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender *Leptines* gives his fat Entertainer a Sweat, and makes him run the Hazard of breaking his Wind up his own Mounts.

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If Conveniency allows your staying longer than the Time proposed, it may be civil to offer to depart, lest your Stay may be incommodious to your Friend: but if you perceive the contrary, by his Solicitations, they should be readily accepted; without tempting him to break these Rules we have above laid down for him; causing a Confusion in his Family, and among his Servants, by Preparations for your Departure. Lastly, when you are resolved to go, the same Method is to be observed which I have prescribed at your Arrival. No tedious Ceremonies of taking Leave: not like *Hyperphylus*, who bowes and kisses, and squeezes by the Hand as heartily, and wishes you as much Health and Happiness, when he is going a Journey home of ten Miles, from a common Acquaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest Friend or Relation on a Voyage to the *East-Indies*.

Having thus briefly considered our Reader in the Circumstance of a private Visit, let us now take him into a public Assembly, where, as more Eyes will be on his Behaviour, it cannot be less his Interest to be instructed. We have indeed already formed a general Picture of the chief Enormities committed on these Occasions, we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the Rules of an opposite Demeanour, which we may divide into three Sorts, *viz.* our Behaviour to our Superiors, to our Equals, and to our Inferiors.

In our Behaviour to our Superiors, two Extremes are to be avoided, namely, an abject and base Servility, and an impudent and encroaching Freedom. When the well-born *Hyperdulus* approaches a Nobleman in any public Place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his Domestics: his Cringes fall little short of Prostration;

flation; and his whole Behaviour is so mean and servile, that an Eastern Monarch would not require more Humiliation from his Vassals. On the other Side; *Anaschyntus*, whom fortunate Accidents, without any Pretensions from his Birth, have raised to associate with his Betters, shakes my Lord Duke by the Hand, with a Familiarity favouring not only of the most perfect Intimacy, but the closest Alliance. The former Behaviour properly raises our Contempt, the latter our Disgust. *Hyperdulus* seems worthy of wearing his Lordship's Livery; *Anaschyntus* deserves to be turned out of his Service for his Impudence. Between these two is that golden Mean, which declares a Man ready to acquiesce in allowing the Respect due to a Title by the Laws and Customs of his Country, but impatient of any Insult, and disdaining to purchase the Intimacy with, and Favour of a Superior, at the Expence of Conscience or Honour. As to the Question, Who are our Superiors? I shall endeavour to ascertain them, when I come, in the second Place, to mention our Behaviour to our Equals. The first Instruction on this Head, being carefully to consider who are such: Every little Superiority of Fortune or Profession being too apt to intoxicate Men's Minds, and elevate them in their own Opinion, beyond their Merit or Pretensions. Men are superior to each other in this our Country by Title, by Birth, by Rank in Profession, and by Age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to Fortune, though so much is generally exacted by it, and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more despicable Light, than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean Servility, voluntarily concurring in the Adoration of Riches, without the least Benefit or Prospect from

from them. Respect and Deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some Reason at least, from Expectation, paid to the Rich and Liberal from the Necessitous ; but that Men should be allured by the glittering of Wealth only, to feed the insolent Pride of those who will not in Return feed their Hunger ; that the sordid Niggard should find any Sacrifices on the Altar of his Vanity, seems to arise from a blinder Idolatry, and a more bigotted and senseless Superstition, than any which the sharp Eyes of Priests have discovered in the human Mind.

All Gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by Title, Birth, Rank in Profession, Age, or actual Obligation, being to be considered as equals, let us take some Lessons for their Behaviour to each other in public, from the following Examples ; in which we shall discern as well what we are to elect, as what we are to avoid. *Authades* is so absolutely abandoned to his own Humour, that he never gives it up on any Occasion. If *Seraphina* herself, whose Charms one would imagine should infuse Alacrity into the Limbs of a Cripple sooner than the *Bath Waters*, was to offer herself for his Partner, he would answer, *He never danced*, even though the Ladies lost their Ball by it. Nor doth this Denial arise from Incapacity ; for he was in his Youth an excellent Dancer, and still retains sufficient Knowledge of the Art, and sufficient Abilities in his Limbs to practise it ; but from an Affectation of Gravity, which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest Desire of others. *Dyskolus* hath the same Aversion to Cards ; and though competently skilled in all Games, is by no Importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at *Ombre*, or a fourth at *Whisk* and *Quadrille*. He will suffer any Company

pany to be disappointed of their Amusement, rather than submit to pass an Hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The Refusal of *Philautus* is not so general: he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite Game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add, both these are Men of Fortune, and the Consequences of Loss or Gain, at the Rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The Rebukes these People sometimes meet with, are no more equal to their Deserts than the Honour paid to *Charistus*, the Benevolence of whose Mind scarce permits him to indulge his own Will, unless by Accident. Though neither his Age nor Understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any Pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole Evening, rather than a fine young Lady should lose an Opportunity of displaying her Charms by the several genteel and amiable Attitudes which this Exercise affords the skilful of that Sex. And though Cards are not adapted to his Temper, he never once baulked the Inclinations of others on that Account.

But as there are many who will not in the least Instance mortify their own Humour to purchase the Satisfaction of all Mankind, so there are some who make no Scruple of satisfying their own Pride and Vanity, at the Expence of the most cruel Mortification of others. Of this Kind is *Agroicus*, who seldom goes to an Assembly, but he affronts half his Acquaintance, by overlooking, or disregarding them.

As this is a very common Offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its Cause and Effect, than is generally imagined, I shall examine it very minutely; and I doubt not but to make
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make it appear, that there is no Behaviour (to speak like a Philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil Sense, more detestable than this.

The first Ingredient in this Composition is PRIDE, which, according to the Doctrine of some, is the universal Passion. There are others who consider it as the Foible of great Minds; and others again, who will have it to be the very Foundation of Greatness; and perhaps it may be of that Greatness which we have endeavoured to expose in many Parts of these Works: but to real Greatness, which is the Union of a good Heart with a good Head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the Depravity of both, and almost certainly from the Badness of the latter. Indeed, a little Observation will shew us, that Fools are the most addicted to this Vice; and a little Reflection will teach us, that it is incompatible with true Understanding. Accordingly we see, that while the wisest of Men have constantly lamented the Imbecility and Imperfection of their own Nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own Excellencies, and triumphing in their own Sufficiency.

Pride may, I think, be properly defined; *the Pleasure we feel in contemplating our own superior Merit, on comparing it with that of others.* That it arises from this supposed Superiority is evident: for however great you admit a Man's Merit to be, if all Men were equal to him, there would be no Room for Pride: now if it stop here, perhaps there is no enormous Harm in it, or at least, no more than is common to all other Folly; every Species of which is always liable to produce every Species of Mischief: Folly I fear it is; for should the Man estimate rightly on this Occasion,

Occasion, and the Ballance should fairly turn on his Side in this particular Instance; should he be indeed a greater Orator, Poet, General; should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever Instance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no Reason to abate his Pride? Is the Quality, in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed; Is it so intirely his own? Doth he not rather owe his Superiority to the Defects of others, than to his own Perfection? Or, lastly, Can he find in no Part of his Character, a Weakness which may counterpoise this Merit, and which as justly, at least, threatens him with Shame, as this entices him to Pride? I fancy, if such a Scrutiny was made, (and nothing so ready as good Sense to make it) a proud Man would be as rare, as in Reality he is a ridiculous Monster. But suppose a Man, on this Comparison, is (as may sometimes happen) a little partial to himself, the Harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my Excellence in Poetry to *Pope* or *Young*: if an inferior Actor should, in his Opinion, exceed *Quin* or *Garrick*; or a Sign-Post Painter set himself above the imitable *Hogarth*; we become only ridiculous by our Vanity; and the Persons themselves, who are thus humbled in the Comparison, would laugh with more Reason than any other. PRIDE therefore, hitherto, seems an inoffensive Weakness only, and entitles a Man to no worse an Appellation than that of a FOOL: but it will not stop here; though FOOL be perhaps no desirable Term, the proud Man will deserve worse: He is not contented with the Admiration he pays himself; he now becomes ARROGANT, and requires the same Respect and Preference from the World;

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for Pride, though the greatest of Flatterers, is by no means a profitable Servant to itself; it resembles the Parson of the Parish more than the 'Squire, and lives rather on the Tithes, Oblations, and Contributions it collects from others, than on its own Demesne. As Pride therefore is seldom without Arrogance, so is this never to be found without Insolence. The arrogant Man must be insolent, in order to attain his own Ends: and to convince and remind Men of the Superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill Words, Actions, and Gestures, endeavour to throw the despised Person at as much Distance as possible from him. Hence proceeds that supercilious Look, and all those visible Indignities with which Men behave in public, to those whom they fancy their Inferiors. Hence the very notable Custom of deriding and often denying the nearest Relations, Friends, and Acquaintance, in Poverty and Distress; lest we should anywise be levelled with the Wretches we despise, either in their own Imagination, or in the Conceit of any who should behold Familiarities pass between us.

But besides Pride, Folly, Arrogance, and Insolence, there is another Simple (which Vice never willingly leaves out of any Composition) and that is Ill-nature. A Good-natured Man may indeed (provided he is a Fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be; unless we will allow to such a still greater Degree of Folly, and Ignorance of human Nature; which may indeed intitle them to Forgiveness, in the benign Language of Scripture, because *they know not what they do*.

For when we come to consider the Effect of this Behaviour on the Person who suffers it, we may perhaps have Reason to conclude, that Murder is not a much more cruel Injury. What is the

the Consequence of this Contempt? or indeed, What is the Design of it, but to expose the Object of it to Shame? a Sensation as uneasy, and almost intolerable, as those which arise from the severest Pains inflicted on the Body: a Convulsion of the Mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces Symptoms of universal Disorder in the whole Man; which hath sometimes been attended with Death itself, and to which Death hath, by great Multitudes, been with much Alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest Degree of Ill-nature can permit a Man to pamper his own Vanity at the Price of another's Shame? Is the Glutton, who, to raise the Flavour of his Dish, puts some Bird or Beast to exquisite Torment, more cruel to the Animal, than this our proud Man to his own Species.

This Character then is a Composition made up of those odious contemptible Qualities, Pride, Folly, Arrogance, Insolence, and Ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general Observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a Light, that a Man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable Portion, either of Folly or Impudence, to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand Fallacy: for whereas this Wretch is endeavouring, by a supercilious Conduct, to lead the Beholder into an Opinion of his Superiority to the despised Person, he inwardly flatters his own Vanity with a deceitful Presumption, that this his Conduct is founded on a general pre-conceived Opinion of this Superiority.

Secondly, This Caution to preserve it, plainly indicates a Doubt, that the Superiority of our own Character is very slightly established; for which Reason we see it chiefly practised by Men
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who have the weakest Pretensions to the Reputation they aim at : and indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble Person whom we have already mentioned in this Essay, and who can never be mentioned but with Honour, by those who know him.

Thirdly, This Opinion of our Superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a General behaving in this supercilious Manner to an Officer of lower Rank, who hath been greatly his Superior in that very Art, to his Excellence in which the General ascribes all his Merit. Parallel Instances occur in every other Art, Science, or Profession.

Fourthly, Men who excel others in trifling Instances, frequently cast a supercilious Eye on their Superiors in the highest. Thus the least Pretensions to Pre-eminence in Title, Birth, Riches, Equipage, Dress, &c. constantly overlook the most noble Endowments of Virtue, Honour, Wisdom, Sense, Wit, and every other Quality which can truly dignify and adorn a Man.

Lastly, The lowest and meanest of our Species are the most strongly addicted to this Vice. Men who are a Scandal to their Sex, and Women who disgrace Human Nature : for the basest Mechanic is so far from being exempt, that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits Ale-Houses and Gin-Shops, and whistles in the empty Heads of Fiddlers, Mountebanks, and Dancing-Masters.

To conclude a Character, on which we have already dwelt longer than is consistent with the intended Measure of this Essay : This Contempt of others is the truest Symptom of a base and a bad Heart. While it suggests itself to the Mean and the Vile, and tickles their little Fancy on every Occasion, it never enters the great and good Mind,

Mind, but on the strongest Motives ; nor is it then a welcome Guest, affording only an uneasy Sensation, and brings always with it a Mixture of Concern and Compassion.

We will now proceed to inferior Criminals in Society. *Theoretus* conceiving that the Assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the Eyes of the whole Company. The Giant doth not take more Pains to be view'd ; and as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous Place : nor will that suffice, he must walk about the Room, though to the great Disturbance of the Company ; and if he can purchase general Observation, at no less Rate will condescend to be ridiculous ; for he prefers being laughed at, to being taken little Notice of.

On the other Side, *Dusopius* is so bashful, that he hides himself in a Corner ; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first Chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public View. He trembles when you bowe to him at a Distance ; is shocked at hearing his own Voice, and would almost swoon at the Repetition of his Name.

The audacious *Anedes*, who is extremely amorous in his Inclinations, never likes a Woman, but his Eyes ask her the Question ; without considering the Confusion he often occasions to the Object : he ogles and languishes at every pretty Woman in the Room. As there is no Law of Morality which he would not break to satisfy his Desires, so is there no Form of Civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets Possession of a Woman's Hand, which those of stricter Decency never give him but with Reluctance, he considers himself as its Master.

Indeed

Indeed there is scarce a Familiarity which he will abstain from, on the slightest Acquaintance, and in the most public Places. *Seraphina* herself can make no Impression on the rough Temper of *Agroicus*; neither her Quality, nor her Beauty, can exact the least Complacence from him; and he would let her lovely Limbs ach, rather than offer her his Chair: while the gentle *Lyperus* tumbles over Benches, and overthrows Tea-Tables, to take up a Fan or a Glove: he forces you as a good Parent doth his Child, for your own Good: he is absolute Master of a Lady's Will, nor will allow her the Election of standing or sitting in his Company. In short, the impertinent Civility of *Lyperus* is as troublesome, tho' perhaps not so offensive as the brutish Rudeness of *Agroicus*.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common Enormities committed in publick Assemblies, to our Equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all: nor is it needful; since from this Sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the Particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last Place, to consider our Behaviour to our Inferiors: in which Condescension can never be too strongly recommended: for as a Deviation on this Side is much more innocent than on the other, so the Pride of Man renders us much less liable to it. For besides that we are apt to over-rate our own Perfections, and undervalue the Qualifications of our Neighbours, we likewise set too high an Esteem on the Things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential Difference between us than they really do. The Qualities of the Mind do, in reality, establish the truest Superiority over one another;

another ; yet should not these so far elevate our Pride, as to inflate us with Contempt, and make us look down on our Fellow Creatures, as on Animals of an inferior Order : but that the fortuitous Accident of Birth, the Acquisition of Wealth, with some outward Ornaments of Dress, should inspire Men with an Insolence capable of treating the rest of Mankind with Disdain, is so preposterous, that nothing less than daily Experience could give it Credit.

If Men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into subordinate Classes, according to the superior Excellence of their several Natures, perhaps the lowest Class of either Sex would be properly assigned to those two Disgracers of the human Species, common called a Beau, and a fine Lady : For if we rate Men by the Faculties of the Mind, in what Degree must these stand ? Nay, admitting the Qualities of the Body were to give the Pre-eminence, how many of those whom Fortune had placed in the lowest Station, must be ranked above them ? If Dress is their only Title, sure even the Monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a Footing as the Beau.—But perhaps I shall be told, they challenge their Dignity from Birth : That is a poor and mean Pretence to Honour, when supported with no other. Persons who have no better Claim to Superiority, should be ashamed of this ; they are really a Disgrace to those very Ancestors from whom they would derive their Pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate Portion of Understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet, who so prone to a contemptuous Carriage as these ! I have myself seen a little female

Thing *which* they have called My Lady, of no greater Dignity in the Order of Beings than a Cat, and of no more Use in Society than a Butterfly; whose Mien would not give even the Idea of a Gentlewoman, and whose Face would cool the loosest Libertine; with a Mind as empty of Ideas as an Opera, and a Body fuller of Diseases than an Hospital. I have seen this *Thing* express Contempt to a Woman who was an Honour to her Sex, and an Ornament to the Creation.

To confess the Truth, there is little Danger of the Possessor's ever undervaluing this Titular Excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that Deference which the Policy of Government hath assigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the most exact Compliance with this Respect, as a Fundamental in Good-Breeding; nay, I insist only that we may be admitted to pay it; and not treated with a Disdain even beyond what the Eastern Monarchs shew to their Slaves. Surely it is too high an Elevation, when instead of treating the lowest human Creature, in a Christian Sense, as our Brethren; we look down on such as are but one Rank, in the Civil Order, removed from us, as unworthy to breathe even the same Air, and regard the most distant Communication with them as an Indignity and Disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the Difference not in the Individual, but in the very Species; a Height of Insolence impious in a Christian Society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading Nation.

I have now done with my first Head, in which I have treated of Good-Breeding, as it regards our Actions. I shall, in the next Place, consider it with respect to our Words; and shall endeavour to lay down some Rules, by observing which
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our well-bred Man may, in his Discourse as well as Actions, contribute to the Happiness and Well-being of Society.

Certain it is, that the highest Pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in Conversation, is to be met with only in the Society of Persons whose Understanding is pretty near on an Equality with our own : nor is this Equality only necessary to enable Men of exalted Genius, and extensive Knowledge, to taste the sublimer Pleasures of communicating their refined Ideas to each other ; but it is likewise necessary to the inferior Happiness of every subordinate Degree of Society, down to the very lowest. For Instance ; we will suppose a Conversation between *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, and three Dancing-Masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the Heel Sophists would be as little pleased with the Company of the Philosophers, as the Philosophers with theirs.

It would be greatly therefore for the Improvement and Happiness of Conversation, if Society could be formed on this Equality : but as Men are not ranked in this World by the different Degrees of their Understanding, but by other Methods, and consequently all Degrees of Understanding often meet in the same Class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the Impossibility of accomplishing any such *Utopian* Scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible but unavoidable Imperfection in Society itself.

But as we have laid it down as a Fundamental, that the Essence of Good-Breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the Ease and Happiness of Mankind, so will it be the Business of our well-bred Man to endeavour to lessen this Imper-

fection to his utmost, and to bring Society as near to a Level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two Ways to compass this, *viz.* by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose then, that very unequal Company I have before mentioned met: the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let *Socrates*, for Instance, institute a Discourse on the Nature of the Soul, or *Plato* reason on the native Beauty of Virtue, and *Aristotle* on his occult Qualities.—What must become of our Dancing-Masters? Would they not stare at one another with Surprise? and, most probably, at our Philosophers with Contempt? Would they have any Pleasure in such Society? or would they not rather wish themselves in a Dancing-School, or a Green-Room at the Play-House? What therefore have our Philosophers to do, but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And surely there are Subjects on which both can converse. Hath not *Socrates* heard of Harmony? Hath not *Plato*, who draws Virtue in the Person of a fine Woman, any Idea of the Gracefulness of Attitude? and hath not *Aristotle* himself written a Book on Motion? In short, to be a little serious, there are many Topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd then must appear the Conduct of *Cenodoxus*, who having had the Advantage of a liberal Education, and having made a pretty good Progress in Literature, is constantly advancing learned Subjects in common Conversation? He talks of the Classics before the Ladies; and of *Greek* Criticisms among fine Gentlemen. What is this less than an Insult on the Company, over whom

whom he thus affects a Superiority, and whose Time he sacrifices to his Vanity ?

Wisely different is the amiable Conduct of *Sophronus* ; who, though he exceeds the former in Knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial Matters, rather than introduce such as his Company are utter Strangers to. He can talk of Fashions and Diversions among the Ladies ; nay, can even condescend to Horses and Dogs with Country Gentlemen. This Gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest Points, can likewise talk on a Fan, or a Horse-Race ; nor had ever any one, who was not himself a Man of Learning, the least Reason to conceive the vast Knowledge of *Sophronus*, unless from the Report of others.

Let us compare these together. *Cenodoxus* proposes the Satisfaction of his own Pride from the Admiration of others ; *Sophronus* thinks of nothing but their Amusement. In the Company of *Cenodoxus*, every one is rendred uneasy, laments his own want of Knowledge, and longs for the End of the dull Assembly : With *Sophronus* all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their Knowledge of Matters which they find worthy the Consideration of a Man of Sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former ; to the latter it is given joyfully. The former receives it with Envy and Hatred ; the latter enjoys it as the sweet Fruit of Good-Will. The former is shunned, the latter courted by all.

This Behaviour in *Cenodoxus* may, in some Measure, account for an Observation we must have frequent Occasion to make : That the Conversation of Men of very moderate Capacities is often preferred to that with Men of superior Talents : In which the World act more wisely than at first

they may seem ; for besides that Backwardness in Mankind to give their Admiration, what can be duller, or more void of Pleasure than Discourses on Subjects above our Comprehension ! It is like listening to an unknown Language ; and if such Company is ever desired by us, it is a Sacrifice to our Vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these Means raise the general Opinion of our own Parts and Knowledge, and not from that cheerful Delight which is the natural Result of an agreeable Conversation.

There is another very common Fault, equally destructive of this Delight, by much the same Means ; though it is far from owing its Original to any real Superiority of Parts and Knowledge : This is discoursing on the Mysteries of a particular Profession, to which all the rest of the Company, except one or two, are utter Strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this Fault, as they are more confined to the Conversation of one another ; and I have known a very agreeable Company spoilt, where there have been two of these Gentlemen present, who have seemed rather to think themselves in a Court of Justice, than in a mixed Assembly of Persons, met only for the Entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole Company understand the Topic of their Conversation ; they should be likewise equally interested in every Subject not tending to their general Information or Amusement ; for these are not to be postponed to the Relation of private Affairs, much less of the particular Grievance or Misfortune of a single Person. To bear a Share in the Afflictions of another is a Degree of Friendship not to be expected in a common Acquaintance ; nor hath any Man a Right to indulge the Satisfaction
of

of a weak and mean Mind by the Comfort of Pity, at the Expence of the whole Company's Diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful Members of the several Professions are generally guilty of this Fault; for as they fail of the Reward due to their great Merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their Superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust Fate.

Farther; as a Man is not to make himself the Subject of the Conversation, so neither is he to engross the whole to himself. As every Man had rather please others by what he says, than be himself pleased by what they say; or, in other Words, as every Man is best pleased with the Consciousness of pleasing; so should all have an equal Opportunity of aiming at it. This is a Right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that though I remember to have known a Man reputed a good Companion, who seldom opened his Mouth in Company, unless to swallow his Liquor; yet I have scarce ever heard that Appellation given to a very talkative Person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with Buffoon'ry, and made the rest amends, by partaking of their Scorn, together with their Admiration and Applause.

A well-bred Man therefore will not take more of the Discourse than falls to his Share: nor in this will he shew any violent Impetuosity of Temper, or exert any Loudness of Voice, even in arguing: for the Information of the Company, and the Conviction of his Antagonist, are to be his apparent Motives; not the Indulgence of his own Pride, or an ambitious Desire of Victory; which latter if a wise Man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost Endeavour: since he must know, that to lay open his Vanity

in public, is no less absurd than to lay open his Bosom to an Enemy, whose drawn Sword is pointed against it: for every Man hath a Dagger in his Hand, ready to stab the Vanity of another, wherever he perceives it.

Having now shewn, that the Pleasure of Conversation must arise from the Discourse being on Subjects levelled to the Capacity of the whole Company; from being on such in which every Person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his Share in the Discourse; and lastly, from carefully avoiding all Noise, Violence, and Impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular Rules for the Choice of those Subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful Delights proposed from this social Communication: but as such an Attempt might appear absurd, from the infinite Variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its Nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those Topics only which seem most foreign to this Delight, and which are most likely to be attended with Consequences rather tending to make Society an Evil, than to procure us any Good from it.

And First, I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain Bounds, namely, Arguments: but which if they were intirely banished out of Company, especially from mixed Assemblies, and where Ladies make Part of the Society, it would, I believe, promote their Happiness: they have been sometimes attended with Bloodshed, generally with Hatred from the conquered Party towards his Victor; and scarce ever with Conviction. Here I except jocosse Arguments, which often produce much Mirth; and serious Disputes between Men of Learning (when none but such are present) which

which tend to the Propagation of Knowledge, and the Edification of the Company.

Secondly, Slander ; which, however frequently used, or however savoury to the Palate of Ill-nature, is extremely pernicious. As it is often unjust, and highly injurious to the Person slandered ; and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed Companies ; where sometimes an undesigned Offence is given to an innocent Relation or Friend of such Person, who is thus exposed to Shame and Confusion, without having any Right to resent the Affront. Of this there have been very tragical Instances ; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great Pain, as well to the Person offended, as to him who hath been the innocent Occasion of giving the Offence.

Thirdly ; all general Reflections on Countries, Religions, and Professions, which are always unjust. If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the Persons who with some Pleasantry ridicule their own Country. It is very common among us to cast Sarcasms on a neighbouring Nation, to which we have no other Reason to bear an Antipathy, than what is more usual than justifiable, because we have injured it : But sure such general Satire is not founded on Truth : for I have known Gentlemen of that Nation possessed with every good Quality which are to be wished in a Man, or required in a Friend. I remember a Repartee made by a Gentleman of this Country, which though it was full of the severest Wit, the Person to whom it was directed, could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great Bitterness inveighed against this whole People ; upon which, one of them who was present, very coolly answered, *I don't know, Sir, whe-*

ther I have not more Reason to be pleased with the Compliment you pay my Country, than to be angry with what you say against it ; since by your abusing us all so heavily, you have plainly implied you are not of it. This exposed the other to so much Laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his Character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-manner'd Satire.

Fourthly ; Blasphemy, and irreverent mention of Religion. I will not here debate what Compliment a Man pays to his own Understanding, by the Profession of Infidelity ; it is sufficient to my Purpose, that he runs a Risque of giving the cruellest Offence to Persons of a different Temper : for if a Loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any Indecencies offered to the Person of a temporal Prince, how much more bitterly must a Man, who sincerely believes in such a Being as the Almighty, feel any Irreverence, or Insult shewn to his Name, his Honour, or his Institution ? And notwithstanding the impious Character of the present Age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate Business it is to lead Men, as well by Example as Precept, into the Ways of Piety, there are still sufficient Numbers left, who pay so honest and sincere a Reverence to Religion, as may give us a reasonable Expectation of finding one at least of this Stamp in every large Company.

A fifth Particular to be avoided is Indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating such Words as would give an immediate Affront to a Lady of Reputation ; but the raising any loose Ideas tending to the Offence of that Modesty, which if a young Woman hath not something more than the Affectation of, she is not worthy the Regard even of a Man of Pleasure, provided he hath any
Delicacy

Delicacy in his Constitution. How inconsistent with Good-Breeding it is to give Pain and Confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent ; all Double-Entendres, and obscene Jest, are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no Ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower, and less productive of rational Mirth, than this loose Conversation. For my own Part, I cannot conceive how the Idea of Jest or Pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious Pleasures. Nor can I help observing, to the Discredit of such Merriment, that it is commonly the last Resource of impotent Wit, the weak Strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest Fellows in the World.

Sixthly ; You are to avoid knowingly mentioning any thing which may revive in any Person the Remembrance of some past Accident ; or raise an uneasy Reflection on a present Misfortune, or corporeal Blemish. To maintain this Rule nicely, perhaps requires great Delicacy ; but it is absolutely necessary to a well bred Man. I have observed numberless Breaches of it ; many, I believe, proceeding from Negligence and Inadvertency ; yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious Desire of triumphing in our own superior Happiness and Perfections : now when it proceeds from this Motive, it is not easy to imagine any thing more criminal.

Under this Head I shall caution my well-bred Reader against a common Fault, much of the same Nature ; which is mentioning any particular Quality as absolutely essential to either Man or Woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy, who is in the least self-conscious of the Defect. I have heard a *Boor* of Fashion declare in the Presence of Women remarkably

markably plain, that Beauty was the chief Perfection of that Sex ; and an Essential, without which no Woman was worth regarding. A certain Method of putting all those in the Room, who are but suspicious of their Defect that Way, out of Countenance.

I shall mention one Fault more, which is, not paying a proper Regard to the present Temper of the Company, or the Occasion of their meeting, in introducing a Topic of Conversation, by which as great an Absurdity is sometimes committed, as it would be to sing a Dirge at a Wedding, or an Epithalamium at a Funeral.

Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the principal Errors which we are apt to fall into in Conversation ; and though, perhaps, some Particulars worthy of Remark may have escaped me, yet an Attention to what I have here said, may enable the Reader to discover them. At least I am persuaded, that if the Rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our Conversation would be more perfect, and the Pleasure resulting from it purer, and more un sullied, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this Subject without some Animadversions on a particular Species of Pleasantry, which though I am far from being desirous of banishing from Conversation, requires, most certainly, some Reins to govern, and some Rule to direct it. The Reader may perhaps guess, I mean Raillery ; to which I may apply the Fable of the Lap-Dog and the Ass : for while in some Hands it diverts and delights us with its Dexterity and Gentleness ; in others, it paws, dawbs, offends, and hurts.

The End of Conversation being the Happiness of Mankind, and the chief Means to procure their

their Delight and Pleasure ; it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this End, which tends to make a Man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the Scorn and Contempt of others. I here except that Kind of Raillery therefore, which is concerned in tossing Men out of their Chairs, tumbling them into Water, or any of those handicraft Jokes which are exercised on those notable Persons, commonly known by the Name of Buffoons ; who are contented to feed their Belly at the Price of their Br—ch, and to carry off the Wine and the P—fs of a Great Man together. This I pass by, as well as all Remarks on the Genius of the Great Men themselves, who are (to fetch a Phrase from School, a Place not improperly mentioned on this Occasion) great DABBS at this kind of Facetiousness.

But leaving all such Persons to expose Human Nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my well-bred Man, who aims at Raillery, the excellent Character given of *Horace* by *Persius*.

*Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum Præcordia ludit.
Callidus excusso Populum suspendere naso.*

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious Translator of that obscure Author.

*Yet cou'd shrewd Horace, with disportive Wit,
Rally his Friend, and tickle while he bit :
Winning Access, he play'd around the Heart,
And gently touching, prick'd the tainted Part.
The Crowd he sneer'd ; but sneer'd with such a Grace,
It pass'd for downright Innocence of Face.*

The Raillery which is consistent with Good-Breeding, is a gentle Animadversion on some
Foible ;

Foible; which while it raises a Laugh in the rest of the Company, doth not put the Person rallied out of Countenance, or expose him to Shame and Contempt. On the contrary, the Jest should be so delicate, that the Object of it should be capable of joining in the Mirth it occasions.

All great Vices therefore, Misfortunes, and notorious Blemishes of Mind or Body, are improper Subjects of Raillery. Indeed, a Hint at such is an Abuse and Affront, is sure to give the Persons (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) Pain and Uneasiness, and should be received with Contempt, instead of Applause, by all the rest of the Company.

Again; the Nature and Quality of the Person are to be considered. As to the first, some Men will not bear any Raillery at all. I remember a Gentleman who declared, *He never made a Jest, nor would ever take one.* I do not indeed greatly recommend such a Person for a Companion; but at the same Time, a well-bred Man, who is to consult the Pleasure and Happiness of the whole, is not at Liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the Quality, I mean the Sex, Degree, Profession, and Circumstances; on which Head I need not be very particular. With Regard to the two former, all Raillery on Ladies and Superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the Rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient Caution.

Lastly. A Consideration is to be had of the Persons before whom we rally. A Man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those Railleries in one Company, which he would very patiently bear the Imputation of in another. Instances on this Head are so obvious, that they need not be mentioned.

mentioned. In short, the whole Doctrine of Raillery is comprized in this famous Line.

QUID de QUOQUE viro & CUI dicas sæpe caveto.
Be cautious WHAT you say, OF WHOM and TO WHOM.

And now methinks I hear some one cry out, that such Restrictions are, in Effect, to exclude all Raillery from Conversation : and, to confess the Truth, it is a Weapon from which many Persons will do wisely in totally abstaining ; for it is a Weapon which doth the more Mischief, by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest Wit therefore is only to be indulged the free Use of it ; for no more than a very slight Touch is to be allowed ; no hacking, nor bruising, as if they were to *hew a Carcase for Hounds*, as *Shakespear* phrases it.

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost Tenderneſs and Good-nature : and as the nicest Dexterity of a Gladiator is shewn in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our Rallier, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True Raillery indeed consists either in playing on Peccadillo's, which, however they may be censured by some, are not esteemed as really Blemishes in a Character in the Company where they are made the Subject of Mirth ; as too much Freedom with the Bottle, or too much Indulgence with Women, &c.

Or, Secondly, in pleasantly representing real good Qualities in a false Light of Shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So Generosity may be treated as Prodigality ; OEconomy as Avarice ; true Courage as Fool-Hardiness ; and so of the rest.

Lastly ; in ridiculing Men for Vices and Faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the Cowardice

Cowardice of *A——le*, the Dulness of *Ch——d*, the Unpoliteness of *D——ton*, may be attacked without Danger of Offence ; and thus *Lyt——n* may be censured for whatever Vice or Folly you please to impute to him.

And however limited these Bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty Hands, I have known Raillery thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive Entertainment to the whole Company.

I shall conclude this Essay with these two Observations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, That every Person who indulges his Ill-nature or Vanity, at the Expence of others ; and in introducing Uneasiness, Vexation, and Confusion into Society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, That whoever, from the Goodness of his Disposition or Understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the Good-humour and Happiness of others, and to contribute to the Ease and Comfort of all his Acquaintance, however low in Rank Fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his Figure or Demeanour, hath, in the truest Sense of the Word, a Claim to Good-Breeding.

A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
K N O W L E D G E
O F T H E
Characters of Men.

I Have often thought it a melancholy Instance of the great Depravity of Human Nature, that whilst so many Men have employed their utmost Abilities to invent Systems, by which the artful and cunning Part of Mankind may be enabled to impose on the rest of the World ; few or none should have stood up the Champions of the innocent and undefining, and have endeavoured to arm them against Imposition.

Those who predicate of Man in general, that he is an Animal of this or that Disposition, seem to me not sufficiently to have studied Human Nature ; for that immense Variety of Characters so apparent in Men even of the same Climate, Religion, and Education, which gives the Poet
a sufficient

a sufficient Licence, as I apprehend, for saying, that

Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.

could hardly exist, unless the Distinction had some original Foundation in Nature itself. Nor is it, perhaps, a less proper Predicament of the Genius of a Tree, that it will flourish so many Years, loves such a Soil, bears such a Fruit, &c. than of Man in general, that he is good, bad, fierce, tame, honest, or cunning.

This original Difference will, I think, alone account for that very early and strong Inclination to Good or Evil, which distinguishes different Dispositions in Children, in their first Infancy ; in the most un-informed Savages, who can be thought to have altered their Nature by no Rules, nor artfully acquired Habits ; and lastly, in Persons who from the same Education, &c. might be thought to have directed Nature the same Way ; yet, among all these, there subsists, as I have before hinted, so manifest and extreme a Difference of Inclination or Character, that almost obliges us, I think, to acknowledge some unacquired, original Distinction, in the Nature or Soul of one Man, from that of another.

Thus, without asserting in general, that Man is a deceitful Animal ; we may, I believe, appeal for Instances of Deceit to the Behaviour of some Children and Savages. When this Quality therefore is nourished and improved by Education, in which we are taught rather to conceal Vices, than to cultivate Virtues ; when it hath sucked in the Instruction of Politicians, and is instituted in the *Art of Thriving*, it will be no Wonder that it should grow to that monstrous Height to which we sometimes see it arrive. *This Art of Thriving*
being

being the very Reverse of that Doctrine of the Stoics ; by which Men were taught to consider themselves as Fellow-Citizens of the World, and to labour jointly for the common Good, without any private Distinction of their own : Whereas *This*, on the contrary, points out to every Individual his own particular and separate Advantage, to which he is to sacrifice the Interest of all others ; which he is to consider as his *Summum Bonum*, to pursue with his utmost Diligence and Industry, and to acquire by all Means whatever. Now when this noble End is once established, Deceit must immediately suggest itself as the necessary Means : for as it is impossible that any Man endowed with rational Faculties, and being in a State of Freedom, should willingly agree, without some Motive of Love or Friendship, absolutely to sacrifice his own Interest to that of another ; it becomes necessary to impose upon him, to persuade him, that his own Good is designed, and that he will be a Gainer by coming into those Schemes, which are, in Reality, calculated for his Destruction. And this, if I mistake not, is the very Essence of that excellent Art, called *The Art of Politics*.

Thus while the crafty and designing Part of Mankind, consulting only their own separate Advantage, endeavour to maintain one constant Imposition on others, the whole World becomes a vast Masquerade, where the greatest Part appear disguised under false Vizors and Habits ; a very few only shewing their own Faces, who become, by so doing, the Astonishment and Ridicule of all the rest.

But however cunning the Disguise be which a Masquerader wears : however foreign to his Age, Degree, or Circumstance, yet if closely attended to, he very rarely escapes the Discovery of an accurate

curate Observer ; for Nature, which unwillingly submits to the Imposture, is ever endeavouring to peep forth and shew herself ; nor can the Cardinal, the Friar, or the Judge, long conceal the Sot, the Gamester, or the Rake.

In the same Manner will those Disguises which are worn on the greater Stage, generally vanish, or prove ineffectual to impose the assumed for the real Character upon us, if we employ sufficient Diligence and Attention in the Scrutiny. But as this Discovery is of infinitely greater Consequence to us ; and as perhaps all are not equally qualified to make it, I shall venture to set down some few Rules, the Efficacy (I had almost said Infallibility) of which, I have myself experienced. Nor need any Man be ashamed of wanting or receiving Instructions on this Head ; since that open Disposition, which is the surest Indication of an honest and upright Heart, chiefly renders us liable to be imposed on by Craft and Deceit, and principally disqualifies us for this Discovery.

Neither will the Reader, I hope, be offended, if he should here find no Observations entirely new to him. Nothing can be plainer, or more known, than the general Rules of Morality, and yet thousands of Men are thought well employed in reviving our Remembrance, and enforcing our Practice of them. But though I am convinced there are many of my Readers whom I am not capable of instructing on this Head, and who are, indeed, fitter to give than receive Instructions, at least from me, yet this Essay may perhaps be of some Use to the young and unexperienced, to the more open honest and considering Part of Mankind, who, either from Ignorance or Inattention, are daily exposed to all the pernicious Designs of that detestable Fiend, Hypocrisy.

I will

I will proceed, therefore, without further Preface, to those Diagnostics which Nature, I apprehend, gives us of the Diseases of the Mind, seeing she takes such Pains to discover those of the Body. And first, I doubt whether the old Adage of *Fronti nulla Fides*, be generally well understood: The Meaning of which is commonly taken to be, that *no Trust is to be given to the Countenance*. But what is the Context in *Juvenal*?

——— *Quis enim non vicus abundat
Tristibus obscenis?*

——— *What Place is not filled with
austere Libertines?*

Now that an austere Countenance is no Token of Purity of Heart, I readily concede. So far otherwise, it is, perhaps, rather a Symptom of the contrary. But the Satyrist surely never intended by these Words, which have grown into a Proverb, utterly to depreciate an Art on which so wise a Man as *Aristotle* hath thought proper to compose a Treatise.

The Truth is, we almost universally mistake the Symptoms which Nature kindly holds forth to us; and err as grossly as a Physician would, who should conclude that a very high Pulse is a certain Indication of Health; but sure the Faculty would rather impute such a Mistake to his deplorable Ignorance, than conclude from it, that the Pulse could give a skilful and sensible Observer no Information of the Patient's Distemper.

In the same Manner, I conceive, the Passions of Men do commonly imprint sufficient Marks on the Countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of Skill in the Observer, that Physiognomy is of so little Use and Credit in the World.

But

But our Errors in this Disquisition would be little wondered at, if it was acknowledged, that the few Rules which generally prevail on this Head are utterly false, and the very Reverse of Truth. And this will perhaps appear, if we condescend to the Examination of some Particulars. Let us begin with the Instance given us by the Poet above, of Austerity; which, as he shews us, was held to indicate a Chastity or Severity of Morals, the contrary of which, as himself shews us, is true.

Among us, this Austerity, or Gravity of Countenance, passes for Wisdom with just the same Equity of Pretension. My Lord *Shaftsbury* tells us, that *Gravity is of the Essence of Imposture*. I will not venture to say, that it certainly denotes Folly, though I have known some of the silliest Fellows in the World very eminently possessed of it. The Affections which it indicates, and which we shall seldom err in suspecting to lie under it, are Pride, Ill-Nature, and Cunning. Three Qualities which when we know to be inherent in any Man, we have no Reason to desire any further Discovery to instruct us, to deal as little and as cautiously with him as we are able.

But though the World often pays a Respect to these Appearances which they do not deserve; they rather attract Admiration than Love, and inspire us rather with Awe than Confidence. There is a Countenance of a contrary Kind, which hath been called a Letter of Recommendation; which throws our Arms open to receive the Poison, divests us of all Kind of Apprehension, and disarms us of all Caution: I mean that glavering sneering Smile, of which the greater Part of Mankind are extremely fond, conceiving it to be the Sign of Good-Nature; whereas this is generally
a Compound

a Compound of Malice and Fraud, and as surely indicates a bad Heart, as a galloping Pulse doth a Fever.

Men are chiefly betrayed into this Deceit, by a gross but common Mistake of Good-Humour for Good-Nature. Two Qualities so far from bearing any Resemblance to each other, that they are almost Opposites. Good-Nature is that benevolent and amiable Temper of Mind which disposes us to feel the Misfortunes, and enjoy the Happiness of others; and consequently pushes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former; and that without any abstract Contemplation on the Beauty of Virtue, and without the Allurements or Terrors of Religion. Now Good-Humour is nothing more than the Triumph of the Mind, when reflecting on its own Happiness, and that perhaps from having compared it with the inferior Happiness of others.

If this be allowed, I believe we may admit that glavering Smile, whose principal Ingredient is Malice, to be the Symptom of Good-Humour. And here give me leave to define this Word Malice, as I doubt whether it be not in common Speech so often confounded with Envy, that common Readers may not have very distinct Ideas between them. But as Envy is a Repining at the Good of others, compared with our own, so Malice is a rejoicing at their Evil, on the same Comparison. And thus it appears to have a very close Affinity to that malevolent Disposition, which I have above described under the Word Good-Humour: for nothing is truer than that Observation of *Shakespear*;

—*A Man may smile, and smile, and be a Villain.*

But

But how alien must this Countenance be to that heavenly Frame of Soul, of which *Jesus Christ* himself was the most perfect Pattern ; of which blessed Person it is recorded, that he never was once seen to laugh, during his whole Abode on Earth. And what indeed hath Good-Nature to do with a smiling Countenance ? It would be like a Purse in the Hands of a Miser, which he could never use. For admitting, that laughing at the Vices and Follies of Mankind is entirely innocent, (which is more, perhaps, than we ought to admit) yet surely their Miseries and Misfortunes are no Subjects of Mirth : And with these, *Quis non vicus abundat ?* the World is so full of them, that scarce a Day passes without inclining a truly good-natured Man rather to Tears than Merriment.

Mr. *Hobbes* tells us, that Laughter arises from Pride, which is far from being a good-natured Passion. And though I would not severely discountenance all Indulgence of it, since Laughter, while confined to Vice and Folly, is no very cruel Punishment on the Object, and may be attended with good Consequences to him ; yet we shall, I believe, find, on a careful Examination into its Motive, that it is not produced from Good-Nature. But this is one of the first Efforts of the Mind, which few attend to, or, indeed, are capable of discovering ; and however Self-Love may make us pleased with seeing a Blemish in another which we are ourselves free from, yet Compassion on the first Reflection of any Unhappiness in the Object, immediately puts a Stop to it in good Minds. For Instance ; suppose a Person well drest should tumble in a dirty Place in the Street ; I am afraid there are few who would not laugh at the Accident : Now what is this Laughter other than a convulsive Extasy, occasioned

sioned by the Contemplation of our own Happiness, compared with the unfortunate Person's! a Pleasure which seems to favour of Ill-nature: but as this is one of those first, and as it were, spontaneous Motions of the Soul, which few, as I have said, attend to, and none can prevent; so it doth not properly constitute the Character. When we come to reflect on the Uneasiness this Person suffers, Laughter, in a good and delicate Mind, will begin to change itself into Compassion; and in Proportion as this latter operates on us, we may be said to have more or less Good-Nature: but should any fatal Consequence, such as a violent Bruise, or the breaking of a Bone, attend the Fall, the Man who should still continue to laugh, would be entitled to the basest and vilest Appellation with which any Language can stigmatize him.

From what hath been said, I think we may conclude, that a constant, settled, glavering, sneering Smile in the Countenance, is so far from indicating Goodness, that it may be with much Confidence depended on as an Assurance of the contrary.

But I would not be understood here to speak with the least Regard to that amiable, open, composed, cheerful Aspect, which is the Result of a good Conscience, and the Emanation of a good Heart; of both which it is an infallible Symptom; and may be the more depended on, as it cannot, I believe, be counterfeited, with any reasonable Resemblance, by the nicest Power of Art.

Neither have I any Eye towards that honest, hearty, loud Chuckle, which shakes the Sides of Aldermen and 'Squires, without the least Provocation of a Jest; proceeding chiefly from a full Belly; and is a Symptom (however strange it may

seem) of a very gentle and inoffensive Quality, called Dulness, than which nothing is more risible : for as Mr. *Pope*, with exquisite Pleasantry, says ;

—Gentle Dulness ever loves a Joke.

i. e. one of her own Jokes. These are sometimes performed by the Foot ; as by leaping over Heads, or Chairs, or Tables, Kicks in the B——ch, &c. sometimes by the Hand ; as by Slaps in the Face, pulling off Wigs, and infinite other Dexterities, too tedious to particularize : sometimes by the Voice ; as by hollowing, huzzaing, and singing merry (*i. e.* dull) Catches, by merry (*i. e.* dull) Fellows.

Lastly ; I do by no means hint at the various Laughs, Titters, Teases, &c. of the Fair Sex, with whom indeed this Essay hath not any thing to do ; the Knowledge of the Characters of Women being foreign to my intended Purpose ; as it is in Fact a Science, to which I make not the least Pretension.

The Smile or Sneer which composes the Countenance I have above endeavour'd to describe, is extremely different from all these : but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my Reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to mistake it, I shall wind up my Caution to him against this Symptom, in Part of a Line of *Horace* :

—*Hic niger est ; hunc tu caveto.*

There is one Countenance, which is the plainest Instance of the general Misunderstanding of that Adage, *Fronti nulla Fides*. This is a fierce Aspect, which hath the same Right to signify
Courage,

Courage, as Gravity to denote Wisdom, or a Smile Good-Nature ; whereas Experience teaches us the contrary, and it passes among most Men for the Symptom only of a Bully.

But I am aware, that I shall be reminded of an Assertion which I set out with in the Beginning of this Essay, *viz. That Nature gives us as sure Symptoms of the Diseases of the Mind as she doth of those of the Body.* To which what I have now advanced may seem a Contradiction. The Truth is, Nature doth really imprint sufficient Marks in the Countenance, to inform an accurate and discerning Eye : but as such is the Property of few, the Generality of Mankind mistake the Affectation for the Reality : for as Affectation always over-acts her Part, it fares with her as with a Farcical Actor on the Stage, whose monstrous over-done Grimaces are sure to catch the Applause of an insensible Audience ; while the truest and finest Strokes of Nature, represented by a judicious and just Actor, pass unobserved and disregarded. In the same Manner, the true Symptoms being finer, and less glaring, make no Impression on our Physiognomist ; while the grosser Appearances of Affectation are sure to attract his Eye, and deceive his Judgment. Thus that sprightly and penetrating Look, which is almost a certain Token of Understanding ; that cheerful composed Serenity, which always indicates Good-Nature ; and that fiery Cast of the Eyes, which is never unaccompanied with Courage, are often over-looked : while a formal, stately, austere Gravity ; a glowering fawning Smile, and a strong Contraction of the Muscles, pass generally on the World for the Virtues they only endeavour to affect.

But as these Rules are, I believe, none of them without some Exceptions; as they are of no Use but to an Observer of much Penetration: Lastly, as a more subtle Hypocrisy will sometimes escape undiscovered from the highest Discernment; let us see if we have not a more infallible Guide to direct us to the Knowledge of Men; one more easily to be attained, and on the Efficacy of which we may with the greatest Certainty rely.

And surely the Actions of Men seem to be the justest Interpreters of their Thoughts, and the truest Standards by which we may judge them. *By their Fruits you shall know them*, is a Saying of great Wisdom, as well as Authority. And indeed this is so certain a Method of acquiring the Knowledge I contend for, that at first Appearance, it seems absolutely perfect, and to want no manner of Assistance.

There are, however, two Causes of our Mistakes on this Head; and which lead us into forming very erroneous Judgments of Men, even while their Actions stare us in the Face, and as it were hold a Candle to us, by which we may see into them.

The first of these is when we take their own Words against their Actions. This (if I may borrow another Illustration from Physic) is no less ridiculous, than it would be in a learned Professor of that Art, when he perceives his light-headed Patient is in the utmost Danger, to take his Word that he is well. This Error is infinitely more common than its extreme Absurdity would persuade us was possible. And many a credulous Person hath been ruined by trusting to the Assertions of another, who must have preserved himself, had he placed a wiser Confidence in his Actions.

The

The Second is an Error still more general. This is when we take the Colour of a Man's Actions not from their own visible Tendency, but from his public Character: when we believe what others say of him, in Opposition to what we see him do. How often do we suffer ourselves to be deceived, out of the Credit of a Fact, or out of a just Opinion of its Heinousness, by the reputed Dignity or Honesty of the Person who did it? How common are such Ejaculations as these? "O 'tis impossible HE should be guilty of any such Thing! HE must have done it by Mistake; HE could not design it. I will never believe any Ill of HIM. So good a Man; &c.!" when in Reality, the Mistake lies only in his Character. Nor is there any more simple, unjust, and insufficient Method of judging Mankind, than by public Estimation, which is oftner acquired by Deceit, Partiality, Prejudice, and such like, than by real Desert. I will venture to affirm, that I have known some of *the best sort of Men in the World*, (to use the vulgar Phrase,) who would not have scrupled cutting a Friend's Throat; and a *Fellow whom no Man should be seen to speak to*, capable of the highest Acts of Friendship and Benevolence.

Now it will be necessary to divest ourselves of both these Errors, before we can reasonably hope to attain any adequate Knowledge of the true Characters of Men. Actions are their own best Expositors; and though Crimes may admit of alleviating Circumstances, which may properly induce a Judge to mitigate the Punishment; from the Motive, for Instance, as Necessity may lessen the Crime of Robbery, when compared to Wantonness or Vanity; or from some Circumstance attending the Fact itself, as robbing a Stranger, or an Enemy, compared with committing it on

a Friend or Benefactor; yet the Crime is still Robbery, and the Person who commits it is a Robber; though he should pretend to have done it with a good Design, or the World should concur in calling him an honest Man.

But I am aware of another Objection which may be made to my Doctrine, *viz.* admitting that the Actions of Men are the surest Evidence of their Character, that this Knowledge comes too late; that it is to caution us against a Highwayman after he hath plundered us, or against an Incendiary, after he hath fired our House.

To which I answer, That it is not against Force, but Deceit, which I am here seeking for Armour; against those who can injure us only by obtaining our good Opinion. If therefore I can instruct my Reader from what Sort of Persons he is to with-hold this Opinion, and inform him of all, or at least the principal Arts by which Deceit proceeds to ingratiate itself with us, by which he will be effectually enabled to defeat its Purpose, I shall have sufficiently satisfied the Design of this Essay.

And here, the first Caution I shall give him is against FLATTERY, which I am convinced no one uses, without some Design on the Person flattered. I remember to have heard of a certain Nobleman, who though he was an immoderate Lover of receiving Flattery himself, was so far from being guilty of this Vice to others, that he was remarkably free in telling Men their Faults. A Friend, who had his Intimacy, one Day told him, He wondered, that he who loved Flattery better than any Man living, did not return a little of it himself, which he might be sure would bring him back such plentiful Interest. To which he answered, Though he admitted the Justness of the Observation,

Observation, he could never think of giving away what he was so extremely covetous of. Indeed, whoever knows any thing of the Nature of Men; how greedy they are of Praise, and how backward in bestowing it on others; that it is a Debt seldom paid, even to the greatest Merit, 'till we are compelled to it, may reasonably conclude, that this Profusion, this voluntary throwing it away on those who do not deserve it, proceeds, as *Martial* says of a Beggar's Present, from some other Motive than Generosity or Good-will.

But indeed there are few whose Vanity is so foul a Feeder, to digest Flattery, if undisguised: It must impose on us, in order to allure us: Before we can relish it, we must call it by some other Name; such as, a just Esteem of, and Respect for our real Worth; a Debt due to our Merit, and not a Present to our Pride.

Suppose it should be really so, and we should have all those great or good Qualities which are extolled in us; yet considering, as I have said above, with what Reluctance such Debts are paid, we may justly suspect some Design in the Person who so readily and forwardly offers it us. It is well observed, That we do not attend, without Uneasiness, to Praises in which we have no Concern, much less shall we be eager to utter and exaggerate the Praise of another, without some Expectation from it.

A Flatterer therefore is a just Object of our Distrust, and will, by prudent Men, be avoided.

Next to the Flatterer is the Professor, who carries his Affection to you still farther; and on a slight or no Acquaintance, embraces, hugs, kisses, and vows the greatest Esteem for your Person, Parts, and Virtues. To know whether this Friend is sincere, you have only to examine into

the Nature of Friendship, which is always founded either on Esteem or Gratitude, or perhaps on both. Now Esteem, admitting every Requisite for its Formation present, and these are not a few, is of very slow Growth ; it is an involuntary Affection, rather apt to give us Pain than Pleasure, and therefore meets with no Encouragement in our Minds, which it creeps into by small and almost imperceptible Degrees : And perhaps, when it hath got an absolute Possession of us, may require some other Ingredient to engage our Friendship to its own Object. It appears then, pretty plain, that this Mushroom Passion here mentioned, owes not its Original to Esteem. Whether it can possibly flow from Gratitude, which may indeed produce it more immediately, you will more easily judge : for though there are some Minds whom no Benefits can inspire with Gratitude ; there are more, I believe, who conceive this Affection without even a supposed Obligation. If therefore you can assure yourself it is impossible he should imagine himself obliged to you, you may be satisfied that Gratitude is not the Motive to his Friendship. Seeing then that you can derive it from neither of these Fountains, you may well be justified in suspecting its Falshood ; and if so, you will act as wisely in receiving it into your Heart, as he doth who knowingly lodges a Viper in his Bosom, or a Thief in his House. **FORGIVE THE ACTS OF YOUR ENEMIES** hath been thought the highest Maxim of Morality ; **FEAR THE PROFESSIONS OF YOUR FRIENDS**, is perhaps the wisest.

The Third Character against which an open Heart should be alarmed, is a **PROMISER**, one who rises another Step in Friendship. The Man who is wantonly profuse of his Promises ought to sink his Credit as much as a Tradesman would by
utter-

uttering great Numbers of Promissory Notes, payable at a distant Day. The truest Conclusion in both Cases is, that neither intend, or will be able to pay. And as the latter most probably intends to cheat you of your Money, so the former at least designs to cheat you of your Thanks; and it is well for you, if he hath no deeper Purpose, and that Vanity is the only evil Passion to which he destines you a Sacrifice.

I would not be here understood to point at the Promises of political Great Men, which they are supposed to lie under a Necessity of giving in great Abundance, and the Value of them is so well known, that few are to be imposed on by them. The Professor I here mean, is he who on all Occasions is ready, of his own Head, and unasked, to promise Favours. This is such another Instance of Generosity, as his who relieves his Friend in Distress, by a Draught on * *Aldgate Pump*. Of these there are several Kinds: some who promise what they never intend to perform; others who promise what they are not sure they can perform; and others again, who promise so many, that like Debtors, being not able to pay all their Debts, they afterwards pay none.

The Man who is inquisitive into the Secrets of your Affairs, with which he hath no Concern, is another Object of your Caution. Men no more desire another's Secrets, to conceal them, than they would another's Purse, for the Pleasure only of carrying it.

Nor is a Slanderer less wisely to be avoided, unless you chuse to feast on your Neighbour's Faults, at the Price of being served up yourself at the Tables of others: for Persons of this Stamp

* A Mercantile Phrase for a bad Note.

are generally impartial in their Abuse. Indeed it is not always possible totally to escape them; for being barely known to them is a sure Title to their Calumny; but the more they are admitted to your Acquaintance, the more you will be abused by them.

I fear the next Character I shall mention, may give Offence to the grave Part of Mankind; for whose Wisdom and Honesty I have an equal Respect; but I must, however, venture to caution my open-hearted Reader against a Saint. No honest and sensible Man will understand me here, as attempting to declaim against Sanctity of Morals. The Sanctity I mean is that which flows from the Lips, and shines in the Countenance. It may be said, perhaps, that real Sanctity may wear these Appearances; and how shall we then distinguish with any Certainty, the true from the fictitious? I answer, That if we admit this to be possible, yet as it is likewise possible that it may be only counterfeited; and as in Fact it is so Ninety Nine Times in a Hundred; it is better that one real Saint should suffer a little unjust Suspicion, than that Ninety Nine Villains should impose on the World, and be enabled to perpetrate their Villainies under this Mask.

But, to say the Truth; a sour, morose, ill-natured, censorious Sanctity, never is, nor can be sincere. Is a Readiness to despise, to hate, and to condemn, the Temper of a Christian? Can he who passes Sentence on the Souls of Men with more Delight and Triumph than the Devil can execute it, have the Impudence to pretend himself a Disciple of one who died for the Sins of Mankind. Is not such a Sanctity the true Mark of that Hypocrisy which in many Places of Scripture, and particularly in the twenty third

Chapter

Chapter of St. *Matthew*, is so bitterly inveighed against.

As this is a most detestable Character in Society ; and as its Malignity is more particularly bent against the best and worthiest Men, the sincere and open-hearted, whom it persecutes with inveterate Envy and Hatred, I shall take some Pains in the ripping it up, and exposing the Horrors of its Inside, that we may all shun it ; and at the same Time will endeavour so plainly to describe its Outside, that we shall hardly be liable, by any Mistake, to fall into its Snares.

With Regard then to the Inside (if I am allowed that Expression) of this Character, the Scripture-writers have employed uncommon Labour in dissecting it. Let us hear our Saviour himself, in the Chapter above-cited. *It devours Widows Houses ; it makes its Profelytes two-fold more the Children of Hell ; it omits the weightier Matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith ; it strains * off a Gnat, and swallows a Camel ; it is full of Extortion and Excess.* St. Paul, in his first Epistle to Timothy, says of them, *That they speak Lies, and their Conscience is seared with a red hot Iron.* And in many Parts of the Old Testament, as in Job ; *Let the Hypocrite reign not, lest the People be ensnared : And Solomon in his Proverbs ; An Hypocrite with his Mouth destroyeth his Neighbour.*

In these several Texts, most of the Enormities of this Character are described : but there is one which

* So is the *Greek*, which the Translators have mistaken : They render it, *strain at a Gnat*, i. e. struggle in swallowing, whereas, in Reality, the *Greek Word* is, to strain through a Cullender ; and the Idea is, that though they pretend their Consciences are so fine, that a Gnat is with Difficulty strained through them, yet they can, if they please, open them wide enough to admit a Camel.

which deserves a fuller Comment, as pointing at its very Essence : I mean the thirteenth Verse of the twenty third Chapter of St. *Matthew*, where *Jesus* addresses himself thus to the *Pharisees* : *Hypocrites ; for ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against Men ; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.*

This is an admirable Picture of sanctified Hypocrisy, which will neither do Good itself, nor suffer others to do it. But if we understand the Text figuratively, we may apply it to that censorious Quality of this Vice, which as it will do nothing honestly to deserve Reputation, so is it ever industrious to deprive others of the Praises due to their Virtues. It confines all Merit to those external Forms which are fully particularized in Scripture ; of these it is itself a rigid Observer ; hence it must derive all Honour and Reward in this World ; nay, and even in the next, if it can impose on itself so far as to imagine itself capable of cheating the Almighty, and obtaining any Reward there.

Now a Galley-Slave, of an envious Disposition, doth not behold a Man free from Chains, and at his Ease, with more Envy than Persons in these Fetters of Sanctity view the rest of Mankind ; especially such as they behold without them *entering into the Kingdom of Heaven*. These are indeed the Objects of their highest Animosity, and are always the surest Marks of their Detraction. Persons of more Goodness than Knowledge of Mankind, when they are calumniated by these Saints, are, I believe, apt to impute the Calumny to an Ignorance of their real Character ; and imagine if they could better inform the said Saints of their innate Worth, they should be better treated by them ; but alas, this is a total Mistake : the more Good a sanctified

fied Hypocrite knows of an open and an honest Man, the more he envies and hates him, and the more ready he is to seize or invent an Opportunity of detracting from his real Merit.

But Envy is not their only Motive of Hatred to Good-Men; they are eternally jealous of being seen through, and consequently exposed by them. A Hypocrite in Society lives in the same Apprehension with a Thief, who lies concealed in the midst of the Family he is to rob: for this fancies himself perceived when he is least so; every Motion alarms him; he fears he is discovered, and is suspicious that every one who enters the Room, knows where he is hid, and is coming to seize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than Fear, many an innocent Person, who suspects no Evil intended him, is detested by him who intends it.

Now in destroying the Reputation of a virtuous and good Man, the Hypocrite imagines he hath disarmed his Enemy of all Weapons to hurt him; and therefore this sanctified Hypocrisy is not more industrious to conceal its own Vices, than to obscure and contaminate the Virtues of others. As the Business of such a Man's Life is to procure Praise, by acquiring and maintaining an undeserved Character; so is his utmost Care employed to deprive those who have an honest Claim to the Character himself affects only, of all the Emoluments which would otherwise arise to them from it.

The Prophet *Isaiah* speaks of these People, where he says, *Woe unto them who call Evil Good, and Good Evil; that put Darknes for Light, and Light for Darknes; &c.* In his Sermon on which Text, the witty Dr. *South* hath these Words.—
DETRACTION is that killing poisonous Arrow, drawn out of the Devil's Quiver, which is always
flying

flying about, and doing Execution in the Dark ; Against which NO VIRTUE IS A DEFENCE, NO INNOCENCE A SECURITY. It is a Weapon forged in Hell, and formed by that prime Artificer and Engineer, the Devil ; and none but that Great God, who knows all Things, and can do all Things, can protect the BEST of Men against it.

To these likewise *Martial* alludes in the following Lines.

*Ut bene loquatur Sentiatque Mamercus,
Efficere nullis, Aule, Moribus possis.*

I have been somewhat diffusive in the censorious Branch of this Character, as it is a very pernicious one ; and (according to what I have observed) little known and attended to. I shall not describe all its other Qualities. Indeed there is no Species of Mischief which it doth not produce. For, not to mention the private Villanies it daily transacts, most of the great Evils which have affected Society, Wars, Murders, and Massacres, have owed their Original to this abominable Vice ; which is the Destroyer of the Innocent, and Protector of the Guilty ; which hath introduced all manner of Evil into the World, and hath almost expelled every Grain of Good out of it. Doth it not attempt to cheat Men into the Pursuit of Sorrow and Misery, under the Appearance of Virtue, and to frighten them from Mirth and Pleasure, under the Colour of Vice, or, if you please, SIN ? Doth it not attempt to gild over that poisonous Potion, made up of Malevolence, Austerity, and such cursed Ingredients, while it embitters the delightful Draught of innocent Pleasure with the nauseous Relish of Fear and Shame.

No wonder then that this malignant cursed Disposition, which is the Disgrace of Human Nature, and the Bane of Society, should be spoke against with such remarkable Bitterness, by the benevolent Author of our Religion, particularly in the thirty third Verse of the above cited Chapter of *St. Matthew*.

YE SERPENTS, YE GENERATION OF VIPERS, HOW CAN YE ESCAPE THE DAMNATION OF HELL?

Having now dispatched the Inside of this Character, and, as I apprehend, said enough to make any one avoid, I am sure sufficient to make a Christian detest it, nothing remains but to examine the Outside, in order to furnish honest Men with sufficient Rules to discover it. And in this we shall have the same divine Guide, whom we have in the former Part followed.

First then, beware of that sanctified Appearance, *that whited Sepulchre, which looks beautiful outward, and is within full of all Uncleannefs. Those who make clean the Outside of the Platter, but within are full of Extortion and Excess.*

Secondly, Look well to those *who bind heavy Burdens, and grievous to be born, and lay them on Mens Shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their Fingers.*

These heavy Burdens (says Burkit) were Counsels and Directions, Rules and Canons, Austerities and Severities, which the Pharisees introduced and imposed upon their Hearers. This requires no further Comment: for, as I have before said, these Hypocrites place all Virtue, and all Religion, in the Observation of those *Austerities and Severities*, without which the truest and purest Goodness will never receive their Commendation: but how different this Doctrine is from the Temper of Christianity,

anity, may be gathered by that Total of all Christian Morality, with which *Jesus* sums up the excellent Precepts delivered in his divine Sermon : **THEREFORE do unto all Men as ye would they would do unto you :** FOR THIS IS THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

Thirdly, Beware of all Ostentation of Virtue, Goodness, or Piety. By this Ostentation I mean that of the Countenance and the Mouth, or of some external Forms. And this, I apprehend, is the Meaning of *Jesus*, where he says, *They do their Works to be seen of Men*, as appears by the Context ; *They make broad their Philacteries, and enlarge the Borders of their Garments.* These *Philacteries* were certain Scrowls of Parchment, whereon were written the ten Commandments, and particular Parts of the *Mosaic* Law, which they ostentatiously wore on their Garments, thinking by that Ceremony to fulfil the Precept delivered to them in a Verse of *Deuteronomy*, though they neglected to fulfil the Laws they wore thus about them.

Another Instance of their Ostentation was—*making long Prayers*, i. e. (says *Burkit*) *making long Prayers* (or perhaps pretending to make them) *in the Temples and Synagogues for Widows, and thereupon persuading them to give bountifully to the Corban, or the common Treasure of the Temple, some Part of which was employed for their Maintenance.* Learn, I. It is no NEW Thing for designing Hypocrites to cover the foulest Transgression with the Cloak of Religion. The Pharisees make long Prayers a Cover for their Covetousness. 2. That to make use of Religion in Policy for worldly Advantage sake, is the Way to be damned with a Vengeance for Religion sake.

Again says *Jesus*—in paying Tithe of Mint and Anise and Cummin, while they omit the weightier Matters

Matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith. By which we are not to understand (nor would I be understood so to mean) any Inhibition of paying the Priest his Dues ; but, as my Commentator observes, *an Ostentation of a precise keeping the Law in smaller Matters, and neglecting weightier Duties. They paid Tythe of Mint, Anise, and Cummin* (i. e. of the minutest and most worthless Things) *but at the same Time omitted Judgment, Mercy, and Faith ; that is, just Dealing among Men, Charity towards the Poor, and Faithfulness in their Promises and Covenants one with another. This, says our Saviour, is TO STRAIN AT a Gnat, and swallow a Camel : A proverbial Expression, intimating, that some Persons pretend great Niceness and Scrupulosity about small Matters, and none, or but little, about Duties of the greatest Moment. Hence, Note, That Hypocrites lay the greatest Stress upon the least Matters in Religion, and place Holiness most in these Things where God places it least. Ye Tythe Mint, &c. but neglect the weightier Matters of the Law. This is indeed the Bane of all Religion and true Piety, to prefer Rituals and human Institutions before divine Commands, and the Practice of Natural Religion. THUS TO DO IS A CERTAIN SIGN OF GROSS HYPOCRISY.*

Nothing can, in Fact, be more foreign to the Nature of Virtue, than Ostentation. It is truly said of Virtue, that could Men behold her naked, they would be all in Love with her. Here it is implied, that this is a Sight very rare or difficult to come at ; and indeed there is always a modest Backwardness in true Virtue to expose her naked Beauty. She is conscious of her innate Worth, and little desirous of exposing it to the public View. It is the Harlot Vice who constantly endeavours to set off the Charms she counterfeits, in order to attract

attract Men's Applause, and to work her sinister Ends by gaining their Admiration and their Confidence.

I shall mention but one Symptom more of this Hypocrisy ; and this is a Readiness to censure the Faults of others. *Judge not, says Jesus, lest you be judged.*—And again ; *Why beholdest thou the Mote that is in thy Brother's Eye, but considerest not the Beam that is in thine own Eye ?* On which the abovementioned Commentator rightly observes, *That those who are most censorious of the lesser Infirmities of others, are usually most notoriously guilty of far greater Failings themselves.* This sanctified Slander is, of all, the most severe, bitter, and cruel ; and is so easily distinguished from that which is either the Effect of Anger or Wantonness, and which I have mentioned before, that I shall dwell no longer upon it.

And here I shall dismiss my Character of a sanctified Hypocrite, with the honest Wish which *Shakespear* hath launched forth against an execrable Villain :

*--That Heaven would put in every honest Hand a Whip,
To lash the Rascal naked through the World.*

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal Methods by which Deceit works its Ends on easy, credulous, and open Dispositions ; and have endeavoured to point out the Symptoms by which they may be discovered : but while Men are blinded by Vanity and Self-Love, and while artful Hypocrisy knows how to adapt itself to their Blind-sides, and to humour their Passions, it will be difficult for honest and undesigning Men to escape the Snares of Cunning and Imposition ; I shall therefore recommend one more certain Rule, and which,

which, I believe, if duly attended to, would, in a great measure, extirpate all Fallacy out of the World; or must at least so effectually disappoint its Purposes, that it would soon be worth no Man's while to assume it, and the Character of Knave and Fool would be more apparently (what they are at present in Reality) allied, or united.

This Method is, carefully to observe the Actions of Men with others, and especially with those to whom they are allied in Blood, Marriage, Friendship, Profession, Neighbourhood, or any other Connection: nor can you want an Opportunity of doing this; for none but the weakest of Men would rashly and madly place a Confidence which may very materially affect him in any one, on a slight or no Acquaintance.

Trace then the Man proposed to your Trust, into his private Family and nearest Intimacies. See whether he hath acted the Part of a good Son, Brother, Husband, Father, Friend, Master, Servant, &c. if he hath discharged these Duties well, your Confidence will have a good Foundation; but if he have behaved himself in these Offices with Tyranny, with Cruelty, with Infidelity, with Inconstancy, you may be assured he will take the first Opportunity his Interest points out to him, of exercising the same ill Talents at your Expence.

I have often thought Mankind would be little liable to Deceit (at least much less than they are) if they would believe their own Eyes, and judge of Men by what they actually see them perform towards those with whom they are most closely connected: Whereas how common is it to persuade ourselves, that the undutiful, ungrateful Son, the unkind, or barbarous Brother; or the Man who is void of all Tenderness, Honour, or even Humanity, to his Wife or Children, shall never-
theless

theless become a sincere and faithful Friend ! But how monstrous a Belief is it, that the Person whom we find incapable of discharging the nearest Duties of Relation, whom no Ties of Blood or Affinity can bind ; nay, who is even deficient in that Goodness which Instinct infuses into the brute Creation ; that such a Person should have a sufficient Stock of Virtue to supply the arduous Character of Honour and Honesty. This is a Credulity so absurd, that it admits of no Aggravation.

Nothing indeed can be more unjustifiable to our Prudence, than an Opinion that the Man whom we see act the Part of a Villain to others, should on some minute Change of Person, Time, Place, or other Circumstance, behave like an honest and just Man to ourselves. I shall not here dispute the Doctrine of Repentance, any more than its Tendency to the Good of Society ; but as the Actions of Men are the best Index to their Thoughts, as they do, if well attended to and understood, with the utmost Certainty demonstrate the Character ; and as we are not so certain of the Sincerity of the Repentance, I think we may with Justice suspect, at least so far as to deny him our Confidence, that a Man whom we once knew to be a Villain, remains a Villain still.

And now let us see whether these Observations, extended a little further, and taken into public Life, may not help us to account for some Phenomena which have lately appeared in this Hemisphere : For as a good Man's Behaviour to those with whom he hath the nearest and closest Connection, is the best Assurance to which a Stranger can trust for his honest Conduct in any Engagement he shall enter into with him ; so is a worthy Discharge of the social Offices of a private Station, the strongest Security which a Man can give of an

an upright Demeanour in any public Trust, if his Country shall repose it in him; and we may be well satisfied, that the most popular Speeches, and most plausible Pretences of one of a different Character, are only gilded Snares to delude us, and to sacrifice us, in some manner or other, to his own sinister Purposes. It is well said in one of Mr. *Pope's* Letters; "How shall a Man love five Millions, who could never love a single Person?" If a Man hath more Love than what centers in himself, it will certainly light on his Children, his Relations, Friends, and nearest Acquaintance. If he extends it farther, what is it less than general Philanthropy, or Love to Mankind? Now as a good Man loves his Friend better than a common Acquaintance; so Philanthropy will operate stronger towards his own Country than any other: but no Man can have this general Philanthropy who hath not private Affection, any more than he who hath not Strength sufficient to lift ten Pounds, can at the same time be able to throw a hundred Weight over his Head. Therefore the bad Son, Husband, Father, Brother, Friend; in a Word, the bad Man in private can never be a sincere Patriot.

In *Rome* and *Sparta* I agree it was otherwise: for there Patriotism, by Education, became a Part of the Character. Their Children were nursed in Patriotism, it was taught them at an Age when Religion in all Countries is first inculcated. And as we see Men of all Religions ready to lay down their Lives for the Doctrines of it (which they often do not know, and seldom have considered) so were these *Spartans* and *Romans* ready with as implicit Faith to die for their Country. Though the private Morals of the former were very depraved, and the latter were the public Robbers of Mankind.

Upon

Upon what Foundation their Patriotism then stood, seems pretty apparent, and perhaps there can be no surer. For I apprehend, if twenty Boys were taught from their Infancy to believe, that the *Royal-Exchange* was the Kingdom of Heaven ; and consequently inspired with a suitable Awe for it ; and lastly, instructed that it was great, glorious, and god-like to defend it ; nineteen of them would afterwards cheerfully sacrifice their Lives to its Defence ; at least it is impossible that any of them would agree, for a paltry Reward, to set it on Fire ; not even though they were Rogues and Highwaymen in their Disposition. But if you were admitted to chuse twenty of such Dispositions at the Age of Manhood, who had never learnt any thing of its Holiness, contracted any such Awe, nor imbibed any such Duty, I believe it would be difficult to bring them to venture their Lives in its Cause ; nor should I doubt, could I perswade them of the Security of the Fact, of bribing them to apply the Firebrand to any Part of the Building I pleased.

But a worthy Citizen of *London*, without borrowing any such Superstition from Education, would scarce be tempted by any Reward, to deprive the City of so great an Ornament, and what is so useful and necessary to its Trade ; at the same time to endanger the Ruin of Thousands, and perhaps the Destruction of the whole.

The Application seems pretty easy, That as there is no such Passion in Human Nature as Patriotism, considered abstractedly, and by itself, it must be introduced by Art, and that while the Mind of Man is yet soft and ductile, and the unformed Character susceptible of any arbitrary Impression you please to make on it : or, Secondly, it must be founded on Philanthropy, or universal Benevolence ;

Benevolence ; a Passion which really exists in some Natures, and which is necessarily attended with the excellent Quality abovementioned : for as it seems granted, that the Man cannot love a Million who never could love a single Person ; so will it, I apprehend, appear as certain, that he who could not be induced to cheat or to destroy a single Man, will never be prevailed on to cheat or to destroy many Millions.

Thus I have endeavoured to shew the several Methods by which we can propose to get any Insight into the Characters of those with whom we converse, and by which we may frustrate all the Cunning and Designs of Hypocrisy. These Methods I have shewn to be threefold, *viz.* by the Marks which Nature hath imprinted on the Countenance, by their Behaviour to ourselves, and by their Behaviour to others. On the first of these I have not much insisted, as liable to some Incertainty ; and as the latter seem abundantly sufficient to secure us, with proper Caution, against the subtle Devices of Hypocrisy, though she be the most cunning as well as malicious of all the Vices which have ever corrupted the Nature of Man.

But however useless this Treatise may be to instruct, I hope it will be at least effectual to alarm my Reader ; and sure no honest undesigning Man can ever be too much on his Guard against the Hypocrite, or too industrious to expose and expel him out of Society.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
NOTHING.

The INTRODUCTION.

IT is surprizing, that while such trifling Matters employ the masterly Pens of the present Age, the great and noble Subject of this Essay should have passed totally neglected; and the rather, as it is a Subject to which the Genius of many of those Writers who have unsuccessfully applied themselves to Politics, Religion, &c. is most peculiarly adapted.

Perhaps their Unwillingness to handle what is of such Importance, may not improperly be ascribed to their Modesty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this Vice on every Occasion. Indeed I have heard it predicated of some, whose

whose Assurance in treating other Subjects hath been sufficiently notable, that they have blushed at this. For such is the Awe with which this Nothing inspires Mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many Persons of very high Character among us, that were Title, Power, or Riches to allure them, they would stick at it.

But whatever be the Reason, certain it is, that except a hardy Wit in the Reign of *Charles II.* none ever hath dared to write on this Subject. I mean openly and avowedly; for it must be confessed, that most of our modern Authors, however foreign the Matter which they endeavour to treat may seem at their first setting out, they generally bring the Work to this in the End.

I hope, however, this Attempt will not be imputed to me as an Act of Immodesty; since I am convinced there are many Persons in this Kingdom, who are persuaded of my Fitness for what I have undertaken. But as talking of a Man's Self is generally suspected to arise from Vanity, I shall, without any more Excuse or Preface, proceed to my Essay.

SECT. I.

Of the Antiquity of NOTHING.

THERE is nothing falser than that old Proverb, which (like many other Falshoods) is in every one's Mouth;

Ex Nihilo nihil Fit.

Thus translated by *Shakespear*, in *Lear*.

Nothing can come of Nothing.

VOL. I.

H

Whereas

Whereas in Fact, from Nothing proceeds every Thing. And this is a Truth confessed by the Philosophers of all Sects : the only Point in Controversy between them being, whether Something made the World out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A Matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve our Turn. Indeed the Wits of all Ages seem to have ranged themselves on each Side of this Question, as their Genius tended more or less to the Spiritual or Material Substance. For those of the more spiritual Species have inclined to the former, and those whose Genius hath partaken more of the chief Properties of Matter, such as Solidity, Thickness, &c. have embraced the latter.

But whether Nothing was the *Artifex* or *Materia* only, it is plain in either Case, it will have a Right to claim to itself the Origination of all Things.

And farther, the great Antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the Accounts we have of the Beginning of every Nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first Pages, and sometimes Books of all general Historians ; and indeed, the Study of this important Subject fills up the whole Life of an Antiquary, it being always at the Bottom of his Enquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite Labour and Pains.

S E C T. II.

Of the Nature of NOTHING.

ANOTHER Falshood which we must detect in the Pursuit of this Essay, is an Assertion, *That no one can have an Idea of NOTHING : But Men*

Men who thus confidently deny us this Idea, either grossly deceive themselves, or would impose a downright Cheat on the World : for so far from having none, I believe there are few who have not many Ideas of it ; though perhaps they may mistake them for the Idea of something.

For Instance ; is there any one who hath not an Idea of * immaterial Substance ? — Now what is immaterial Substance, more than *Nothing* ? But here we are artfully deceived by the Use of Words : For were we to ask another what Idea he had of immaterial Matter, or unsubstantial Substance, the Absurdity of affirming it to be Something, would shock him, and he would immediately reply, it was *Nothing*.

Some Persons perhaps will say then, we have no Idea of it : but as I can support the contrary by such undoubted Authority, I shall, instead of trying to confute such idle Opinions, proceed to shew, First, what *Nothing* is ; Secondly, I shall disclose the various Kinds of *Nothing* ; and lastly, shall prove its great Dignity, and that it is the End of every thing.

It is extremely hard to define *Nothing* in positive Terms, I shall therefore do it in Negative. *Nothing* then is not *Something*. And here I must object to a third Error concerning it, which is, that it is in no Place ; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its Existence ; whereas indeed it possesses the greatest and noblest Place

H 2

on

* The Author would not be here understood to speak against the Doctrine of Immateriality, to which he is a hearty Well-wisher ; but to point at the Stupidity of those, who instead of immaterial *Essence*, which would convey a rational Meaning, have substituted immaterial *Substance*, which is a Contradiction in Terms.

on this Earth, viz. the human Brain. But indeed this Mistake hath been sufficiently refuted by many very wise Men; who having spent their whole Lives in the Contemplation and Pursuit of Nothing, have at last gravely concluded — *That there is nothing in this World.*

Farther; as Nothing is not Something, so every thing which is not Something, is Nothing; and wherever Something is not, Nothing is: a very large Allowance in its Favour, as must appear to Persons well skilled in human Affairs.

For Instance; when a Bladder is full of Wind, it is full of Something; but when that is let out, we aptly say, there is Nothing in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a Man as of a Bladder. However well he may be bedawbed with Lace, or with Title, yet if he have not Something in him, we may predicate the same of him as of an empty Bladder.

But if we cannot reach an adequate Knowledge of the true Essence of Nothing, no more than we can of Matter, let us, in Imitation of the Experimental Philosophers, examine some of its Properties or Accidents.

And here we shall see the infinite Advantages which Nothing hath over Something: for while the latter is confined to one Sense, or two perhaps at the most, Nothing is the Object of them all.

For First; Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the Relation of Persons who have recovered from high Fevers; and perhaps may be suspected from some (at least) of those who have seen Apparitions, both on Earth, and in the Clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by Men, when asked what they saw at such a Place and Time, that they saw Nothing. Admitting then that there are two Sights, viz. a first and second Sight,

Sight, according to the firm Belief of some, Nothing must be allowed to have a very large Share of the first; and as to the second, it hath it all entirely to itself.

Secondly; Nothing may be heard: of which the same Proofs may be given, as of the foregoing. The *Argive*, mentioned by *Horace*, is a strong Instance of this.

— *Fuit haud ignobilis Argis*
Qui se credebat miros acedire Tragædos
In vacuo lætos sessor, Plausorque Theatro.

That Nothing may be tasted and smelt, is not only known to Persons of delicate Palates and Nostrils. How commonly do we hear, that such a Thing smells or tastes of Nothing? The latter I have heard asserted of a Dish compounded of five or six savory Ingredients. And as to the former, I remember an elderly Gentlewoman who had a great Antipathy to the Smell of Apples; who upon discovering that an idle Boy had fastened some mellow Apple to her Tail, contracted a Habit of smelling them, whenever that Boy came within her Sight, though there were then none within a Mile of her.

Lastly, Feeling; and sure if any Sense seems more particularly the Object of Matter only, which must be allowed to be Something, this doth. Nay, I have heard it asserted (and with a Colour of Truth) of several Persons, that they can feel nothing but a Cudgel. Notwithstanding which, some have felt the Motions of the Spirit; and others have felt very bitterly the Misfortunes of their Friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now these seem two plain Instances, that Nothing is an Object of this Sense. Nay, I have

heard a Surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a Patient's Leg, that *he was sure he felt nothing*.

Nothing is as well the Object of our Passions as our Senses. Thus there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing, &c.

We have already mentioned three of the Properties of a Noun, to belong to Nothing; we shall find the fourth likewise to be as justly claim'd by it: and that Nothing is as often the Object of the Understanding, as of the Senses.

Indeed some have imagined, that Knowledge, with the Adjective *human* placed before it, is another Word for Nothing. And one of the wisest Men in the World declared, he knew nothing.

But without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a Man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many Works of our ingenious Moderns, with proper Attention and Emolument, will, I believe, confess, that if he understands them right, he understands *Nothing*.

This is a Secret not known to all Readers; and want of this Knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a Book, or Chapter, or Paragraph, hath seem'd to the Reader to contain Nothing, his Modesty hath sometimes persuaded him, that the true Meaning of the Author hath escap'd him, instead of concluding, as in Reality the Fact was, that the Author, in the said Book, &c. did truly, and *bonâ Fide*, mean Nothing. I remember once, at the Table of a Person of great Eminence, and one no less distinguished by Superiority of Wit than Fortune, when a very dark Passage was read out of a Poet, famous for being so sublime, that he is often out of the Sight of his Reader, some Persons present declared they did
not

not understand the Meaning. The Gentleman himself, casting his Eyes over the Performance, testified a Surprize at the Dulness of his Company ; seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the Meaning of the Passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again ; but with like Success ; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it.— Explain it ! said the Gentleman, why he means NOTHING.

In Fact, this Mistake arises from a too vulgar Error among Persons unacquainted with the Mystery of Writing, who imagine it impossible that a Man should sit down to write without any Meaning at all ; whereas in Reality, nothing is more common : for, not to instance in myself, who have confessedly sat down to write this Essay, with Nothing in my Head, or, which is much the same Thing, to write about Nothing ; it may be incontestably proved, *ab Effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among the Moderns. The inimitable Author of a Preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young Gentleman, says, — There are Men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But indeed there is a third, and a much more numerous Sort, who never think either before they sit down, or afterwards ; and who when they produce on Paper what was before in their Heads, are sure to produce Nothing.

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the Nature of Nothing, by shewing First, definitively, *what it is not* ; and Secondly, by describing *what it is*. The next Thing therefore proposed, is to shew its various Kinds.

Now some imagine these several Kinds differ in Name only. But without endeavouring to con-

pute so absurd an Opinion, especially as these different Kinds of Nothing occur frequently in the best Authors, I shall content myself with setting them down, and leave it to the Determination of the distinguishing Reader, whether it is probable, or indeed possible, that they should all convey one and the same Meaning.

These are, Nothing *per se* Nothing ; Nothing at all ; Nothing in the least ; Nothing in Nature ; Nothing in the World ; Nothing in the whole World ; Nothing in the whole universal World. And perhaps many others, of which we say—*Nothing*.

S E C T. III.

Of the Dignity of NOTHING ; and an Endeavour to prove, that it is the End as well as Beginning of all Things.

NOTHING contains so much Dignity as NOTHING. Ask an infamous worthless Nobleman (if any such be) in what his Dignity consists ? It may not be perhaps consistent with his Dignity to give you an Answer ; but suppose he should be willing to condescend so far, what could he in Effect say ? Should he say he had it from his Ancestors, I apprehend a Lawyer would oblige him to prove, that the Virtues to which this Dignity was annexed, descended to him. If he claims it as inherent in the Title, might he not be told, that a Title originally implied Dignity, as it implied the Presence of those Virtues to which Dignity is inseparably annexed ; but that no Implication will fly in the Face of downright positive Proof to the contrary. In short, to examine no farther, since his Endeavour to derive it from any other

other Fountain would be equally impotent, his Dignity arises from Nothing, and in Reality is Nothing. Yet, that this Dignity really exists; that it glares in the Eyes of Men, and produces much Good to the Person who wears it, is, I believe, incontestable.

Perhaps this may appear in the following Syllogism.

The Respect paid to Men on account of their Titles, is paid at least to the Supposal of their superior Virtues and Abilities, or it is paid to *Nothing*.

But when a Man is a notorious Knave or Fool, it is impossible there should be any such Supposal.

The Conclusion is apparent.

Now that no Man is ashamed of either paying or receiving this Respect, I wonder not, since the great Importance of Nothing seems, I think, to be pretty apparent: but that they should deny the Deity worshipped, and endeavour to represent Nothing as Something, is more worthy Reprehension. This is a Fallacy extremely common. I have seen a Fellow, whom all the World knew to have Nothing in him, not only pretend to Something himself; but supported in that Pretension by others who have been less liable to be deceived. Now whence can this proceed, but from their being ashamed of Nothing? A Modesty very peculiar to this Age.

But notwithstanding all such Disguise and Deceit, a Man must have very little Discernment, who can live long in Courts, or populous Cities, without being convinced of the great Dignity of Nothing; and though he should, through Corruption or Necessity, comply with the vulgar Worship and Adulation, he will know to what it is paid; namely, to *Nothing*.

The most astonishing Instance of this Respect, so frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to something less than Nothing; when the Person who receives it is not only void of the Quality for which he is respected, but is in Reality notoriously guilty of Vices directly opposite to the Virtues, whose Applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest Degree of Nothing, or, (if I may be allowed the Word) the *Nothingest* of all Nothings.

Here it is to be known, that Respect may be aimed at Something, and really light on Nothing. For Instance; when mistaking certain Things called Gravity, Canting, Blustering, Ostentation, Pomp, and such like, for Wisdom, Piety, Magnanimity, Charity, True Greatness, &c. we give to the former the Honour and Reverence due to the latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my Subject, as to insinuate that Gravity, Canting, &c. are really Nothing; on the contrary, there is much more Reason to suspect, (if we judge from the Practice of the World) that Wisdom, Piety, and other Virtues, have a good Title to that Name. But we do not, in Fact, pay our Respect to the former, but to the latter: In other Words, we pay it to that which is not, and consequently pay it to Nothing.

So far then for the Dignity of the Subject on which I am treating. I am now to shew, that Nothing is the End as well as Beginning of all Things.

That every thing is resolvable, and will be resolved into its first Principles, will be, I believe, readily acknowledged by all Philosophers. As therefore we have sufficiently proved the World came from Nothing, it follows, that it will likewise end in the same: but as I am writing to a
Nation

Nation of Christians, I have no need to be prolix on this Head ; since every one of my Readers, by his Faith, acknowledges that the World is to have an End, *i. e.* is to come to Nothing.

And as Nothing is the End of the World, so is it of every thing in the World. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and godlike of all Passions, what doth it end in?—Nothing. What did *Alexander, Cæsar*, and all the rest of that heroic Band, who have plundered, and massacred so many Millions, obtain by all their Care, Labour, Pain, Fatigue, and Danger ;—Could they speak for themselves, must they not own, that the End of all their Pursuit was Nothing ? Nor is this the End of private Ambition only. What is become of that proud Mistress of the World,—the *Caput triumphati Orbis* ? that *Rome*, of which her own Flatterers so liberally prophesied the Immortality, in what hath all her Glory ended ? surely in Nothing.

Again, What is the End of Avarice ? Not Power, or Pleasure, as some think, for the Miser will part with a Shilling for neither : not Ease or Happiness ; for the more he attains of what he desires, the more uneasy and miserable he is. If every Good in this World was put to him, he could not say he pursued one. Shall we say then, he pursues Misery only ? that surely would be contradictory to the first Principles of Human Nature. May we not therefore, nay, must we not confess, that he aims at Nothing ? especially if he be himself unable to tell us what is the End of all this Bustle and Hurry, this watching and toiling, this Self-Denial, and Self-Constraint !

It will not, I apprehend, be sufficient for him to plead, that his Design is to amass a large Fortune, which he never can nor will use himself,
nor

nor would willingly quit to any other Person ; unless he can shew us some substantial Good which this Fortune is to produce, we shall certainly be justified in concluding, that his End is the same with that of Ambition.

The Great Mr. *Hobbes* so plainly saw this, that as he was an Enemy to that notable immaterial Substance which we have here handled, and therefore unwilling to allow it the large Province we have contended for, he advanced a very strange Doctrine, and asserted truly,—That in all these grand Pursuits, the Means themselves were the End proposed, *viz.* to Ambition, Plotting, Fighting, Danger, Difficulty, and such like :—To Avarice, Cheating, Starving, Watching, and the numberless painful Arts by which this Passion proceeds.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the Absurdity of this Opinion, it will be needless to my Purpose, since if we are driven to confess that the Means are the only End attained,—I think we must likewise confess, that the End proposed is absolutely Nothing.

As I have here shewn the End of our two greatest and noblest Pursuits, one or other of which engages almost every Individual of the busy Part of Mankind, I shall not tire the Reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe the same Conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this Essay with an Inference, which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been said : seeing that such is its Dignity and Importance, and that it is really the End of all those Things which are supported with so much Pomp and Solemnity, and looked on with such Respect and Esteem, surely it becomes a wise Man

Man to regard Nothing with the utmost Awe and Adoration ; to pursue it with all his Parts and Pains ; and to sacrifice to it his Ease, his Innocence, and his present Happiness. To which noble Pursuit we have this great Incitement, that we may assure ourselves of never being cheated or deceived in the End proposed. The Virtuous, Wise, and Learned may then be unconcerned at all the Changes of Ministries and of Government ; since they may be well satisfied, that while Ministers of State are Rogues themselves, and have inferior Knavish Tools to bribe and reward ; true Virtue, Wisdom, Learning, Wit, and Integrity, will most certainly bring their Possessors——
NOTHING.

SOME



SOME
P A P E R S

PROPER to be Read before the

R-----L SOCIETY,

Concerning the

Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS,
GOLDEN-FOOT, or GUINEA;

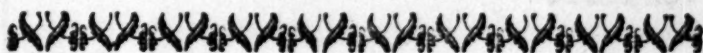
A N

INSECT, or VEGETABLE,
resembling the POLYPUS, which hath
this surprizing Property, That being cut
into several Pieces, each Piece becomes
a perfect Animal, or Vegetable, as com-
plete as that of which it was originally
only a Part.

COLLECTED

By *PETRUS GUALTERUS*.

But not Published till after His Death.



SOME

PAPER

Printed to be Read before the

ROYAL SOCIETY,

Concerning the

Tentative CHRYSTUS

GOLDEN-FOOT, or GUINIA;

AN

INSECT, or VEGETABLE,

relating the History, which has
this surprising Property, That being cut
into several Pieces, each Piece becomes
a perfect Animal, or Vegetable, in con-
formity as that of which it was originally
only a Part.

COLLECTED

By PETERUS GUALTHERUS

But not Published till after His Death.

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PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS.

For the YEAR 1742-3.

The CONTENTS.

*Several Papers relating to the Terrestrial
CHRYSIPPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT, or
GUINEA, an Insect, or Vegetable,
which has this surprising Property,
that being cut into several Pieces,
each Piece lives, and in a short time
becomes as perfect an Insect, or Ve-
getable, as that of which it was ori-
ginally only a Part.*

Abstract

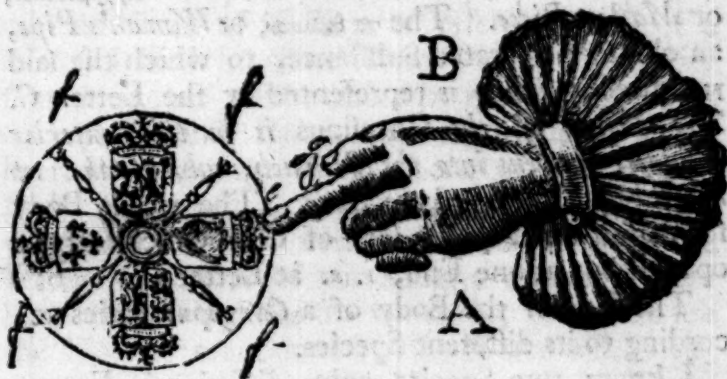
Abstract of *Part* of a Letter from
the *Heer Rottenscrach* in Germany,
communicating Observations on the
CHRYSHIPUS.

S I R,

SOME time since died here of Old-Age,
one Petrus Gualterus, a Man well known
in the Learned World, and famous for
nothing so much as for an extraordinary Collec-
tion which he had made of the Chrysi, an
Animal or Vegetable; of which I doubt not but
there are still some to be found in England:
However, if that should be difficult, it may be
easy to send some over to you; as they are at
present very plentiful in these Parts. I can
answer for the Truth of the Facts contained in
the Paper I send you, as there is not one of
them but what I have seen repeated above
twenty times; and I wish others may be en-
couraged to try the Experiments over again,
and satisfy themselves of the Truth by their
own Eyes. The Accounts of the Chrysi, as
well as the Collection itself, were found in the
Cabinet of the above-mentioned Petrus, after
his Death: for he could never be prevailed on
to communicate a Sight of either while alive.
I am,

S I R, &c.

*The FIGURE of the Terrestrial
CHRYSIPUS sticking to a Finger.*



*Observations and Experiments upon
the Terrestrial CHRYSIPUS,
or GUINEA, by Mynheer Petrus
Gualterus.*

Translated from the FRENCH,
by P. H. I. Z. C. G. S.

THE Animal in question is a terrestrial Vegetable, or Insect, of which Mention is made in the *Philosophical Transactions* for several Years, as may be seen in N^o 000. Art. 0000. and N^o 00. Art. 002. and N^o — Art. 18.

This Animal or Vegetable is of a rotund, orbicular, or round Form, as represented in the Figure annexed. In which *A.* denotes the Ruffle. *B.* the Hand. *C.* the Thumb of that Hand. *D.* the

the Finger. *E.* the Part of that Finger to which the **CHRYSHIPUS** sticks. *F. f. f. f.* Four Tubes, representing the $\pi\acute{\iota}\omicron\varsigma$ *, or *Man's Staff*, mention'd by *Galen* in his Treatise *de Usu Partium*; and by *Aristotle*, in that little Book called his *Ἀρχιβιβλίον*, or *Master-Piece*. The $\tau\omicron$ $\theta\eta\lambda\upsilon\kappa\omicron\nu$, or *Woman's Pipe*, an oblong perforated Substance, to which the said $\pi\acute{\iota}\omicron\varsigma$ directly tend, is represented by the Letter *C*. *The Mouth of the Chryshipus is in this anterior Middle, it opens into the Stomach, which takes up the whole Length of the Body.* The whole Body forms but one Pipe, a sort of Gut which can be opened but at one End, *i. e.* at Letter *C*.

The Size of the Body of a *Chryshipus* varies according to its different Species.

I know two Species only, differing in Extent almost one half; which, for Distinction sake, I call the *Whole Chryshipus*, and the *Hemi-Chryshipus*. The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former. The Length of the $\pi\acute{\iota}\omicron\varsigma$ differ likewise in Proportion to the different Size or Extension of these two.

The $\pi\acute{\iota}\omicron\varsigma$ of those of a modern Growth are so imperfect and invisible to the naked Eye, that it is much to be feared the Species will soon be entirely lost among us: And, indeed, in *England*, they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly, especially in the Country, where at present there are very few of them to be found: but at the same time it is remarked, that in some Places of the Continent, particularly in a certain Part of *Germany*, they are much plentier; being to be found in great Numbers, where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have

* See *Philos. Transact.* concerning the *Arbor Vitæ*, anno 1732.

I have not, after the minutest Observation, been able to settle with any Degree of Certainty, whether this be really an Animal or a Vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have by the Help of my Microscope discovered some of its Parts to resemble those of a Lion; I have at other Times taken Notice of something not unlike the *Flower de Luce*. Not to repeat these Parts above-mentioned, which bear great Analogy to the *Ardia* of the Human Body. On their Extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen certain Letters forming the Names of several of our Kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the Flowers mentioned by *Virgil*, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his Time.

*Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascuntur flores.*

Particularly as he adds,

— *Et Phyllida solus habeto.*

Of which we shall take Notice hereafter, when we come to speak of its Properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an Opinion of its being an Animal, is, that I could never observe any Symptoms of voluntary Motion: But indeed, the same may be said of an Oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the Learned to be *absolutely* a Vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not to have any progressive Motion of its own, yet is it very easy to communicate a Motion to it. Indeed some Persons have made them fly all over the Town with great Velocity.

What

What is said of the *Polypus*, in a late excellent Paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the *Chrysis*.

“ They make use of their progressive Motion, when communicated to them, to place themselves conveniently, so as to catch their Prey. They are voracious Animals ; their *πῆγ* are so many Snares which they set for Numbers of small *Insects*. As soon as any of them touches one of the *πῆγ*, it is caught.”

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the Consequence : for instead of making the *Insect* its Prey, it becomes itself a Prey to it ; and instead of conveying an *Insect* twice as large as its own Mouth into it, in Imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chrysis* is itself conveyed into the *Loculus* or Pouch of an *Insect* a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched Animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its Prey, that if the *Insect* (which seldom happens) makes any Resistance, it summons other *Chrysi* to its Aid, which in the End hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its Pouch.

The Learned *Gualterus* goes on in these Words :

“ A *Chrysis*, by the simple Contact of my own Finger, has so closely attached itself to my Hand, that by the joint and indefatigable Labour of several of my Friends, it could by no means be sever’d, or made to quit its Hold.”

As to the Generation of the *Chrysis*, it differs from all other Animals or Vegetables whatever : for though it seems the best supplied for this natural Function, Nature having provided each Female Part with four Male ones, which one would think sufficient ; yet it may be said, as of the *Polypus*, they have no distinguished Place by which they bring forth their Young. *Gualterus*

Gualterus judiciously remarks * : “ I have (says
 “ he) some of them, that have greatly *multiplie*
 “ under my *Eyes*, and of which I might almost
 “ say, that they have produced Young-ones from
 “ all the exterior Parts of their Body.”

“ I have learned by a *continual Attention* to the
 “ two Species of them, that all the Individuals of
 “ these Species produce Young-ones.”

“ I have for Sixty Years had under my Eye
 “ Thousands of them ; and though I have OB-
 “ SERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with AT-
 “ TENTION, so as to watch them Night and Day,
 “ I never observed any thing like the common
 “ Animal-Copulation.”

“ I tried at first two of them ; but these I found
 “ would not produce a complete *Chrysis* ; at
 “ least I had reason to think the Operation would
 “ be so slow, that I must have waited some Years
 “ for its Completion. Upon this, I tried a Hun-
 “ dred of them together ; by whose marvellous
 “ Union (whether it be, that they mix Total,
 “ like those Heavenly Spirits mentioned by *Milton*,
 “ or by any other Process not yet revealed to hu-
 “ man Wit) they were found in the Year’s End
 “ to produce three, four, and sometimes five
 “ complete *Chrysi*. I have indeed often made
 “ them in that Space produce Ten or Twenty ;
 “ but this hath been by some held a dangerous
 “ Experiment, not only to the Parent *Chrysi*
 “ themselves, which have by these Means been
 “ utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the Phi-
 “ losopher who hath attempted it : For as some
 “ curious Persons have, by Hermetic Experiments,
 “ endangered the Loss of their Teeth, so we, by
 “ a too intense Application to this *Chrysean* Phi-
 “ losophy,

* *Vid.* Remarks on the *Polypus*, p. 6.

“ Iosophy, have been sometimes found to endanger our Ears.” He then proceeds thus :

* “ Another Fact, which I have observed, has proved to me, that they have the Faculty of multiplying, before they are sever’d from their Parent. I have seen a *Chrysipus*, still adhering, bring forth Young-ones ; and those Young-ones themselves have also brought forth others. Upon Supposition, that perhaps there was some Copulation between the Parent and Young-ones, whilst they were yet united ; or between the Young-ones coming from the Body of the same Parent : I made divers Experiments, to be sure of the Fact ; but not one of those Experiments ever led me to any thing that could give me the Idea of a Copulation.”

I now proceed to the Singularities resulting from the Operation I have tried upon them.

A *Chrysipus* of the larger kind may be divided into one and twenty Substances (whether Animal or Vegetable we determine not) every Substance being at least as large as the original *Chrysipus*. These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty four ; and what is very remarkable, every one of these Parts is heavier, and rather larger than the first *Chrysipus*. The only Difference in this Change, is that of the Colour ; for the first Sort are yellow, the second white, and the third resemble the Complexion and Substance of many human Faces.

These subdivided Parts are by some observed to lose in a great degree their adherescent Quality : Notwithstanding which, *Gualterus* writes, that, from the minutest Observations upon his own Experience, they all adhered with equal Tenacity to his own Fingers.

The

The Manner of dividing a *Chrysis* differs, however, greatly from that of the *Polypus* ; for whereas we are taught in that excellent Treatise abovementioned, that

* “ If the Body of a *Polypus* is cut into two Parts transversly, each of those Parts becomes a complete *Polypus* : On the very Day of the Operation, the first Part, or anterior End of the *Polypus*, that is, the Head, the Mouth, and the Arms ; this Part, I say, lengthens itself, it creeps, and eats.”

“ The second Part, *which has no Head*, gets *one* ; a Mouth forms itself, at the anterior End ; and shoots forth Arms. This Re-production comes about more or less quickly, according as the Weather is more or less warm. In Summer, I have seen Arms begin to sprout out 24 Hours after the Operation, and *the new Head perfected in every respect in a few Days.*”

“ Each of those Parts, thus become a perfect *Polypus*, performs absolutely all its Functions. It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies ; *and all that*, as much as a *Polypus* which never had been cut.”

“ In whatever Place the Body of a *Polypus* is cut, whether in the Middle, or more or less near the Head, or the posterior Part, the Experiment has always the same Success.”

“ If a *Polypus* is cut transversly, at the same Moment, into three or four Parts, they all equally become so many complete ones.”

“ The Animal is too small to be cut at the same time into a great Number of Parts ; *I therefore did it successively.* I first cut a *Polypus* into four Parts, and let them grow ; next, I cut those

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“ Quarters

* See *Polypus*, pag. 8, 9, 10.

“ Quarters again ; and at this rate I proceeded,
 “ till I had made 50 out of one single one : And
 “ here I stopped, for there would have been no
 “ *End of the Experiment.*”

“ I have now actually by me several Parts of
 “ the same *Polypus*, cut into Pieces above a Year
 “ ago ; since which time, they have produced a
 “ great Number of Young-ones.”

“ *A Polypus may also be cut in two, lengthways.*
 “ *Beginning by the Head, one first splits the said*
 “ *Head, and afterwards the Stomach : The Poly-*
 “ *pus being in the Form of a Pipe, each Half of*
 “ *what is thus cut lengthways forms a Half-pipe ;*
 “ *the anterior Extremity of which is terminated*
 “ *by the half of the Head, the half of the Mouth,*
 “ *and Part of the Arms. It is not long before*
 “ *the two Edges of those Half-pipes close, after*
 “ *the Operation : They generally begin at the*
 “ *posterior Part, and close up by degrees to the*
 “ *anterior Part. Then, each Half-pipe becomes a*
 “ *Whole-one, complete : A Stomach is formed, in*
 “ *which nothing is wanting ; and out of each Half-*
 “ *mouth a Whole-one is formed also.*”

“ I have seen all this done in less than an Hour ;
 “ and that the *Polypus* produced from each of
 “ those Halves, at the End of that time did not
 “ differ from the Whole-ones, except that it had
 “ fewer Arms ; but in a few Days more grew
 “ out.”

“ I have cut a *Polypus*, lengthways, between
 “ Seven and Eight in the Morning ; and between
 “ Two and Three in the Afternoon, *each of the*
 “ *Parts has been able to eat a Worm as long as its*
 “ *self.*”

“ If a *Polypus* is cut lengthways, beginning at
 “ the Head, and the Section is not carried quite
 “ through ; the Result is, a *Polypus* with two
 “ Bodies,

“ Bodies, two Heads, and one Tail. Some of
 “ those Bodies and Heads may again be cut,
 “ lengthways, soon after. In this manner I have
 “ produced a Polypus that had several Bodies, as
 “ many Heads, and one Tail. I afterwards, at
 “ once, cut off the seven Heads of this new Hy-
 “ dra : Seven others grew again ; and the Heads,
 “ that were cut off, became each a complete Poly-
 “ pus.”

“ I cut a Polypus, transversly, into two Parts :
 “ I put these two Parts close to each other again,
 “ and they re-united where they had been cut.
 “ The Polypus, thus re-united, eat the Day after
 “ it had undergone this Operation: It is since
 “ grown, and has multiplied.”

“ I took the posterior Part of one Polypus, and
 “ the anterior of another, and I have brought them
 “ to re-unite in the same manner as the foregoing.
 “ Next Day, the Polypus that resulted, eat : It
 “ has continued well these two Months, since the
 “ Operation : It is grown, and has put forth
 “ Young-ones, from each of the Parts of which
 “ it was formed. The two foregoing Experi-
 “ ments do not always succeed ; it often happens,
 “ that the two Parts will not join again.”

“ In order to comprehend the Experiment I
 “ am now going to speak of, one should recol-
 “ lect, that the whole Body of a Polypus forms
 “ only one Pipe, a sort of Gut, or Pouch.”

“ I have been able to turn that Pouch, that Body
 “ of the Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS ; AS ONE
 “ MAY TURN A STOCKING.”

“ I have several by me, that have remained
 “ turned in this manner ; THEIR INSIDE IS BE-
 “ COME THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUT-
 “ SIDE THEIR INSIDE : They eat, they grow,
 “ and they multiply, as if they had never been
 “ turned.”

Now in the Division and Subdivision of our *Chrysis*, we are forced to proceed in quite a different manner ; namely, by the Metabolic or Mutative, not by the Schystic or Divisive. Some have indeed attempted this latter Method ; but, like that great Philosopher the Elder *Pliny*, they have perished in their Disquisitions, as he did, by Suffocation. Indeed there is a Method called the *Kleptistic*, which hath been preferred to the Metabolic : But this too is dangerous ; the ingenious *Gualterus* never carried it farther than the Metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original *Chrysis* into twenty two Parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five ; but this requires great Art.

It can't be doubted but that Mr. *Trembley* will, in the Work he is pleased to promise us, give some Account of the Longevity of the *Polypus*. As to the Age of the *Chrysis*, it differs extremely ; some being of equal Duration with the Life of Man, and some of scarce a Moment's Existence. The best Method of preserving them, is, I believe, in Bags or Chests, in large Numbers ; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The great *Gualterus* says, he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your Pockets singly, or in Pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some Pockets not a Day.

* We are told of the *Polypus*, “ That they are
 “ to be look'd for in such Ditches whose Water
 “ is stock'd with small Insects. Pieces of Wood,
 “ Leaves, aquatic Plants, in short, every thing
 “ is to be taken out of the Water, that is met
 “ with at the Bottom, or on the Surface of the
 “ Water,

may will make him say whatever the Person who sticks it on desires : And again, if you desire Silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious Tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not sufficient ; but if you apply the proper Number, they seldom or never fail of Success. It will likewise make Men blind or deaf, as you think proper ; and all this without doing the least Injury to the several Organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous Quality of turning Black into White, or White into Black. Indeed it hath the Powers of the Prismatic Glass, and can, from any Object, reflect what colour it pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest Love-Powder in the World, and hath such Efficacy on the Female Sex, that it hath often produced Love in the finest Women to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit of our Sex.

To give the strongest Idea in one Instance, of the salubrious Quality of the *Chrysis* : It is a Medicine which the Physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a Patient, without swallowing a Dose of it.

To conclude ; *Facts like these I have related, to be admitted*, require the most convincing Proofs. *I venture to say, I am able to produce such Proofs.* In the mean time, I refer my curious Reader to the Treatise I have abovementioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Since I compos'd the above Treatise, I have been informed, that these Animals swarm in *England* all over the Country, like the Locusts, once in SEVEN Years ; and like them too, they generally caused much Mischief, and greatly ruin the Country in which they have swarmed.

THE

THE FIRST
 OLYNTHIAC
 OF
 DEMOSTHENES.

The ARGUMENT.

Olynthus was a powerful free City of Thrace, on the Confines of Macedonia. By certain alluring Offers, Philip had tempted them into an Alliance with him, the Terms of which were a joint War against the Athenians, and if a Peace, a joint Peace. The Olynthians, some time after, becoming jealous of his growing Power, detach themselves from his Alliance, and make a separate Peace with the Athenians. Philip, exclaiming against this, as a Breach of their former Treaty, and glad of an Opportunity, which he had long been seeking, immediately declares War against them, and besieges their City. Upon this, they dispatch an Embassy to Athens, for Succour. The Subject of this Embassy coming to be debated among the Athenians, Demosthenes gives his Sentiments in the following Oration.

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NO Treasures, O *Athenians*, can, I am confident, be so desirable in your Eyes, as to discover what is most advantageous to be done for this City, in the Affair now before you. And since it is of so important a Nature, the strictest Attention should be given to all those who are willing to deliver their Opinions: for not only the salutary Councils which any one may have premeditated, are to be heard and received; but I consider it as peculiar to your Fortune and good Genius, that many Things, highly expedient, may suggest themselves to the Speakers, even extemporarily, and without Premeditation; and then you may easily, from the whole, collect the most useful Resolutions. The present Occasion wants only a Tongue to declare, that the Posture of these Affairs requires your immediate Application, if you have any Regard for your Preservation. I know not what Disposition we all entertain; but my own Opinion is, that we vote a Supply of Men to the *Olynthians*, and that we send them immediately; and thus by lending them our Assistance now, we shall prevent the Accidents which we have formerly felt, from falling again on us. Let an Embassy be dispatched, not only to declare these our Intentions, but to see them executed. For my greatest Apprehension is, that the artful *Philip*, who well knows to improve every Opportunity, by Concessions, where they are most convenient, and by Threats, which we may believe him capable of fulfilling, at the same time objecting our Absence to our Allies, may draw from the whole some considerable Advantage to himself. This however, O *Athenians*, will give some Comfort, that the very particular Circumstance which adds the greatest Strength to *Philip*, is likewise favourable

vourable to us. In his own Person he unites the
 several Powers of General, of King, and of Treas-
 urer ; he presides absolutely in all Councils, and
 is constantly at the Head of his Army. This in-
 deed will contribute greatly to his Successes in the
 Field, but will have a contrary Effect, with Re-
 gard to that Truce which he is so desirous to make
 with the *Olynthians* ; who will find their Conten-
 tion not to be for Glory, nor for the Enlargement
 of Dominion : the Subversion or Slavery of their
 Country is what they fight against. They have
 seen in what Manner he hath treated those *Amphi-
 politans*, who surrendered their City to him ; and
 those *Pydnæans*, who received him into theirs :
 and, indeed, universally, a Kingly State is, in my
 Opinion, a Thing in which Republics will never
 trust ; and above all, if their Territories border
 on each other. These Things therefore, O *Athe-
 nians*, being well known to you, when you en-
 ter on this Debate, your Resolutions must be
 for War, and to prosecute it with as much Vigour
 as you have formerly shewn on any Occasion.
 You must resolve to raise Supplies with the utmost
 Alacrity ; to muster yourselves ; to omit nothing :
 for no longer can a Reason be assigned, or Excuse
 alledged, why you should decline what the present
 Exigency requires. For the *Olynthians*, whom
 with such universal Clamours you have formerly
 insisted on our fomenting against *Philip*, are now
 embroiled with him by meer Accident ; and this
 most advantageously for you ; since had they un-
 dertaken the War at your Request, their Alliance
 might have been less stable, and only to serve a
 present Turn : but since their Animosity arises
 from Injuries offered to themselves, their Hostility
 will be firm ; as well on Account of their Fears,
 as of their Resentment. The Opportunity which

now offers is not, O *Athenians*, to be lost, nor should you suffer what you have already often suffered. For had we, when we returned from succouring the *Eubæans* ; when *Hierax* and *Stratocles* from the *Amphipolitans*, in this very Place, besought you to sail to their Assistance, and to receive their City into your Protection ; had we then consulted our own Interest with the same Zeal with which we provided for the Safety of the *Eubæans*, we had then possessed ourselves of *Amphipolis*, and escaped the Troubles which have since perplexed us. Again, when we were first acquainted with the Sieges of *Pydna*, *Potidæa*, *Methone*, *Pagasaë*, and others, (for I will not waste Time in enumerating all) had we then assisted only one of these with proper Vigour, we should have found *Philip* much humbler, and easier to be dealt with : whereas now, by constantly pretermittting the Opportunities when they presented themselves, and trusting in Fortune for the good Success of future Events, we have encreased the Power, O *Athenians*, of *Philip* ourselves, and have raised him higher than any King of *Macedonia* ever was. Now then an Opportunity is come. What is it ? why this which the *Olynthians* have of their own Accord offered to this City ; nor is it inferior to any of those we have formerly lost. To me, O *Athenians*, it appears, that if we settle a just Account with the Gods, notwithstanding all Things are not as they ought to be, they are entitled to our liberal Thanksgivings. For as to our Losses in War, they are justly to be set down to our own Neglect : but that we formerly suffered not these Misfortunes, and that an Alliance now appears to ballance these Evils, if we will but accept it : this, in my Opinion, must be referred to the Benevolence of the Gods. But it happens as in the Affair of Riches,
of

of which, I think, it is proverbially said, that if a Man preserves the Wealth he attains, he is greatly thankful to Fortune; but if he insensibly consumes it, his Gratitude to Fortune is consumed at the same Time. So in public Affairs: if we make not a right Improvement of Opportunities, we forget the Good offered us by the Gods: for from the final Event, we generally form our Judgments of all that preceded. It is therefore highly necessary, O *Athenians*, to take effectual Care, that by making a right Use of the Occasion now offered us, we wipe off the Stains contracted by our former Conduct: for should we, O *Athenians*, desert these People likewise, and *Philip* be enabled to destroy *Olynthus*, will any Man tell me what afterwards shall stop his future Progress, wherever he desires to extend it? But consider, O *Athenians*, and see, by what Means this *Philip*, once so inconsiderable, is now become so great. He first became Master of *Amphipolis*, secondly of *Pydna*, next of *Potidea*, and then of *Methone*. After these Conquests, he turned his Arms towards *Thessaly*, where having reduced *Phera*, *Pagasaë*, *Magnesia*, he marched on to *Thrace*. Here, after he had dethroned some Kings, and given Crowns to others, he fell sick. On a small Amendment of Health, instead of refreshing himself with Repose, he fell presently on the *Olynthians*. His Expeditions against the *Illyrians*, the *Pæonians* against *Arymba*, and who can recount all the other Nations, I omit. But should any Man say, Why therefore do you commemorate these Things to us now? my Answer is, That you may know, O *Athenians*, and sensibly perceive these two Things. First, how pernicious it is to neglect the least Article of what ought to be done; and, secondly, that you may discern the restless Disposition

sition of *Philip* to undertake, and his Alacrity to execute: whence we may conclude, he will never think he hath done enough, nor indulge himself in Ease. If then his Disposition be to aim still at greater and greater Conquests, and ours to neglect every brave Measure for our Defence; consider, in what Event we can hope these Things should terminate! Good Gods! is there any of you so insatuated, that he can be ignorant that the War will come home to us, if we neglect it? And if this should happen, I fear, O *Athenians*, that we shall imitate those who borrow Money at great Usury, who for a short Affluence of present Wealth, are afterwards turned out of their original Patrimony. So we shall be found to pay dearly for our Sloth, and by giving our Minds entirely up to Pleasure, shall bring on ourselves many and grievous Calamities, against our Will shall be at last reduced to a Necessity of Action, and to contend even for our own Country. Perhaps some one may object, that to find Fault is easy, and within any Man's Capacity; but to advise proper Measures to be taken in the present Exigency, is the Part of a Counsellor. I am not ignorant, O *Athenians*, that not those who have been the first Causes of the Misfortune, but those who have afterwards delivered their Opinions concerning it, fall often under your severe Displeasure, when the Success doth not answer their Expectations. Be that as it will, I do not so tender my own Safety, that from any Regard to that, I should conceal what I imagine may conduce to your Welfare.

The Measures you are to take are, in my Opinion, two. First, to preserve the *Olynthian* Cities, by sending a Supply of Men to their Assistance; Secondly, to ravage the Country of the Enemy; and this by attacking it both by Sea and Land,

If

If either of these be neglected, I much fear the Success of your Expedition : for should he, while you are wasting his Territories, by submitting to suffer this, take *Olynthus* ; he will be easily able to return Home, and defend his own. On the other Hand, if you only send Succours to the *Olynthians* ; when *Philip* perceives himself safe at Home, he will sit down before *Olynthus*, and employing every Artifice against the Town, will at length master it. We must therefore assist the *Olynthians* with numerous Forces, and in two several Places. This is my Advice concerning the manner of our assisting them. As for the Supply of Money to be raised ; you have a Treasury, O *Athenians*, you have a Treasury fuller of Money, set apart for Military Uses, than any other City of *Greece* : this Fund you may apply according to your Pleasure, on this Occasion : if the Army be supplied this Way, you will want no Tax : If not, you will hardly find any Tax sufficient. What ? says some one, Do you move to have this Fund applied to the Army ? Not I truly ; I only suggest that an Army should be levied ; that this Fund should be applied to it ; that those who do their Duty to the Public, should receive their Reward from it ; whereas in celebrating the public Festivals, much is received by those who do nothing for it.

As to the rest, I think, all should contribute, largely if much wanted, less if little. Money is wanted, and without it, nothing which is necessary to be done can be performed. Others propose other Means of raising it ; of which do you fix on that which seems most advantageous, and apply yourselves to your Preservation, while you have an Opportunity : for you ought to consider and weigh well the Posture in which *Philip's* Affairs
now

now stand : for it appears to me, that no Man, even though he hath not examined them with much Accuracy, can imagine them to be in the fairest Situation. He would never have entered into this War, had he thought it would have been protracted. He hoped, at his very Entrance, to have carried all Things before him, which Expectation hath deceived him. This therefore, by falling out contrary to his Opinion, hath given him the first Shock, and much dejected him. Then the Commotions in *Thessaly* : for these are by Nature the most perfidious of Mortals, and have always proved so ; as such he hath now sufficiently experienced them. They have decreed to demand *Pagassæ* of him, and to forbid the fortifying *Magnesia*. I have moreover heard it said, that the *Thessalians* would no longer open their Ports to him, nor suffer his Fleets to be victualled in their Markets ; for that these should go to the Support of the Republics of *Thessaly*, and not to the Use of *Philip*. But should he be deprived of these, he will find himself reduced to great Streights to provide for his Auxiliaries. And further ; Can we suppose that *Pæonia* and *Illyria*, and all the other Cities, will chuse rather to be Slaves than free, and their own Masters ? They are not inured to Bondage, and the Man is, as they say, prone to Insolence ; which is indeed very credible ; for unmerited Success entirely perverts the Understanding in weaker Minds ; whence it is often more difficult to retain Advantages, than it was to gain them. It is our Parts then, O *Athenians*, to take Advantage of this Distress of *Philip*, to undertake the Business with the utmost Expedition ; not only to dispatch the necessary Embassies, but to follow them with an Army, and to stir up all his other Enemies against him :
for

for we may be assured of this, that had *Philip* the same Opportunity, and the War was near our Borders, he would be abundantly ready to invade us. Are you not then ashamed through Fear to omit bringing that on him, when you have an Opportunity, which he, had he that Opportunity, would surely bring on you? Besides, let none of you be ignorant, that you have now your Option, whether you shall attack him Abroad, or be attacked by him at Home: for if the *Olynthians*, by your Assistance, are preserved, the Kingdom of *Philip* will be by your Forces invaded, and you may then retain your own Dominions, your own City in Safety; but should *Philip* once master the *Olynthians*, who would oppose his March hither? The *Thebans*? Let me not be thought too bitter, if I say, they would be ready to assist him against us. The *Phocians*? They are not able to save themselves, unless you, or some one else, will assist them. But my Friend, says one, *Philip* will have no desire to invade us. — I answer, it would surely be most absurd, if what he imprudently now threatens us with, he would not, when he conveniently could, perform. As to the Difference, whether the War be here or there, there is, I think no need of Argument: for if it was necessary for you to be thirty Days in the Field within your own Territories, and to sustain your Army with your own Product, supposing no Enemy there at the same Time; I say, the Losses of your Husbandmen, who supply those Provisions, would be greater than the whole Expence of the preceding War. But if an actual War should come to our Doors, what Losses must we then expect? Add to this, the Insults of the Enemy, and that which to generous Minds is not inferior to any Loss, the Disgrace of such an Incident. It becomes

becomes us all therefore, when we consider all these Things, to apply our utmost Endeavours to expel this War from our Borders : the Rich, that for the many Things they possess, parting with a little, they may secure the quiet Possession of the rest : the young Men, that having learnt Experience in the Art of War, at *Philip's* Expence, in his Country, they may become formidable Defenders of their own : the Orators, that they may be judicially vindicated in the Advice they have given to the Republic ; since according to the Success of the Measures taken in Consequence of their Opinions, so you will judge of the Advisers themselves. May this Success be happy, for the Sake of every one.

O F

OF THE
 R E M E D Y
 O F
 AFFLICTION
 For the LOSS of our
 F R I E N D S.

IT would be a strange Consideration (saith *Cicero*) that while so many excellent Remedies have been discovered for the several Diseases of the human Body, the Mind should be left without any Assistance to alleviate and repel the Disorders which befall it. The contrary of this he asserts to be true, and prescribes Philosophy to us, as a certain and infallible Method to assuage and remove all those Perturbations which are liable to affect this nobler Part of Man.

Of the same Opinion were all those wise and illustrious Ancients, whose Writings and Sayings on this Subject have been transmitted to us. And
 when

when *Seneca* tells us, that *Virtue* is sufficient to subdue all our Passions, he means no other (as he explains it in many Parts of his Works) than *that exalted divine Philosophy*, which consisted not in vain Pomp, or useless Curiosity, nor even in the Search of more profitable Knowledge, but in acquiring solid lasting Habits of Virtue, and ingrafting them into our Character. It was not the bare knowing the right Way, but the constant and steady walking in it, which those glorious Writers recommended and dignified by the august Names of *Philosophy* and *Virtue*; which two Words, if they did not always use in a synonymous Sense, yet they all agreed in this, that Virtue was the Consummation of true Philosophy.

Now that this Supreme Philosophy, this Habit of Virtue, which strengthened the Mind of a *Socrates*, or a *Brutus*, is really superior to every Evil which can attack us, I make no doubt: but in Truth, this is to have a sound, not a sickly Constitution. With all proper Deference therefore to such great Authorities, they seem to me to assert no more, than that Health is a Remedy against Disease: for a Soul once possessed of that Degree of Virtue, which can without Emotion look on Poverty, Pain, Disgrace, and Death, as Things indifferent: A Soul, as *Horace* expresses it,

Totus teres atque rotundus.

or, according to *Seneca*, which derives all its Comfort from WITHIN, not from WITHOUT: which can look down on all the ruffling Billows of Fortune, as from a Rock on Shore, we survey a tempestuous Sea, with Unconcern; such a Soul is surely in a State of Health, which no Vigour of Bodily Constitution can resemble.

And

And as this Health of the Mind exceeds that of the Body in Degree, so doth it in Constancy or Duration. In the latter, the Transition from perfect Health to Sickneſs is eaſy, and often ſudden ; whereas the former being once firmly eſta- bliſhed in the robuſt State above deſcribed, is never afterwards liable to be ſhocked by any Acci- dent, or Impulſe of Fortune.

It muſt be confeſſed indeed, that thoſe great Maſters have pointed out the Way to this Philo- ſophy, and have endeavoured to allure and per- ſwade others into it : but as it is certain, that few of their Diſciples have been able to arrive at its Perfection ; nay, as ſeveral of the Maſters them- ſelves have done little Honour to their Precepts, by their Examples, there ſeems ſtill great Occa- ſion for a mental Phyſician, who ſhould conſider the human Mind (as is often the Caſe of the Body) in too weak and depraved a Situation to be reſtored to firm Vigour and Sanity, and ſhould propoſe rather to palliate and leſſen its Diſorders, than abſolutely to cure them.

To conſider the whole Catalogue of Diſeaſes, to which our Minds are liable, and to preſcribe proper Remedies for them all, would require a much longer Treatiſe than what I now intend ; I ſhall confine myſelf therefore to one only, and to a particular Species of that one, *viz.* to *Affliction for the Death of our Friends.*

This is a Malady to which the beſt and worthi- eſt of Men are chiefly liable. It is, like a Fever, the Diſtemper of a rich and generous Conſtitution. Indeed we may ſay of thoſe baſe Tempers, which are totally incapable of being affected with it, what a witty Phyſician of the laſt Age ſaid of a ſhattered and rotten Carcaſe, that they are not worth preſerving.

For

For this Reason the calm Demeanor of *Stilpo* the Philosopher, who, when he had lost his Children at the taking *Megara* by *Demetrius*, concluded, *he had lost nothing, for that he carried all which was his own about him*, hath no Charms for me. I am more apt to impute such sudden Tranquility, at so great a Loss, to Ostentation or Obduracy, than to consummate Virtue. It is rather wanting the Affection, than conquering it. To overcome the Affliction arising from the Loss of our Friends, is great and praise-worthy ; but it requires some Reason and Time. This sudden unruffled Composure is owing to meer Insensibility ; to a Depravity of the Heart, not Goodness of the Understanding.

But in a Mind of a different Cast, in one susceptible of a tender Affection, Fortune can make no other Ravage equal to such a Loss. It is tearing the Heart, the Soul from the Body ; not by a momentary Operation, like that by which the most cruel Tormentors of the Body soon destroy the Subject of their Cruelty ; but by a continued, tedious, though violent Agitation : the Soul having this double unfortunate Superiority to the Body ; that its Agonies, as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting.

If however this Calamity be not in a more humane Disposition to be presently or totally removed, an Attempt to lessen it is, however, worth our Attention. He who could reduce the Torments of the Gout to one Half or a Third of the Pain, would, I apprehend, be a Physician in much Vogue and Request ; and surely, some palliative Remedies are as much worth our seeking in the mental Disorder ; especially if this latter should (as appears to me who have felt both) exceed the former in its Anguish a hundred fold.

I will

I will proceed therefore, without further Apology, to present my Reader with the best Prescriptions I am capable of furnishing ; many of which have this uncommon Recommendation, that I have tried them upon myself with some Success. And if *Montagne* be right in his Choice of a Physician, who had himself had the Disease which he undertook to cure, I shall at least have that Pretension to some Confidence and Regard.

And first, by way of Preparative : while we yet enjoy our Friends, and no immediate Danger threatens us of losing them, nothing can be wholsomer than frequent Reflections on the Certainty of this Loss, however distant it may then appear to us : for if it be worth our while to prepare the Body for Diseases which may possibly (or at most probably) attack us ; how much more necessary must it seem to furnish the Mind with every Assistance to encounter a Calamity, which our own Death only, or the previous Determination of our Friendship, can prevent from happening to us.

It hath been mentioned as one of the first Ingredients of a *wise* Man, that nothing befalls him entirely unforeseen, and unexpected. And this is surely the principal Means of taking his Happiness or Misery out of the Hands of Fortune. Pleasure or Pain, which seize us unprepared, and by Surprise, have a double Force, and are both more capable of subduing the Mind, than when they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them. That Pleasure is heighten'd by long Expectation, appears to me a great though vulgar Error. The Mind, by constant Premeditation on either, lessens the Sweetness of the one, and Bitterness of the other. It hath been well said of Lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their Happiness, that they have loved themselves

themselves out before they come to the actual Enjoyment: this is as true in the more ungrateful Article of Affliction. The Objects of our Passions, as well as of our Appetites, may be, in great measure, devoured by Imagination; and Grief, like Hunger, may be so palled and abated by Expectation, that it may retain no Sharpness when its Food is set before it.

The Thoughts which are to engage our Consideration on this Head, are too various, and many of them too obvious to be enumerated: the principal are surely, First, the Certainty of the Dissolution of this Alliance, however sweet it be to us, or however closely the Knot be tied. Secondly, the extreme Shortness of its Duration, even at the best. And, Thirdly, the many Accidents by which it is daily and hourly liable of being brought to an End.

Had not the wise Man frequently meditated on these Subjects, he would not have coolly answered the Person who acquainted him with the Death of his Son—I KNEW *I had begot a Mortal*. Whereas by the Behaviour of some on these Occasions, we might be almost induced to suspect they were disappointed in their Hopes of their Friend's Immortality; that something uncommon, and beyond the general Fate of Men, had happened to them. In a Word, that they had flattered their Fondness for their Children and Friends as enthusiastically as the Poets have their Works, which

—*nec Jovis Ira nec Ignis,
Nec poterit Ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

Nor is there any Dissuasive from such Contemplation: It is no Breach of Friendship, nor Violence

lence of Paternal Fondness ; for the Event we dread and detest, is not by these Means forward-
ed, as simple Persons think their own Death would
be by making a Will. On the contrary, the
sweetest and most rapturous Enjoyments are thus
promoted and encouraged : for what can be a
more delightful Thought than to assure ourselves,
after such Reflections, that the Evil we apprehend,
and which might so probably have happened, hath
been yet fortunately escaped. If it be true, that
the Loss of a Blessing teaches us its true Value,
will not these Ruminations on the Certainty of
losing our Friends, and the Incertainty of our En-
joyment of them, add a Relish to the present Pos-
session ? Shall we not, in a Word, return to their
Conversation, after such Reflections, with the
same Eagerness and Extasy, with which we re-
ceive those we love into our Arms, when we first
wake from a Dream which hath terrified us with
their Deaths ?

Thus then we have a double Incentive to these
Meditations ; as they serve as well to heighten our
present Enjoyment, as to lessen our future Loss,
and to fortify us against it. I shall now proceed
to give my Reader some Instructions for his Con-
duct, when this dreadful Catastrophe hath actually
befallen him.

And here I address myself to common Men,
and who partake of the more amiable Weaknesses
of Human Nature ; not to those elevated Souls
whom the Consummation of Virtue and Philoso-
phy hath raised to a divine Pitch of Excellence,
and placed beyond the Reach of human Calamity :
for which Reason I do not expect this Loss shall
be received with the Composure of *Stilpo*. Nay,
I shall not regard Tears, Lamentations, or any
other Indulgence to the first Agonies of our Grief
on

on so dreadful an Occasion, as Marks of Effeminacy ; but shall rather esteem them as the Symptoms of a laudable Tenderness, than of a contemptible Imbecility of Heart.

However, though I admit the first Emotions of our Grief to be so far irresistible, that they are not to be instantly and absolutely overcome, yet we are not, on the other Side, totally to abandon ourselves to them. Wisdom is our Shield against all Calamity, and This we are not cowardly to throw away, though some of the sharper Darts of Fortune may have pierced us through it. The Mind of a wise Man may be ruffled and disordered, but cannot be subdued : in the former it differs from the Perfection of the Deity ; in the latter, from the abject Condition of a Fool.

With whatever Violence our Passions at first attack us, they will in Time subside. It is then that Reason is to be called to our Assistance, and we should use every Suggestion which it can lend to our Relief ; our utmost Force being to be exerted to repel and subdue an Enemy when he begins to retreat : This indeed, one would imagine, should want little or no Persuasion to recommend it ; inasmuch as we all naturally pursue Happiness and avoid Misery.

There are, however, two Causes of our Unwillingness to hearken to the Voice of Reason on this Occasion. The first is, a foolish Opinion, that Friendship requires an exorbitant Affliction of us ; that we are thus discharging our Duty to the Dead, and offering (according to the Superstition of the Ancients) an agreeable Sacrifice to their Manes : the other, and perhaps the commoner Motive is, the immediate Satisfaction we ourselves feel in this Indulgence ; which, though attended with very dreadful Consequences, gives the same
present

present Relief to a tender Disposition, that Air or Water brings to one in a high Fever.

Now what can possibly, on the least Examination, appear more absurd than the former of these? When the Grave, beyond which we can enter into no Engagement with one another, hath dissolved all Bonds of Friendship between us, and removed the Object of our Affection far from the Reach of any of our Offices; Can any thing be more vain and ridiculous, than to nourish an Affliction to our own Misery, by which we can convey neither Profit nor Pleasure to our Friend! But I shall not dwell on an Absurdity so monstrous in itself, that the bare first Mention throws it in a Light, which no Illustration nor Argument can heighten.

And as to the Second, it is, as I have said, like those Indulgencies, which however pleasant they may be to the Distemper, serve only to encrease it, and for which we are sure to pay the bitterest Agonies in the End. Nothing can indeed betray a weaker or more childish Temper of Mind than this Conduct; by which, like Infants, we reject a Remedy, if it be the least distasteful; and are ready to receive any grateful Food, without regarding the Nourishment which at the same Time we contribute to the Disease.

Without staying therefore longer to argue with such, I shall first recommend to my Disciple or Patient, of another Complexion, carefully to avoid all Circumstances which may revive the Memory of the Deceased, whom it is now his Business to forget as fast, and as much as possible; whereas, such is the Perverseness of our Natures, we are constantly endeavouring, at every Opportunity, to recal to our Remembrance the Words, Looks, Gestures, and other Particularities of

a Friend. One carries about with him the Picture ; a second the Hair ; and others, some little Gift or Token of the Dead, as a Memorial of their Loss. What is all this less than being Self-Tormentors, and playing with Affliction ? Indeed Time is the truest and best Physician on these Occasions ; and our wisest Part is to lend him the utmost Assistance we can : whereas by pursuing the Methods I have here objected to, we withstand with all our Might the Aid and Comfort which that great Reliever of human Misery so kindly offers us.

Diversions of the lightest Kind have been recommended as a Remedy for Affliction : but for my Part, I rather conceive they will encrease than diminish it ; especially where Music is to make up any Part of the Entertainment : for the Nature of this is to soothe or inflame, not to alter our Passions. Indeed I should rather propose such Diversions by way of Trial than of Cure : for when they can be pursued with any good Effect, our Affliction is, I apprehend, very little grievous or dangerous.

To say the Truth, the Physic for this, as well as every other mental Disorder, is to be dispensed to us by Philosophy and Religion. The former of these Words (however unhappily it hath contracted the Contempt of the pretty Gentlemen and fine Ladies) doth surely convey to those who understand it, no very ridiculous Idea. Philosophy, in its purer and stricter Sense, means no more than the Love of Wisdom ; but in its common and vulgar Acceptation it signifies, the Search after Wisdom ; or often, Wisdom itself : For to distinguish between Wisdom and Philosophy (says a great Writer) is rather Matter of vain Curiosity, than of real Utility.

Now

Now from this Fountain (call it by which of the Names we please) may be drawn the following Considerations.

First, the Injustice of our Complaint; who have been only obliged to fulfil the Condition on which we first received the Good, whose Loss we deplore, *viz.* that of parting with it again. We are Tenants at Will to Fortune, and as we have advanced no Consideration on our Side, can have no Right to accuse her Caprice in determining our Estate. However short-lived our Possession hath been, it was still more than she promised, or we could demand. We are already obliged to her for more than we can pay; but, like ungrateful Persons, with whom one Denial effaces the Remembrance of an Hundred Benefits, we forget what we have already received; and rail at her, because she is not pleased to continue those Favours, which of her own Free-Will she hath so long bestowed on us.

Again, as we might have been called on to fulfil the Condition of our Tenure long before, so, sooner or later, of Necessity we must have done it. The longest Term we could hope for is extremely short, and compared by *Solomon* himself to the Length of a Span. Of what Duration is this Life of Man computed? A Scrivener who sells his Annuity at fourteen Years and a half, rejoices in his Cunning, and thinks he hath outwitted you, at least half a Year in the Bargain.

But who will insure these fourteen Years? No Man. On the contrary, how great is the Premium for insuring you one? And great as it is, he who accepts it is often a Loser.

I shall not go into the hackneyed Common-place of the numberless Avenues to Death: a Road almost as much beaten by Writers, as those Avenues

to Death are by Mankind : *Tibullus* sums 'em up
in half a Verse.

— *Lati mille repente via.*

Surely no Accident can befall our Friend which should so little surprize us ; for there is no other which he may not escape. In Poverty, Pain, or other Instances, his Lot may be harder than his Neighbours. In this the happiest and most miserable, the greatest and lowest, richest and poorest of Mankind share all alike.

It is not then, it cannot be Death itself (which is a Part of Life) that we lament should happen to our Friend, but it is the Time of his dying. We desire not a Pardon, we desire a Reprieve only. A Reprieve, for how long ? *Sine Die.* But if he could escape this Fever, this Small-Pox, this Inflammation of the Bowels, he may live twenty Years. He may so : but it is more probable he will not live ten : it is very possible, not one. But suppose he should have twenty, nay thirty Years to come. In Prospect, it is true, the Term seems to have some Duration ; but cast your Eyes backwards, and how contemptible the Span appears : for it happens in Life (however pleasant the Journey may be) as to a weary Traveller, the Plain he is yet to pass extends itself much larger to his Eye than that which he hath already conquered.

And suppose Fortune should be so generous to indulge us in the Possession of our Wish, and give us this twenty Years longer Possession of our Friend, should we be then contented to resign ? Or shall we not, in Imitation of a Child who desires its Mamma to stay five Minutes, and it will take the Potion, be still as unwilling as ever ? I

am

am afraid the latter will be the Case ; seeing that neither our Calamity, nor the Child's Physic becomes less nauseous by the Delay.

But admitting this Condition to be never so hard, will not Philosophy shew us the Folly of immoderate Affliction ? Can all our Sorrow mend our Case ? Can we wash back our Friend with our Tears, or waft him back with our Sighs and Lamentations ? It is a foolish Mean-spiritedness in a Criminal, to blubber to his Judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it ; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their Fate with a decent Constancy and Resignation. Were the Sentences of Fate capable of Remission ; could our Sorrows or Sufferings restore our Friends to us, I would commend him who out-did the fabled *Niobe* in weeping : but since no such Event is to be expected ; since *from that Bourne no Traveller returns*, surely it is the Part of a wise Man, to bring himself to be content in a Situation which no Wit or Wisdom, Labour or Art, Trouble or Pain, can alter.

And let us seriously examine our Hearts, whether it is for the Sake of our Friends, or ourselves, that we grieve. I am ready to agree with a celebrated *French* Writer ; that *the Lamentation expressed for the Loss of our dearest Friends, is often, in Reality, for ourselves ; that we are concerned at being less happy, less easy, and of less Consequence than we were before ; and thus the Dead enjoy the Honour of those Tears which are truly shed on Account of the Living* : concluding, — that *in these Afflictions Men impose on themselves*. Now if on the Enquiry this should be found to be our Case, I shall leave the Patient to seek his Remedy elsewhere ; having first recommended to him, an Assembly, a Ball, an Opera, a Play, an Amour, or, if he please, all of them, which will very speedily

produce his Cure. But, on the contrary, if after the strictest Examination, it should appear (as I make no doubt is sometimes the Case) that our Sorrow arises from that pure and disinterested Affection which many Minds are so far from being capable of entertaining, that they can have no Idea of it: in a Word, if it be manifest that our Fears are justly to be imputed to our Friend's Account, it may be then worth our while to consider the Nature and Degree of this Misfortune which hath happened to him: and if, on duly considering it, we should be able to demonstrate to ourselves, that this supposed dreadful Calamity should exist only in Opinion, and all its Horrors vanish, on being closely and nearly examined; then, I apprehend, the very Foundation of our Grief will be removed, and it must, of necessary Consequence, immediately cease.

I shall not attempt to make an Estimate of Human Life, which to do in the most concise Manner, would fill more Pages than I can here allow it; nor will it be necessary for me, since admitting there was more real Happiness in Life than the wisest Men have allowed; as the weakest and simplest will be ready to confess that there is much Evil in it likewise; and as I conceive every impartial Man will, on casting up the whole, acknowledge that the latter is more than a Ballance for the former, I apprehend it will appear sufficiently for my Purpose, that Death is not that King of Terrors, as he is represented to be.

Death is nothing more than the Negation of Life. If therefore Life be no general Good, Death is no general Evil. Now if this be a Point in Judgment, who shall decide it? Shall we prefer the Judgment of Women and Children, or of wise Men? If of the latter, shall I not have all their
Suffrages

Suffrages with me? *Thales*, the chief of the Sages, held Life and Death as Things indifferent. *Socrates*, the greatest of all the Philosophers, speaks of Death as of a Deliverance. *Solomon*, who had tasted all the Sweets of Life, condemns the whole as Vanity and Vexation : and *Cicero* (to name no more) whose Life had been a very fortunate one, assures us in his Old Age, that *if any of the Gods would frankly offer him to renew his Infancy, and live his Life over again, he would strenuously refuse it.*

But if we will be hardy enough to fly in the Face of these and numberless other such Authorities ; if we will still maintain that the Pleasures of Life have in them something truly solid, and worthy our Regard and Desire, we shall not, however, be bold enough to say, that these Pleasures are lasting, certain, or the Portion of many among us. We shall not, I apprehend, insure the Possession of them to our Friend, nor secure him from all those Evils, which, as I have before said, none have ever denied the real Existence of : nor shall we surely contend, that he may not more likely have escaped the latter, than have been deprived of the former.

I remember the most excellent of Women, and tenderest of Mothers, when, after a painful and dangerous Delivery, she was told she had a Daughter, answering ; *Good God ! have I produced a Creature who is to undergo what I have suffered !* Some Years afterwards, I heard the same Woman, on the Death of that very Child, then one of the loveliest Creatures ever seen, comforting herself with reflecting, that *her Child could never know what it was to feel such a Loss as she then lamented.*

In Reality, she was right in both Instances : and however Instinct, Youth, a Flow of Spirits,

violent Attachments; and above all, Folly may blind us, the Day of Death is (to most People at least) a Day of more Happiness than that of our Birth, as it puts an End to all those Evils which the other gave a Beginning to. So just is that Sentiment of *Solon*, which *Cræsus* afterwards experienced the Truth of, and which is couched in these Lines.

—ultima Semper

*Expectanda Dies Homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, postremaque funera debet.*

If therefore Death be no Evil, there is certainly no Reason why we should lament its having happened to our Friend : but if there be any whom neither his own Observation, nor what *Plato* hath advanced in his *Apology* for *Socrates*, in his *Crito*, and his *Phædon* ; or *Cicero*, in the first and third Books of his *Tusculan Questions* ; or *Montagne*, (if he hath a Contempt for the Ancients) can convince, that Death is not an Evil worthy our Lamentation, let such a Man comfort himself, that the Evil which his Friend hath suffered, he shall himself shortly have his Share in. As nothing can be a greater Consolation to a delicate Friendship than this, so there is nothing we may so surely depend on. A few Days may, and a few Years most infallibly will bring this about, and we shall then reap one Benefit from the Cause of our present Affliction, that we are not then to be torn from the Person we love.

These are, I think, the chief Comforts which the Voice of human Philosophy can administer to us on this Occasion. Religion goes much farther, and gives us a most delightful Assurance, that our Friend is not barely no Loser, but a Gainer

Gainer by his Dissolution ; that those Virtues and good Qualities which were the Objects of our Affection on Earth, are now become the Foundation of his Happiness and Reward in a better World.

Lastly ; It gives a Hope, the sweetest, most endearing, and ravishing, which can enter into a Mind capable of, and inflamed with, Friendship. The Hope of again meeting the beloved Person, of renewing and cementing the dear Union in Bliss everlasting. This is a Rapture which leaves the warmest Imagination at a Distance. *Who can conceive* (says *Sherlock*, in his Discourse on Death) *the melting Caresses of two Souls in Paradise ?* What are all the Trash and Trifles, the Bubbles, Bawbles and Gewgaws of this Life, to such a Meeting ? This is a Hope which no Reasoning shall ever argue me out of, nor Millions of such Worlds as this should purchase : nor can any Man shew me its absolute Impossibility, 'till he can demonstrate that it is not in the Power of the Almighty to bestow it on me.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXANDER *the* GREAT

AND

DIOGENES *the* CYNIC.

ALEXANDER.

WHAT Fellow art thou, who darest thus to lie at thy Ease in our Presence, when all others, as thou seest, rise to do us Homage? Dost thou not know us?

DIOGENES.

I cannot say I do: But by the Number of thy Attendants, by the Splendor of thy Habit; but, above all, by the Vanity of thy Appearance, and the Arrogance of thy Speech, I conceive thou may'st be *Alexander* the Son of *Philip*.

ALEXANDER.

And who can more justly challenge thy Respect, than *Alexander*, at the Head of that victorious Army, who hath performed such wonderful Exploits,

Exploits *, and under his Conduct hath subdued the World?

DIOGENES.

Who? why the Taylor who made me this old Cloak.

ALEXANDER.

Thou art an odd Fellow, and I have a Curiosity to know thy Name.

DIOGENES.

I am not ashamed of it: I am called *Diogenes*; a Name composed of as many and as well sounding Syllables as *Alexander*.

ALEXANDER.

Diogenes, I rejoyce at this Encounter. I have heard of thy Name, and been long desirous of seeing thee; in which Wish, since Fortune hath accidentally favoured me, I shall be glad of thy Conversation a-while: And that thou likewise may'st be pleased with our Meeting, ask me some Favour; and as thou knowest my Power, so shalt thou experience my Will to oblige thee.

DIOGENES.

Why then, *Alexander the Great*, I desire thee to stand from between me and the Sun; whose Beams thou hast with-held from me some Time, a Blessing which it is not in thy Power to recompence the Loss of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou hast a very shallow Opinion of my Power indeed; and, if it was a just one, I should have travelled

* This is an Anachronism: For *Diogenes* was of *Sinope*, and the Meeting between him and *Alexander* fell out while the latter was confederating the *Grecian* States in the *Peloponnese* before his *Asiatic* Expedition: But that Season would not have furnished sufficient Matter for this Dialogue; we have therefore fixed the Time of it at the Conqueror's Return from *India*.

travelled so far, undergone so much, and conquered so many Nations, to a fine Purpose truly.

DIOGENES.

That is not my Fault.

ALEXANDER.

Dost thou not know that I am able to give thee a Kingdom?

DIOGENES.

I know thou art able, if I had one, to take it from me; and I shall never place any Value on that which such as thou art can deprive me of.

ALEXANDER.

Thou dost speak vainly in Contempt of a Power which no other Man ever yet arrived at. Hath the *Granicus* yet recovered the bloody Colour with which I contaminated its Waves? Are not the Fields of *Iffus* and *Artela* still white with human Bones? Will *Susa* shew no Monuments of my Victory? Are *Darius* and *Porus* Names unknown to thee? Have not the Groans of those Millions reached thy Ears, who but for the Valour of this Heart, and the Strength of this Arm, had still enjoyed Life and Tranquillity. Hath then this Son of *Jupiter*, this Conqueror of the World, adored by his Followers, dreaded by his Foes, and worshipped by All, lived to hear his Power contemned, and the Offer of his Favour slighted, by a poor Philosopher, a wretched Cynic, whose Cloak appears to be his only Possession!

DIOGENES.

I retort the Charge of Vanity on thyself, proud *Alexander*; for how vainly dost thou endeavour to raise thyself on the Monuments of thy Disgrace! I acknowledge, indeed, all the Exploits thou hast recounted, and the Millions thou hast to thy eternal Shame destroyed. But is it hence
thou

thou wouldst claim *Jupiter* for thy Father? Hath not then every Plague or pestilential Vapour the same Title? If thou art the Dread of Wretches to whom Death appears the greatest of Evils, is not every mortal Disease the same? And if thou hast the Adoration of thy servile Followers, do they offer thee more, than they are ready to pay every Tinsel Ornament, or empty Title? Is then the Fear or Worship of Slaves of so great Honour, when at the same Time thou art the Contempt of every brave honest Man, tho', like me, an old Cloak should be his only Possession?

ALEXANDER.

Thou seemest, to my Apprehension, to be ignorant, that in professing this Disregard for the Glory I have so painfully atchieved, thou art undermining the Foundation of all that Honour, which is the Encouragement to, and Reward of, every Thing truly great and noble: For in what doth all Honour, Glory, and Fame consist, but in the Breath of that Multitude, whose Estimation with such ill-grounded Scorn thou dost affect to despise. A Reward which hath ever appeared sufficient to inflame the Ambition of high and exalted Souls; tho' from their Meanness, low Minds may be incapable of tasting, or rather, for which Pride from the Despair of attaining it may inspire thee to feign a false and counterfeit Disdain. What other Reward than this have all those Heroes propos'd to themselves, who rejecting the Enjoyments which Ease, Riches, Pleasure, and Power, have held forth to them in their native Country, have deserted their Homes, and all those Things which to vulgar Mortals appear lovely or desirable, and in Defiance of Difficulty and Danger, invaded and spoiled the
Cities

Cities and Territories of others ; when their Anger hath been provoked by no Injury, nor their Hope inspired by the Prospect of any other Good than of this very Glory and Honour, this Adoration of Slaves, which thou, from having never tasted its Sweets, hast treated with Contempt.

DIOGENES.

Thy own Words have convinced me, (stand a little more out of the Sun, if you please) that thou hast not the least Idea of true Honour. Was it to depend on the Suffrages of such Wretches, it would indeed be that contemptible Thing which you represent it to be estimated in my Opinion : But true Honour is of a different Nature ; it results from the secret Satisfaction of our own Minds, and is decreed us by Wise Men and the Gods ; it is the Shadow of Wisdom and Virtue, and is inseparable from them : Nor is it either in thy Power to deserve, nor in that of thy Followers to bestow. As for such Heroes as thou hast named, who, like thyself, were born the Curfes of Mankind, I readily agree they pursue another kind of Glory, even that which thou hast mentioned, the Applause of their Slaves and Sy-cophants ; in this Instance indeed their Masters, since they bestow on them the Reward, such as it is, of all their Labours.

ALEXANDER.

However, as you would persuade me you have so clear a Notion of my Honour, I would be glad to be on a Par with you, by conceiving some Idea of yours ; which I can never obtain of the Shadow, till I have some clearer Knowledge of the Substance, and understand in what your Wisdom and Virtue consist.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

Not in ravaging Countries, burning Cities,
plundering and massacring Mankind.

ALEXANDER.

No, rather in biting and snarling at them.

DIOGENES.

I snarl at them because of their Vice and Folly;
in a word, because there are among them many
such as Thee and thy Followers.

ALEXANDER.

If thou wouldst confess the Truth, Envy is the
true Source of all thy Bitterness; it is that which
begets thy Hatred, and from Hatred comes thy
Railing: Whereas the Thirst of Glory only is my
Motive. I hate not those whom I attack, as plain-
ly appears by the Clemency I shew to them when
they are conquered.

DIOGENES.

Thy Clemency is Cruelty. Thou givest to one
what thou hast by Violence and Plunder taken
from another: And in so doing, thou only raisest
him to be again the Mark of Fortune's Caprice,
and to be tumbled down a second Time by thy-
self, or by some other like thee. My Snarling is
the Effect of my Love; in order, by my Invec-
tives against Vice, to frighten Men from it, and
drive them into the Road of Virtue.

ALEXANDER.

For which Purpose thou hast forsworn Society,
and art retired to preach to Trees and Stones.

DIOGENES.

I have left Society, because I cannot endure the
Evils I see and detest in it.

ALEXANDER.

Rather because thou canst not enjoy the Good
thou dost covet in it. For the same Reason I have
left

left my own Country, which afforded not sufficient Food for my Ambition.

DIOGENES.

But I come not, like thee, abroad to rob and plunder others. Thy Ambition hath destroyed a Million, whereas I have never occasioned the Death of a single Man.

ALEXANDER.

Because thou hast not been able : But thou hast done all within thy Power, by cursing and devoting to Destruction almost as many as I have conquered. Come, come, thou art not the poor-spirited Fellow thou wouldst appear. There is more Greatness of Soul in thee than at present shines forth. Poor Circumstances are Clouds which often conceal and obscure the brightest Minds. Pride will not suffer thee to confess Passions which Fortune hath not put it in thy Power to gratify. It is therefore that thou deniest Ambition : for hadst thou a Soul as capacious as mine, I see no better Way which thy humble Fortune would allow thee of feeding its Ambition, than what thou hast chosen : for when alone in this Retreat which thou hast chosen, thou may'st contemplate thy own Greatness. Here no stronger Rival will contend with thee ; nor can the hateful Objects of superior Power, Riches, or Happiness, invade thy Sight. But, be honest and confess, had Fortune placed thee at the Head of a *Macedonian Army*.——

DIOGENES.

Had Fortune placed me at the Head of the World, it could not have raised me in my own Opinion. And is this mighty Soul, which is, it seems, so much more capacious than mine, obliged at last to support its Superiority on the Backs
of

of a Multitude of armed Slaves? And who in Reality have gained these Conquests, and gathered all these Lawrels, of which thou art so vain? Hadst thou alone past into *Asia*, the Empire of *Darius* had still stood unshaken. But tho' *Alexander* had never been born, who will say the same Troops might not, under some other General, have done as great, or perhaps greater Mischief? The Honour therefore, such as it is, is by no means justly thy own. Thou usurpest the whole, when thou art, at most, entitled to an equal Share only. It is not then *Alexander*, but *Alexander* and his Army are superior to *Diogenes*. And in what are they his Superiors? In brutal Strength — in which they would be again excelled by an equal Number of Lions, or Wolves, or Tygers. An Army which would be able to do as much more Mischief than themselves, as they are than *Diogenes*.

ALEXANDER.

Then thy Grief broke forth. Thou hatest us because we can do more Mischief than thyself. And in this I see thou claimest the Precedence over me; that I make use of others as the Instruments of my Conquests, whereas all thy Raillery and Curfes against Mankind, proceed only out of thy own Mouth. And if I alone am not able to conquer the World, thou alone art able to curse it.

DIOGENES.

If I desired to curse it effectually, I have nothing more to do, than to wish thee long Life and Prosperity.

ALEXANDER.

But then thou must wish well to an Individual, which is contrary to thy Nature, who hatest all.

DIOGENES.

DIOGENES.

Thou art mistaken. Long Life, to such as thee, is the greatest of Curses : for, to mortify thy Pride effectually, know there is not in thy whole Army, no, nor among all the Objects of thy Triumph, one equally miserable with thyself : For if the Satisfaction of violent Desires be Happiness, and a total Failure of Success in most eager Pursuits, Misery, (which cannot, I apprehend, be doubted) what can be more miserable, than to entertain Desires which we know never can be satisfied ? And this a little Reflection will teach thee is thy own Case : For what are thy Desires ? not Pleasure ; with that *Macedonia* would have furnished thee. Not Riches ; for capacious as thy Soul is, if it had been all filled with Avarice, the Wealth of *Darius* would have contented it. Not Power ; for then the Conquest of *Porus*, and the extending thy Arms to the farthest Limits of the World †, must have satisfied thy Ambition. Thy Desire consists in nothing certain, and therefore with nothing certain can be gratified. It is as restless as Fire, which still consumes whatever comes in its Way, without determining where to stop. How contemptible must thy own Power appear to thee, when it cannot give thee the Possession of thy Wish ; but how much more contemptible thy Understanding, which cannot enable thee to know certainly what that Wish is ?

ALEXANDER.

I can at least comprehend thine, and can grant it. I like thy Humour, and will deserve thy Friendship. I know the *Athenians* have affronted thee, have condemned thy Philosophy, and suspected

† Which was then known to the *Greeks*.

ed thy Morals. I will revenge thy Cause on them. I will lead my Army back, and punish their ill Usage of thee. Thou thyself shalt accompany us ; and when thou beholdest their City in Flames, shalt have the Triumph of proclaiming, that thy just Resentment hath brought this Calamity on them.

DIOGENES.

They do indeed deserve it at my Hands ; and tho' Revenge is not what I profess, yet the Punishment of such Dogs may be of good Example. I therefore embrace thy Offer : but let us not be particular, let *Corinth* and *Lacedæmon* share the same Fate. They are both the Nests of Vermin only, and Fire alone will purify them. Gods ! what a Delight it will be to see the Rascals, who have so only in Derision call'd me a snarling Cur, roasting in their own Houses.

ALEXANDER.

Yet, on a second Consideration, would it not be wiser to preserve the Cities, especially *Corinth*, which is so full of Wealth, and only massacre the Inhabitants ?

DIOGENES.

D——n their Wealth, I despise it.

ALEXANDER.

Well then, let it be given to the Soldiers ; as the Demolition of it will not increase the Punishment of the Citizens, when we have cut their Throats.

DIOGENES.

True——Then you may give some of it to the Soldiers : but as the Dogs have formerly insulted me with their Riches, I will, if you please, retain a little — perhaps a Moiety, or not much more, to my own Use. It will give me at least an Opportunity of shewing the World, I can despise

spite Riches when I possess them, as much as I did before in my Poverty.

ALEXANDER.

Art not thou a true Dog? Is this thy Contempt of Wealth? This thy Abhorrence of the Vices of Mankind? To sacrifice three of the noblest Cities of the World to thy Wrath and Revenge! And hast thou the Impudence to dispute any longer the Superiority with me, who have it in my Power to punish my Enemies with Death, while thou only canst persecute with evil Wishes.

DIOGENES.

I have still the same Superiority over thee, which thou dost challenge over thy Soldiers. I would have made thee the Tool of my Purpose. But I will discourse no longer with thee; for I now despise and curse thee more than I do all the World besides. And may Perdition seize thee, and all thy Followers.

Here some of the Army would have fallen upon him, but Alexander interposed.

ALEXANDER.

Let him alone. I admire his Obstinacy; nay, I almost envy it.——Farewel, old Cynic; and if it will flatter thy Pride, be assured, I esteem thee so much, that *was I not Alexander, I could desire to be Diogenes.*

DIOGENES.

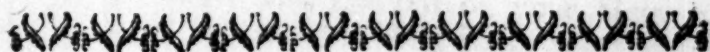
Go to the Gibbet, and take with thee as a Mortification; that *was I not Diogenes, I could almost content myself with being Alexander.*

AN



A N
INTERLUDE
BETWEEN
JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,
and MERCURY.

Which was originally intended as an
INTRODUCTION
TO A
COMEDY,
CALLED,
JUPITER'S *Descent on Earth.*



INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JOSIAH, JENNY, ANTONIO,
AND MERCURY

Which was originally intended as an

INTRODUCTION

TO A

COMEDY,

CALLED

JOSIAH, JENNY, ANTONIO, AND MERCURY.

BY J. W. WALKER.

A N

INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,
and MERCURY.

SCENE I.

JUPITER, JUNO.

JUPITER.

PRAY be pacified.

Juno. It is intolerable, insufferable, and
I never will submit to it.

Jup. But, my Dear.

Juno. Good Mr. *Jupiter*, leave off that odious
Word: You know I detest it. Use it to the
Trollop *Venus*, and the rest of your Sluts. It
sounds most agreeable to their Ears, but it is nau-
seous to a Goddess of strict Virtue.

Jup. Madam, I do not doubt your Virtue.

Juno.

Juno. You don't? That is, I suppose, humbly insinuating that others do: But who are their Divinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither *Diana*, nor *Minerva*, I am well assured; both of whom pity me; for they know your Tricks; they can neither of them keep a Maid of Honour for you. I desire you will treat me with Good-Manners, at least. I should have had that, if I had married a Mortal, tho' he had spent my Fortune, and lain with my Chamber-Maids, as you suffer Men to do with Impunity, highly to your Honour be it spoken.

Jup. Faith! Madam, I know but one Way to prevent them, which is, by annihilating Mankind; and I fancy your Friends below, the Ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that Favour at my Hands.

Juno. I desire you would not reflect on my Friends below; it is very well known, I never shewed any Favour, but to those of the purest, unspotted Characters. And all my Acquaintance, when I have been on the Earth, have been of that Kind: for I never return a Visit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no Inclination to find Fault with the Women of the Earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno. Yes, the Trollops of the Earth, such as *Venus* converses with. You never shew any Civility to my Favourites, nor make the Men do it.

Jup. My Dear, give me Leave to say, your Favourites are such, that Man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the Preference: For when I moulded up the Clay of Man, I put not one Ingredient in to make him in Love with Uglinefs, which is one of the most glaring Qualities in all your Favourites, whom I have
ever

ever seen ; and you must not wonder, while you have such Favourites, that the Men slight them.

Juno. The Men slight them ! I'd have you know, Sir, they slight the Men ; and I can, at this Moment, hear not less than a Thousand railing at Mankind.

Jup. Ay, as I hear at this Instant several grave black Gentlemen railing at Riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same Time.

Juno. Very fine ! very civil ! I understand your Comparison.—Well, Sir, you may go on giving an Example of a bad Husband, but I will not give the Example of a tame Wife ; and if you will not make Men better, I will go down to the Earth, and make Women worse ; that every House may be too hot for a Husband, as I will shortly make Heaven for you.

Jup. That I believe you will—but if you begin your Project of making Women worse, I will take *Hymen*, and hang him ; for I will take some Care of my Votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.

Enter APOLLO.

Apol. Mr. *Jupiter*, Good-morrow to you.

Jup. *Apollo*, how dost thou ?—You are a wise Deity, *Apollo* ; prithee will you answer me one Question ?

Apol. To my best Ability.

Jup. You have been much conversant with the Affairs of Men, What dost thou think the foolishhest Thing a Man can do ?

Apol. Turn Poet.

Jup. That is honest enough, as it comes from the God of Poets : But you have miss'd the Mark ;

VOL. I.

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for

for certainly, the foolishhest Thing a Man can do, is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a God? who, besides that he ought to be wiser than Man, is tied for ever by his Immortality, and has not the Chance which you have given to Man, of getting rid of his Wife.

Jup. *Apollo*, thy Reproof is just; but let us talk of something else: for when I am out of the hearing my Wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of those Books I brought you, just sent me by my Votaries upon Earth?

Jup. I have read them all.—The Poem is extremely fine, and the Similes most beautiful.—There is indeed one little Fault in the Similes.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the least Resemblance between the Things compared together.

Apol. One half of the Simile is good, however.

Jup. The Dedications please me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent Men upon Earth.—There is one whom I find two or three Authors agree to be much better than any of us in Heaven are. This Discovery, together with my Wife's Tongue, has determined me to make a Trip to the Earth, and spend some Time in such God-like Company. *Apollo*, will you go with me?

Apol. I would with all my heart, but I shall be of Disservice to you; for when I was last on Earth, tho' I heard of these People, I could not get Admission to any of them; you had better take *Plutus* with you, he is acquainted with them all.

Jup.

Jup. Hang him, proud Rascal, of all the Deities he is my Aversion : I would have kick'd him out of Heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his Residence entirely upon the Earth, he would foment a Rebellion against me.

Apol. Your Fear has too just a Ground, for the God of Riches has more Interest there, than all the other Gods put together : Nay, he has supplanted us in all our Provinces ; he gives Wit to Men I never heard of, and Beauty to Women *Venus* never saw—Nay, he ventures to make free with *Mars* himself ; and sometimes, they tell me, puts Men at the Head of Military Affairs, who never saw an Enemy, nor of whom an Enemy ever could see any other than the Back.

Jup. Faith ! it is surprizing, that a God whom I sent down to Earth when I was angry with Mankind, and who has done them more Hurt than all the other Deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their Favour.

Apol. You may thank yourself, you might have made Man wiser if you would.

Jup. What, to laugh at ? No, *Apollo*, believe me, Man far outdoes my Intention ; and when I read in those little Histories called Dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager to be with him, that I may make another Promotion to the Stars ; and here comes my Son of Fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[*MERCURY kneels.*]

Merc. Pray, Father *Jupiter*, be pleased to bless me.

Jup. I do, my Boy. What Part of Heaven, pray, have you been spending your Time in?

Merc. With some Ladies of your Acquaintance,

Apollo. I have been at Blind-man's-buff with the Nine Muses: But before we began to play, we had charming Sport between Miss *Thally* and one of the Poets: Such a Scene of Courtship or Invocation as you call it. Say, O *Thalia*, cries the Bard; and then he scratches his Head: And then, Say, O *Thalia*, again; and repeated it an hundred times over; but the devil a Word would she say.

Apol. She's a humourfome little Jade, and if she takes it into her Head to hold her Tongue, not all the Poets on Earth can open her Lips.

Jup. I wish *Juno* had some of her Frolicks, with all my Heart.

Merc. No, my Mother-in-law is of a Humour quite contrary——

Jup. Ay; for which Reason I intend to make an Elopement from her, and pay a short Visit to our Friends on Earth. Son *Mercury*, you shall along with me.

Merc. Sir, I am at your Disposal: But pray, what is the Reason of this Visit?

Jup. Partly my Wife's Temper, and partly some Informations I have lately received, of the prodigious Virtue of Mankind; which if I find as great as represented, I believe I shall leave Madam *Juno* for Good-and-all, and live entirely amongst Men.

Merc. I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the Company of these virtuous Men; for I am quite weary of the little Rogues you put me at the Head of. The last time I was on the Earth, I believe I had three Sets of my Acquaintance hang'd in one Year's Revolution, and not one
Man

Man of any reputable Condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, Sir, I will be God of Rogues no longer, if you suffer it to be an establish'd Maxim, that no Rich Man can be a Rogue.

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling Cloaths, order my Charge, and be ready for you in half an Hour.

S C E N E IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

Merc. Do you know the true Reason of this Expedition?

Apol. The great Virtue of Mankind, he tells us.

Merc. The little Virtue of Womankind rather—Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge a Step after human Virtue: Besides, where the devil should he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late Dedications of my Votaries.

Merc. Of my Votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my Title to the Dedications, as the God of Thieves. You make no Distinction, I hope, between robbing with a Pistol and with a Pen.

Apol. My Votaries Robbers, Mr. Mercury?

Merc. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my Lord Chancellor *Midas* decree me the Lawyers for the same Reason. Would not he be a Rogue who should take a Man's Money for persuading him he was a Lord or a Baronet, when he knew he was no such Thing? Is not he equally such, who picks

his Pocket by heaping Virtues on him which he knows he has no Title to? These Fellows prevent the very Use of Praise, which while only the Reward of Virtue, will always invite Men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be despised by the True Deserving, equally with a Ribbon or a Feather, which may be bought by any one in a Milliner's or a Minister's Shop.

Apol. Very well! At this Rate you will rob me of all my Panegyrical Writers.

Merc. Ay, and of your Satirical Writers too, at least a great many of 'em; for unjust Satire is as bad as unjust Panegyrick.

Apol. If it is unjust indeed—But, Sir, I hope you have no Claim to my Writers of Plays, Poems, which have neither Satire nor Panegyrick in 'em.

Merc. Yes, Sir, to all who are Thieves and steal from one another.

Apol. Methinks, Sir, you should not reflect thus on Wits to me, who am the God of Wit.

Merc. Hey-day, Sir, nor you on Thieves, to me who am the God of Thieves. We have no such Reason to quarrel about our Votaries, they are much of the same Kind: For as it is a Proverb, That all Poets are poor; so is it a Maxim, That all poor Men are Rogues.

Apol. Sir, Sir, I have Men of Quality that write.

Merc. Yes, Sir, and I have Men of Quality that rob; but neither are the one Poets, or the other Rogues: For as the one can write without Wit, so can the other rob without Roguery. They call it Privilege, I think, *Jupiter* I suppose gave it them; and instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a Petition to my Father that he would
revoke

revoke it, and put them on a Footing with our other Votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him any thing against Mankind at present, he is in such Good-humour with them; if they should sour his Temper, at his Return perhaps he may be willing to do us Justice.

Merc. It shall be my Fault if he is not in a worse Humour with them; at least, I will take care he shall not be deceived: And that might happen; for Men are such Hypocrites, that the greatest Part deceive even themselves, and are much worse than they think themselves to be.

Apol. And *Jupiter* you know, tho' he is the greatest, is far from being the wisest of the Gods.

Merc. His own Honesty makes him the less suspicious of others; for, except in regard to Women, he is as honest a Fellow as any Deity in all the *Elysian Fields*: But I shall make him wait for me—Dear Mr. *Apollo*, I am your humble Servant.

Apol. My dear *Mercury*, a good Journey to you; at your Return, I shall be glad to drink a Bottle of Nectar with you.

Merc. I shall be proud to kiss your Hands.

reference to the fact that the
other members of the
committee were not present
at the meeting held on the
21st inst. at which time the
committee reported to the
board of directors. The
report was read and the
board of directors resolved
to refer the same to the
committee on the subject
of the proposed amendment
to the constitution of the
association. The committee
will report to the board
at the next meeting.

FORWARDED

EURTDICE,

A
FARCE:

As it was d—mned

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Dramatis Personæ.

PLUTO.

ORPHEUS.

PROSERPINE.

EURYDICE.

CHARON.

GHOSTS, &c.



EURYDICE.

(The Musick-Bell rings.)

Enter the Author in a Hurry. A Critick following.

AUTHOR.

HOLD, hold, Mr. *Chetwood*; don't ring for the Overture yet, the Devil is not dressed. He has but just put on his cloven Foot.

Crit. Well, Sir, how do you find yourself? In what State are your Spirits?

Auth. Oh! never better. If the Audience are but in half so good a Humour, I warrant for the Success of my Farce.

Crit. I wish it may succeed; but as it is built (you say) on so ancient a Story as that of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, I fear some part of the Audience may not be acquainted with it. Would it not have been adviseable to have writ a Sheet or two by a Friend, address'd to the Spectators of *Eurydice*, and let them a little into the matter?

Auth.

Auth. No, No ; any Man may know as much of the Story as myself, only by looking at the End of *Littleton's* Dictionary, whence I took it. Besides, Sir, the Story is vulgarly known. Who has not heard that *Orpheus* went down to the Shades after his Wife who was dead, and so enchanted *Proserpine* with his Music, that she consented he should carry her back, with a Proviso he never turned to look on her in his Way, which he could not refrain from, and so lost her ?—Dear Sir, every School-Boy knows it.

Crit. But for the Instruction of those Beaus who never were at School.

Auth. They may learn it from those who have. If you will secure me from the Critics, I don't fear the Beaus.

Crit. Why, Sir, half the Beaus are Critics.

Auth. Ay ! s'Gad, I should as soon have suspected half the *Dutchmen* to be Dancing-Masters. If I had known this, I would have spared them a little. I must leave out the first Scene, I believe.

Crit. Why that ?

Auth. Why, it is a Scene between the Ghosts of two Beaus. And if the Substance of a Beau be such an unsubstantial Thing, as we see it, what must the Shadow of that Substance be ?

Crit. Ha, ha, ha. Ridiculous.

Auth. Ay, I think so. I think, we do come up to the Ridiculous in our Farce, and that is what a Farce ought to be, and all it ought to be : for as your Beaus set up for Critics, so these Critics on Farces may set up for Beaus. But come, I believe by this, the Devil and the Ghosts are ready, so now, Mr. *Chetwood*, you may ring away. Sir, if you please to sit down with me between the Scenes, I shall be glad of your Opinion of my Piece.

(*They sit : The Ouverture is played.*)

Crit.

Crit. Pray, Sir, who are these two Gentlemen that stand ready to rush on the Stage? Are they the two Ghosts you mention?

Auth. Yes, Sir, they are. *Mr. Spindle* and *Captain Weazel*, the one belongs to the Court, the other to the Army; and they are the Representatives of their several Bodies. You must know farther, the one has been dead some time, the other but just departed: but hush, they are gone on.

Enter Capt. WEAZEL, Mr. SPINDLE.

Capt. Weazel. *Mr. Spindle*, your very humble Servant. You are welcome, Sir, on this side the *River Styx*. I am glad to see you dead, with all my heart.

Mr. Spin. *Capt. Weazel*, I thank you. I hope you are well.

Capt. Weaz. As well as a dead Man can be, my Dear.

Mr. Spin. And faith! that's better than any living Man can be, at least any living Beau. Dead Men (they say) feels no Pain; and I am sure, we Beaus, while alive, feel little else: but however at last, thanks to a little Fever and a great Doctor, I have shaken off a bad Constitution; and now I intend to take one dear Swing of Raking, Drinking, Whoring, and playing the Devil, as I have done in the other World.

Capt. Weaz. I suppose then you think this World exactly like that you have left?

Mr. Spin. Why, you have Whores here, have you not?

Capt. Weaz. Oh, in abundance.

Mr. Spin. Give me a Buss for that, my Dear. And some of our Acquaintance, fine Ladies, are there not?

Capt. Weaz. Ay, scarce any other.

Mr. Spin.

Mr. *Spin.* Thou dear Dog ! Well, and how dost thou lead thy Life, thy Death I should say, among 'em ?

Capt. *Weaz.* Faith ! *Jack*, even as I led my Life, between Cards, Dice, Music, Taverns, Wenches, Masquerades.

Mr. *Spin.* Masquerades ! Have you those too.

Capt. *Weaz.* Those ! Ay, they were borrowed hence.

Mr. *Spin.* What a delicious Place this Hell is !

Capt. *Weaz.* Sir, it is the only Place a fine Gentleman ought to be in.

Mr. *Spin.* How it was misrepresented to us in the other World.

Capt. *Weaz.* Pshaw ! that Hell did not belong to our Religion ; for you and I *Jack*, you know, and most of our Acquaintance were always Heathens.

Mr. *Spin.* Well : but what sort of a Fellow is the old Gentleman, the Devil, hey ?

Capt. *Weaz.* Is he ? Why a very pretty sort of a Gentleman, a very fine Gentleman ; but, my Dear, you have seen him five hundred times already. The Moment I saw him here, I remembered to have seen him shuffle Cards at *White's* and *George's* ; to have met him often on the *Exchange* and in the *Alley*, and never missed him in or about *Westminster-Hall*. I will introduce you to him.

Mr. *Spin.* Ay do. And tell him I was hanged, that will recommend me to him.

Capt. *Weaz.* No, hanged, no ; then he will take you for a poor Rogue, a sort of People he abominates so, that there are scarce any of them here. No, if you would recommend yourself to him, tell him you deserved to be hanged, and was too great for the Law.

Mr. *Spin.* Won't he find me out ?

Capt.

Capt. *Weaz.* If he does, nothing pleases him so much as Lying; for which reason, he is so fond of no sort of People as the Lawyers.

Mr. *Spin.* Methinks, he might, for the same Reason, be fond of us Courtiers too.

Capt. *Weaz.* Sir, we have no Cause to complain of our Reception.

Mr. *Spin.* But have you no News here *Jack*?

Capt. *Weaz.* Yes, truly we have some, and pretty remarkable News too. Here is a Man come hither after his Wife.

Mr. *Spin.* What! to desire the Devil to take great care of her, that she may not come back again?

Capt. *Weaz.* No, really, to desire her back again; and 'tis thought he will obtain his Request.

Mr. *Spin.* Ay; he must be a hard-hearted Devil indeed, to deny a Man such a Request as that.

Capt. *Weaz.* Did you never hear of him in the other World; he is a very fine Singer, and his Name is *Orpheus*.

Mr. *Spin.* Oh ah! he's an *Italian*. Signior *Orpheo*.—I have heard him sing in the Opera in *Italy*. I suppose when he goes back again they will have him in *England*. But who have we here?

Capt. *Weaz.* This is the Woman I spoke of, Madam *Eurydice*.

Mr. *Spin.* Faith! she is handsome, and if she had been any body's Wife but my own, I would have come hither for her with all my heart.

Auth. That Sentiment compleats the Character of my Courtier, who is so complaisant, that he sins only to comply with the Mode; and goes to the Devil, not out of any Inclination, but because it is the Fashion. Now for Madam *Eurydice*, who is the fine Lady of my Play: And a fine Lady she is, or I am mistaken.

Enter

Enter EURYDICE.

Eur. Capt. *Weazel*, your very humble Servant.

Capt. *Weaz.* Your Servant, Lady Fair. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, desires the Honour of kissing your Hands.

Eur. Any Gentleman of your Acquaintance. From England, I presume.

Mr. *Spin.* Just arrived thence, Madam.

Eur. You have not been at Court yet, Sir, I suppose. You will meet with a very hearty Welcome from his Majesty. He has a particular Kindness for People of your Nation.

Mr. *Spin.* I hope, Madam, we shall always deserve it.

Capt. *Weaz.* But I hope the News is not true, that we are to lose you, Madam *Eurydice*.

Eur. How can you doubt it, when my Husband is come after me? Do you think *Pluto* can refuse me, or that I can refuse to go back with a Husband who came hither for me?

Mr. *Spin.* Faith! I don't know; but if a Husband was to go back to the other World after his Wife, I believe, he would scarce persuade her to come hither with him.

Eur. Oh but, Sir, this Place alters us much for the better. Women are quite different Creatures after they have been here some time.

Capt. *Weaz.* And so you will go?

Eur. It is not in my power. You know it is positively against the Law of the Realm. In desiring to go, I discharge the Duty of a Wife. And if the Devil won't let me, I can't help it.

Capt. *Weaz.* I am afraid of the Power of his Voice, I wish he be able to resist that Charm; and I fancy, if you was to confess ingenuously, it is his Voice that charms you to go back again.

Eur.

Eur. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken. I do not think the Merit of a Man, like that of a Nightingale, lies in his Throat. It is true, he has a fine Pipe, and if you will carry your Friend to Court this Morning, he may hear him ; but though it is possible my Heart may have its weak Sides, I solemnly protest no one will ever reach it through my Ears.

Mr. Spin. That's strange : for it is the only Way to all the Ladies Hearts in the other World.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha ! I find you Beaus know just as much of a Woman as you ever did. Do you imagine when a Lady expires at an Opera, she thinks of the Signor that's singing ? No, no, take my Word for it, Music puts softer and better Things in her Head.

A I R I.

Do not ask me, *Charming Phillis.*

When a Woman lies expiring

at fal, la, la, la, la.

Do you think her, Sir, desiring

nothing more than ha, ha, ha ?

[*Exit between the Beaus.*]

Crit. If you will give me leave, Sir, I think you have not enough distinguished the Character of your Courtier from your Soldier.

Auth. What Soldier ! Have you mistaken my Army-Beau for a Soldier ? You might as well take a Temple-Beau for a Lawyer. Sir, a Beau is a Beau still, whatever Profession he belongs to ; the Beaus in all Professions differ in nothing but in Dress ; and therefore, Sir, to distinguish the Character of my Army-Beau from my Court-Beau, I
clap

clap a Cockade into his Hat, and that is all the Distinction I can make between them.——But mum: *Pluto* is going on.

S C E N E, *The Court of Pluto.*

Enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, and ORPHEUS.

Pluto. Indeed, Friend *Orpheus*, I am concerned I cannot grant your Request without infringing the Laws of my Realm. Ask me any thing else, and be certain of obtaining: Riches, Power, or whatever is in my Gift. Indeed, you ought to be contented with the common Fate of Men. Consider you had the Possession of your Wife something more than a Twelvemonth.

Prof. Long enough, I am sure, for any poor Woman to be confined within the Fetters of Matrimony.

Pluto. Is it possible that that Voice, which can lull the Cares of every other asleep, should not be able to assuage those of your own Breast?

Auth. Now for a Taste of *Recitativo*. My Farce is an *Ogllo* of Tid-Bits.

Orpheus, (in Recitativo.)

*Curst be the cruel Scissars of the Fates,
That snipt her Thread of Life, and curst that Law
Which now forbids her to my Arms.
No, cruel King, detain your offer'd Wealth,
And hang my Harp forsaken in your Realm:
For all Things uselefs are to me
Without Eurydice.*

A I R.

AIR II.

I.

*Riches, can you Ease restore,
Riches makes me wish the more
The Possession of my Sweet,
To bestow them at her Feet.*

II.

*What Relief in softest Lays
Warbling all my Charmer's Praise,
Bidding fiercer Passion rise
Teaching Languish to my Eyes.*

III.

*Then can Wealth and Music please,
When my Charmer smiles at these;
But lest Envy these bemoan,
Give me, give me her alone.*

Pluto. (in Raptures) O caro, caro:—(What shall I do? If I hear another Song I am vanquished. Should he desire thee, my Dear, I could hardly deny him.) [*Aside to Proserpine..*

Prof. That may possibly be, my Dear, (and I wish he would with all my heart.) [*Aside.*

Pluto. Consider, Child, there is no danger in the Precedent: for as he is the first Man who ever desired to have his Wife again, it is possible he may be the last.

Prof. I own the Request odd enough; nor do I know any Miracle that would equal it, unless she should consent to go along with him, which I much question: for I don't remember to have ever heard her mention her Husband's Name 'till his
Arrival.

Arrival here. And though you may make free with your own Laws and your own People, I hope, Mr. *Pluto*, you will not usurp any Authority over mine. By *Styx*, if you give one dead Wife back again to her Husband, against her Will, I will make Hell too hot to hold you.

Pluto. Do not be in a Passion, my Dear.

Prof. My Dear, I will be in a Passion. Shall you prescribe to me what to be in?

Pluto. You need not fear the Loss of your Subjects; tho' you should promise to return every Wife that was asked.

Prof. How, Sir, have I not several Widows, whose Jointures died with them; whose Husbands would not only ask, but walk hither barefoot to get them again? But you are always despising my Subjects. I am sure no Goddess of Quality was ever used as I am. It would never be believed upon Earth, that the Devil is a worse Husband than any there.

Auth. Considering where the Scene lies, I think these Sentiments are not *mal-à-propos*.

Enter EURYDICE, WEAZEL, SPINDLE. WEAZEL introduces SPINDLE to PLUTO and PROSERPINE. EURYDICE goes to ORPHEUS.

Orpheus, (Recitativo.)

*Oh my Eurydice! the cruel King,
Still obdurate, refuses to my Arms
The Repossession of my Love.*

Eurydice, (Recitativo.)

*Unkind Fate,
So soon to put an end to all our Joys!*

And

*And barbarous Law of Erebus
That will not reinstate us in our Bliss.*

Orph. *And must you stay?*

Eur. *And must you go?*

Orph. *Oh no!*

Eur. *'Tis so.*

Orph. *Oh no!*

Eur. *'Tis so.*

Crit. Why does Eurydice speak in Recitative?

Auth. Out of Complacence to her Husband.

*As you will find her behave through my whole
Piece, like a very polite and well-bred Lady.—
I intend this Couple as a Contrast to the Devil
and his Wife.*

A I R III.

Orph. *Farewel, ye Groves and Mountains,
Ye once delightful Fountains,
Where my Charmer used to stray,
Where in gentle am'rous Play,
Wanton, willing,
Burning, billing,
Ever chearful, ever gay,
We have spent the Summer-Day.*

II.

*Where Herds forgot their lowing,
And Trees forgot their blowing,
Joining with the fleecy Flocks,
And the hard and massy Rocks,
All came prancing,
Skipping, dancing:
Not the Magic of my Song
But thy Eyes drew all along.*

Pluto

Pluto. I am conquered ; by *Styx*, you shall have her back. Take my Wife too, take every thing ; another Song, and take my Crown.

Prof. Hold, hold, not so generous, good King *Pluto*. If the young Lady pleases to return with her Husband, as you have sworn by *Styx*, she may.

Auth. There, Sir, there. I have carried the Power of Musick beyond *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, and all of them ; I have made it inspire a Man to get the better of his Wife.

Prof. But I insist on her Consent being asked.

Spind. to *Weaz.* I find in Hell the grey Mare is the better Horse.

Weaz. Yes, faith ! *Jack*, and no where else, I believe.

Orph. Thanks most infernal Majesty ;
I ask no greater Boon.

Eur. You may depend too surely on your *Eurydice*, to doubt her Consent to whatever would make you happy. But——it is a long way from hence to the other World ; and you know, by Experience, my Dear, I am an exceeding bad Traveller.

Orph. I'll carry you on my Shoulders.

Eur. Oh dear Creature ! your Shoulders would fail, indeed, they would. And if I should be taken sick on the Road, what should I do ? indeed in this World, I might make a tolerable shift ; but on the other side the River *Styx*, if I was fainting no publick House dare sell me a Dram.

Orph. I will buy two Gallons, and carry them with me.

Eur. Life, Child, is so very uncertain, that who knows but as soon as I am got hence, I may be summoned back the next Day ; and consider,
what

what an intolerable Fatigue two such Journeys taken together would be.

Orph. Is it not a Journey which I have undertaken for you ?

Eur. Oh you great Creature, you ! You are a Man, and I am a poor weak Woman. I hope you don't compare your Strength with mine. Besides, if I was able to go, it is really so much better to be here than to be married, that I must be mighty silly to think of returning. — Indeed, dear *Orphy*, I should be ashamed to shew my Face after it.

AIR IV.

*Oh Lud ! I should be quite asham'd,
My former Friends to see ;
In an Assembly if I'm nam'd,
They'd point and cry, that's she.*

*From Husbands when 'tis thought so fine
For Wives to run away,
Should I return again with mine,
What can the World all say ?*

Orph. Can you go then, will you refuse me ?

Eur. My Dear, you know I always hated to refuse you so much, that I hated you should ask me any thing ; if it was reasonable I should do it of my own accord ; but I never will be persuaded out of my Reason.

AIR V.

Orph. That Marriage is a great Evil,
Who'll ever dispute more in Life,

When

*When they bear I've prevail'd on the
Devil,*

*And cannot prevail on my Wife,
Poor Man !*

And cannot prevail on my Wife.

*Eur. But when those who bear your sad
Ditty,*

*Shall the Date of your Wedding explore,
Do you think Men a Husband will pity,*

*Who should have known better before,
Poor Man !*

Who should have known better before ?

Pluto. The Doom is fixed, I ask your pardon my Dear (*to Prof.*) but I swore by *Styx* before thought of it, that she should go.

Prof. Ay, you are always swearing before you think of it : However, *Eurydice*, since that's the Case, the Oath must be kept. But I can add a Clause to the Bill, if he looks back on you once in the Way, you shall return, and that I swear by *Styx*.

Pluto. Do you hear, Sir, what my Wife says ?

Mr. Spin. (to Weaz.) This River *Styx*, seems a pretty way of ending Controversies between Man and Wife. It is pity the *Thames* had not the same Virtue.

Orph. Thanks, most Diabolical Majesty, for your infernal Kindness.

Pluto. I hope you will take care, and not forfeit the Advantage of this Favour I have granted you.

Prof. Which I have granted, if you please, Sir.

Pluto. Ay, which my Wife has granted.

Capt.

Capt. Weaz. (to Spin.) You see how ill People express themselves, when they call a bad Husband the devil of a Husband.

Eur. I thank your Majesty, Madam, for your Interposition in my behalf, and if I did not improve it, I should be unworthy of your Royal Favour.

Prof. I doubt not but you have been here long enough to learn to outwit your Husband.

Eur. Few Women, Madam, need come hither to learn that Art.

Prof. I am glad they behave so well.—Dear *Eurydice*, I wish you a good Journey with all my heart, and hope to see you soon again.

Eur. The first Moment it is in my power, I assure your Majesty.

Plu. Friend *Orpheus*, farewell, I give thee thy Wife with greater Pleasure, since I hope, as thou hast come hither now to get her, thou wilt return hither shortly to get rid of her.

[Exit Pluto, Prof. Capt. Weaz. and Spin.]

Eur. Well, Sir; and so I must take a Trip with you to the other World. How was it possible, you could come hither to fetch me back when I was dead, who had so often wished me here, while alive?

Orph. Those were only the sudden Blasts of Passion. Besides, as is the common Fate of Mortals, I never knew my Happiness 'till I lost it.

Eur. And was you then really concerned for me?

Orph. Yes, my Dear, and I think you was so for me; your Tears at our parting, gave me sufficient Assurance.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I was afraid of dying, Child, that was all. Upon my word, my Dear, parting with thee was all the little Comfort I had.

Orph. Did you desire it then?

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M

Eur.

Eur. Most heartily, upon my Word. I seldom prayed for any thing else.

Orph. Why, did we not live comfortably together?

Eur. Oh very comfortably! Did you not leave me to run after the Golden Fleece?

Orph. Nay, if you come to that, did you not run away from me, and stay at *Thebes* by yourself a whole Winter?

Eur. And did not you keep a Mistress in my Absence, when you might have come to me?

Orph. Did not you spend in Diversions and Play, what should have kept your Family?

Eur. And did not you spend on Mistresses what should have kept your Wife?

Orph. Was not you almost eternally in the Vapours?

Eur. And was not you the Occasion of my Vapours? Did you not kill my favourite Monkey, because I would not dance with that Rake *Hercules*, and the rest of your Brother *Argonauts*.

Orph. You have dined with that Rake *Hercules* when I have been by, I believe; and did not you crack one of my best Fiddles only because I would not dance with that Coquet Miss *Atalanta*, and the rest of your Flirts.

Eur. You have danced with her in private, I fancy; and I would break your Fiddle again, Sir, on the same Occasion.

Orph. And I would see you and your Monkey at the Devil, if you affronted my Friends.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! Then you would come after me again, as you have now; ha, ha, ha!

Orph. Nay, do not laugh so immoderately.

Eur. How can I avoid it at this comfortable State of Life which you are so fond of, as to desire over again?

Orph.

Orph. But Experience might teach us to amend our Faults for the future.

Eur. Experience rather ought to teach us the Impossibility of such an Amendment: for if we could have learnt so, we might have learnt from the Examples of others, when we were first married, and from our own in a short time; but I never perceived any better Effect from the Remembrance of a past Quarrel than the working up a new one. Could Experience cure Folly, Men would not want that Cure very early in Life.

A I R VI.

*If Men from Experience a Lesson could reap,
To fly from the Folly they'd seen,
What Madman at Forty a Mistress would keep,
What Woman would love at Eighteen!
What Woman, &c.*

*The Levées of Statesmen and Courts of the Law,
Boys only would haunt very soon;
And all married Broils to Conclusion would draw,
At the End of the sweet Honey-Moon.
At the End, &c.*

So if you have a mind to prove and profit by your own Experience, e'en look back at the third Step, and return single as you came.

Orph. No, I will be so complacent, that I had rather prove your Hypothesis than my own.

Eur. Then, pray, set out: In those last Words of your's Matrimony seemed to begin again: for to refuse his Wife with Civility, is the true Complacency of a Husband.—So, a good Journey to us.

AIR VII.

Turn, oh turn thee, dearest Creature.

Turn oh turn, Dear, do not fly me ;

I could never thus hold out :

If you lov'd, you'd not deny me ;

If you lov'd, you'd look about.

[Exit, *she following.*

SCENE, *The Banks of the River Styx.*

(*They call Charon several times without.*)

Auth. So now *Charon* is out of the way, and the Audience will be put out of humour.

Crit. But pray, Sir, why does *Orpheus* talk sometimes in *Recitativo*, and sometimes out of it?

Auth. Why, Sir, I do not care to tire the Audience with too much *Recitativo* ; I observe they go to sleep at it at an Opera. Besides, you may give yourself a good reason, why he leaves off Singing : for I think his Wife may very well be supposed to put him out of tune.—Are you satisfied?

Crit. I could ask another Question. —Why have you made the Devil henpecked?

Auth. Sir, you know where I have laid the Scene, and how could Hell be better represented than by supposing the People under Petticoat-Government?—But oh! *Charon* is come at last.

Enter CHARON and MACCAHONE.

Cha. You, Mr. *Maccabone*, will you please to pay me my Fare?

Mac. Ay, fet would I with all my Shoule, but Honey, I did die not worth a Sixpence, and that I did leave behind me.

Cha.

Cha. Sir, if you do not pay me, I shall carry you back again.

Mac. To my own County! Arrah do, Honey. Uboboo! what a Shoy it will be to my Relations, that are now finging an Anthem called the *Irish Howl* over me, to see me alive, when they know that I am dead.

Cha. If you do not pay your Fare, I shall carry you to the other side of the River, where you shall wander on the Banks a thousand Year.

Mac. Shall I? what, where I did see half a dozen Gentlemen walking alone? Uboboo! upon my Shoule, the Laugh is coming upon my Face.

Cha. Prithee, what dost thou laugh at?

Mac. I laugh to think how I will bite you.

Cha. What wilt thou do?

Mac. Upon my Shoule, I will get a Bridge and swim over upon it, and I will send upon the Post to the other World to buy a Bridge, and I know where I can buy one very cheap; and when there is a Bridge, I believe no one will come into your Boat than can go over the Water upon dry Land.

Cha. Here, take this Fellow some of you, and ferry him back again, where he shall stay till his Bridge is built. But whom have we here? I suppose the Couple who are by *Pluto's* special Order to be ferry'd over to the other Side.

Enter OPRHEUS and EURIDICE.

Orph. If you please, Mr. *Charon*, to prepare your Boat. I suppose you have received your Orders.

Cha. Master, the Boat is just gone over, it will be back again instantly. I wish you would be so good in the mean time, Master, to give us one of your *Italian Catches*.

Orph. Why, dost thou love Music then, Friend Charon?

Cha. Yes, fags! Master, I do. It went to my heart t'other day, that I did not dare ferry over Signior *Quaverino*.

Orph. Why didst thou not dare?

Cha. I don't know, Sir; Judge *Rhadamanthus* said it was against the Law: for that no body was to come into this Country but Men and Women; and that the Signior was neither the one nor the other.

Orph. Your Lawyers, I suppose, have strange Quirks here in Hell.

Cha. Nay, for that matter, they are pretty much the same here as on Earth.

Eur. Help, help, I shall be drowned, I shall be drowned!

Orph. (turning) Ha! *Eurydice's* Voice!

Eur. Oh unlucky Misfortune! why would you look behind you, when you knew the Queen's Command?

Orph. Thou wicked Woman, why wouldst thou tempt me?

Eur. How unreasonable is that, to lay the Blame on me! Can I help my Fears? You know I was always inclined to be hysterical; but it is like you, to lay the blame on me, when you know yourself to be guilty; when you know you are tired of me already, and looked back, purposely to lose me.

Orph. And dost thou accuse me?

Eur. I don't accuse you. I need not accuse you. Your own wicked Conscience must do it. Oh! had you loved like me, you could have borne to have gone a Million of Miles. I am sure, I could have gone farther, and never once have looked back upon you. (pretending to cry.)

Orph.

Orph. Curst Accident; but still we may go on.
Proserpine can never know it.

Eur. (*speaking brisk*) No, I promised to return the Moment you looked back; and a Woman of Honour must keep her Promise, tho' it be to leave her Husband.

A I R VIII.

*Farewel, my Dear,
 Since Fate severe
 Has cut us twice in twain.*

Orph. Say not farewel
 I'll back to Hell,
 And sing thee back again.

Eur. No, Orpheus, no
 You shall not go.

Orph. And must we, must we part?

Eur. We must, away,
 For if you stay,
 Indeed 'twill break my Heart.

*Your Servant, Dear,
 I downward steer,
 You upward to the Light;
 Take no more Leave,
 For I must grieve
 'Till you are out of sight.*

Cha. Come Master Orpheus, never take it to heart: but e'en part as merrily as your Lady did. I believe the Devil would be very glad to go with you, if he could leave his Wife behind him.

Orpheus,

Orpheus, (*Recitativo.*)

Ungrateful, barbarous Woman!
Infernal Stygian Monster!
Henceforth Mankind
I'll teach to hate the Sex.

A I R IX.

If a Husband henceforth, who has buried his Wife,
Of Pluto request her again brought to Life:
Pluto, grant his Request as he enters thy Portal,
And Jove for his Comfort,
And Jove for his Comfort,
Oh make her, oh make her, oh make her immortal.

Auth. There, now the Audience must stay a little, while the Grave Scene is preparing. Pray, Mr. Chetwood, hasten things as much as possible.

Crit. I see Mr. Orpheus is come to his *Recitativo* again.

Auth. Yes, Sir, just as he lost his Senses. I wish our Opera Composers could give as good a Reason for their *Recitativo*.

Crit. What would you have them bring nothing but mad People together into their Operas?

Auth. Sir, if they did not bring abundance of mad People together into their Operas, they would not be able to subsist long at the extravagant Prices they do, nor their Singers to keep useless Mistresses; which, by the by, is a very ingenious Burlesque on our Taste.

Crit. Ay, how so?

Auth. Why, Sir, for an *English* People to support an extravagant *Italian* Opera, of which they understand nor relish neither the Sense nor the Sound, is heartily as ridiculous and much of a piece

piece with an Eunuch's keeping a Mistress: nor do I know whether his Ability is more despised by his Mistress, or our Taste by our Singers.

Crit. Hush, hush, don't disturb the Play.

SCENE, Pluto's Court.

PLUTO, WEAZLE, SPINDLE.

Pluto. Well, Mr. *Spindle*, pray how do you like your Way of living here?

Mr. Spin. Upon my Word, may it please your Majesty, it is so very like the Life I used to lead, that I can scarce perceive any Difference, unless (I hope your Majesty will not be offended) I think you are not quite so wicked here, as we used to be in the other World.

Pluto. Why truly, that is what I am afraid of, Mr. *Spindle*, and that is what I regret very much: but I know no Remedy for it; for as it is impossible to make the People here worse, so I believe it is impracticable to make them there better. (How little these Wretches know, that the Vices which were their Pleasures in the other World, are their Punishment here; and that the most vicious Man need scarce any other Punishment than that of being confined to his Vice!) [Aside.]

Auth. There, Sir! There is Morality for you out of the Mouth of the Devil, if that be not à *Fuoco dare Lucem*, let another handle the Pen for me.

Mr. Spin. One Vice in particular, that we excel you in, is Hypocrisy.

Weaz. It cannot be otherwise: for as his Diabolical Majesty is known to have such an Antipathy to Virtue, you may be certain, no one here will affect it.

Pluto. Why not? I am no Enemy to the Affectation of it; and if they were to counterfeit never

never so nicely, they might depend on it, I should see through them. But ha ! my Wife and *Eurydice* !

Enter PROSERPINE and EURYDICE.

Prof. Yes, Sir, the Gentleman could not stay, it seems, 'till he got home ; but looked back on his Treasure, and so forfeited it.

Eur. And yet, I took all the pains in my power to prevent it, continually intreating him to look forward, frightned out of my Wits every Step, lest he should see me by a side Glance, and yet all would not do ; he would, (*sobbing*) he would look back upon me, and so I have lost him for ever.

Pluto. Be comforted, Madam.

Eur. It is in your Power to comfort me.

Pluto. And, be assured, it is in my Will.

Eur. Then you must promise me never to send me back : for, truly, there is (*composed*) so much Pain in parting, that, since it must happen, I am resolved never to see my Husband again, if I can help it.

Prof. Be easy : for by *Styx*, he never shall send you back.

Mr. Spin. However, there is *some* Hypocrisy here, I find. *[Aside to each other.]*

Weaz. Ay, among the Women.

Prof. Well, my dear *Eurydice*, I am so pleased to see you returned, that I will celebrate a Holiday in all my Dominions. Let *Tantalus* drink, and take *Ixion* off the Wheel. Let every one's Punishment be remitted a whole Day. Do you hear, Husband ? what are you thinking of ?—Do you take care and signify my Pleasure.

Pluto. I shall, my Dear. Do you hear, all of you ? It is my Wife's Pleasure that you should all keep Holiday.

Prof.

Prof. And harkee, Sir, I desire you would wave your Wand, and conjure back some of your Devils that dance at the Play-Houses in the other World.

Pluto. My Dear, I will obey your Commands.

Prof. You see, my dear *Eurydice*, the Manner in which I live with my Husband. He settled one half of the Government on me at my Marriage, and I have, thank Fate, pretty well worked him out of the other half: Thus I make myself some little Amends for his Immortality.

Eur. And sure a Wife ought to have some Amends made her for such a terrible Circumstance.

Pluto. My Dear, the Dancers are come.

Eur. Well, I am quite charmed with your Majesty's Behaviour to a Husband.

Prof. And I am so charmed with yours, that you shall henceforth be my chief Favourite.

A GRAND DANCE.

Chorus.

Eur. From Lessons like these
You may, if you please,
Good Husbands learn to be civil.
For you find 'tis in vain
To wish for us again,
When once we are gone to the Devil.

Prof. At each little Pet
Do not quarrel and fret,
And wish your Wives dead, for I tell you,
If they once touch this Shore,
You shall have them no more,
Tho' to fetch them you send Farinello.

Pluto.

Pluto. *Attend to Old Nick,
Ye Brethren, that stick
Like me in Hymen's fast Fetters,
If you'd lead quiet Lives,
Give way to your Wives,
As you see must be done by your Betters.*

Chor. *Attend to Old Nick,
Ye Brethren, that stick
Like him in Hymen's fast Fetters,
If you'd lead quiet Lives,
Give way to your Wives,
As you see must be done by your Betters.*

THE
WEDDING-DAY.

A
COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For JOHN SMITH, at the *Philosophers*
Heads on the *Blind-kay*, 1743.

N

Dramatis Personæ.

MILLAMOUR ———	Mr. Garrick.
HEARTFORT ———	Mr. Delane.
Mr. STEDFAST ———	Mr. Macklin.
Mr. MUTABLE ———	Mr. Tasswell.
YOUNG MUTABLE	Mr. Neale.
SQUEEZE-PURSE ———	Mr. Morgan.
BRAZEN ———	Mr. Yates.
Dr. CRISIS ———	Mr. Turbutt.
CLARINDA ———	Mrs. Pritchard.
CHARLOTTE ———	Mrs. Woffington.
Mrs. USEFUL ———	Mrs. Macklin.
Mrs. PLOTWEL ———	Mrs. Cross.
LUCINA ———	Miss Bennet.

SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE IN LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

Writ and Spoken by Mr. MACKLIN.

GENTLEMEN and Ladies, we must beg your Indulgence, and humbly hope you'll not be offended At an Accident that has happen'd to Night, which was not in the least intended,

I assure you : If you please, your Money shall be return'd.
But Mr. Garrick, to day

Who performs a principal Character in the Play,
Unfortunately has sent word, 'twill be impossible, having
so long a Part,

To speak the Prologue : He has'nt had time to get it by
Heart.

I have been with the Author, to know what's to be done,
For, till the Prologue's spoke, Sir, says I, we can't go on.

" Pshaw ! rot the Prologue," says he ; " then begin
without it."

I told him, 'twas impossible, you'd make such a Rout
about it :

Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented—and I dare say,
Such an Attempt, Sir, would make 'em damn the Play.

" Ha, damn my Play !" the frighted Bard replies :

" Dear Macklin, you must go on then and apologize."

Apologize ! not I : Pray, Sir, excuse me.

" Zounds ! something must be done : Prithee, don't refuse
me :

" Prithee, go on : Tell them, to damn my Play, will
be a damn'd hard Case.

" Come, do : You've a good long, dismal, Mercy-begging
Face."

Sir, your humble Servant : You're very merry.—" Yes,"
says he ; " I've been drinking

" To raise my Spirits ; for, by Jupiter ! I found 'em
sinking."

So away he went to see the Play.—O ! there he sits :

Smoke him, smoke the Author, you laughing Crits.

Is'nt he finely situated for a damning Ob—Oh ! a—a
sprill Whibee ? O direful Yell !

As Falstaff says : Would it were Bed-time, Hal, and
all were well !

P R O L O G U E.

What think you now? Who's Face looks worst, yours or mine?

*Ah! thou foolish Follower of the ragged Nine,
You'd better stuck to honest Abram Adams, by half.*

*He, in spite of Critics, can make your Readers laugh.
But to the Prologue—What shall I say?—Why, Faith,
in my Sense,*

I take plain Truth to be the best Defence.

*I think then, it was horrid Stuff; and, in my humble
Apprehension,*

Had it been spoke, not worthy your Attention.

I'll give you a Sample, if I can recollect it.—

*Hip! take Courage: Never fear, Man: Don't be dejected.
Poor Devil! he can't stand it; he has drawn in his
Head:*

I reckon before the Play's done he'll be half dead.

But to the Prologue. It began,

"To Night the Comic Author of to Day

"Has writ a—a—a—something about a Play:

*"And, as the Bee—the Bee—(that he brings by way of
Simile) the Bee, which roves*

*"Thro', thro',—Pshaw! Pox o' my Memory!—O!
"thro' Fields and Groves,*

"So Comic Poets in fair London Town

*"To cull the Flowers of Characters wander up and
down."—*

*Then there was a good deal about Rome, Athens and
Dramatic Rules,*

*And Characters of Knaves and Courtiers, Authors and
Fools,*

*And a vast deal about Critics—and Good-Nature—and
the poor Author's Fear;*

*And I think there was something about a Third Night
—hoping to see you here.*

*'Twas all such Stuff as this, not worth repeating,
In the old Prologue Cant; and then at last concludes,
thus kindly greeting,*

"To you, the Critic Jury of the Pit,

"Our Culprit Author does his Cause submit:

"With Justice, nay, with Candour judge his Wit:

"Give him, at least, a patient, quiet Hearing:

"If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him."

T H E



THE
WEDDING-DAY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, MILLAMOUR's *Lodging.*
BRAZEN asleep on a Chair.

MILLAMOUR, (*calls several times without —*
—Brazen.)

WHY, you incorrigible Rascal, are you not ashamed to sleep at this time of Day? Do you think yourself in *Spain*, Sirrah, that thus you go regularly to sleep when others go to Dinner?

Brazen (waking.)—Truly, Sir, I think he that wakes with the Owl, should rest with him too.—*Spain!* Agad, I should live in the *Antipodes*, by the Hours I am obliged to keep—Nor do I see why the same Bell, that rings others to Dinner, should not ring me to Sleep: For, I thank Heaven and your Honour, Sleep is the only Dinner I have had these two Days.

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Mil. Cease your Impertinence, and get Things ready to dress me.

Braz. What Cloaths will your Honour please to wear?

Mil. Get me the Blue and Silver; or, stay—the Brown and Gold—Come back—fetch me the Black; that suits best with my present Circumstances.

Braz. I fancy the Lace suits best with your Circumstances.—Most People in your Honour's Circumstances wear Lace.

Mil. Harkee, Sir—I have often caution'd you against this Familiarity—You must part with your Wit, or with your Master.

Braz. (*aside.*) That's true—If I had any Wit, I should have parted with him long ago. No wise Servant will live with a Master who has turned away his Estate.

Mil. Get me the lac'd—go immediately—Familiarity is a sort of Interest which all Servants exact from an indebted Master: And, as being indebted to a Friend, is the surest way to make him your Enemy, so making your Servant your Creditor, is the surest way of making him your Friend.

S C E N E II.

MILLAMOUR, *Mrs.* USEFUL, BRAZEN.

Braz. Sir, is your Honour at home?—Here is *Mrs. Useful.*

Mil. Sirrah, you know I am at home to my Friend, my Mistress, and my Bawd, at any time.

Mrs. Use. Hoity, toity—What, must I stay at the Door, till your Worship has consider'd, whether you will see me or not? Do I pass for a Beggar or a Dun with you? Do you take me for a Tradesman with his Bill, or a Poet with a Dedication?

Mil.

The WEDDING-DAY. 295

Mil. (to *Braz.*) Do you see what your Blunders are the Occasion of?—Come, my angry fair One, lay aside the Terror of your Brows, since it was my Servant's fault, not mine.

Mrs. Use. I, who am admitted where a poor Woman of Quality is excluded!

Mil. I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the Women of Fashion as their Lap-Dogs, or to the Men as their Buffoons.

Mrs. Use. A very civil Comparison!

Mil. Thou art the First Minister of *Venus*, the first Plenipotentiary in Affairs of Love, and thy House is the noble Scene of the Congress of the two Sexes.—Thou hast united more Couples than the Alimony-Act has parted, and sent more to bed together, without a Licence, than any Parson in the *Fleet*.

Mrs. Use. I wish I could have prevented one Couple from doing it with a Licence.

Mil. What, has some notable Whore of thy Acquaintance turn'd Rebel to thy Power, and list'd under the Banners of *Hymen*?—But be not disconsolate at thy Loss—My Life to a Farthing she returns to her Duty—Whoring is like the Mathematics; whoever is once initiated into the Science is sure never to leave it.

Mrs. Use. This may probably take your Mirth a Key or two lower than its present Pitch.—

(*Gives a Letter.*)

Mil. I hope thou dost not deal with the Law. I know no Letter can give me any Uneasiness, but a Letter from an Attorney.—(*Opens the Letter.*)—Ha! *Stedfast*! I know the Hand, tho' not the Name.

SIR, *After your Behaviour to me, I might not have been strictly obliged to give you any Account of my Actions: However, as it is the last Line you will ever see from me, I have prevail'd with myself*

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to tell you, that your Course of Life has at last determined me to fly to any Harbour from the Danger of you ; and accordingly this Morning has given me to a Man, whose Estate and sincere Affections will, in time, produce that Love in my Heart, which your Actions have—have—(this is a damn'd hard Word) have e-ra-di-ca-ted, and make me happy in the Name of

CLARINDA STEDFAST.

Mrs. Use. What do you think now, Sir?

Mil. Think ! that I am the most unhappy of Men, and have lost the most charming of Women.

Mrs. Use. I always told you what it would come to—but you went still on in your profligate way—It is very true, what religious Men tell us, We never know the Value of a Blessing till we lose it.

Mil. Ay, 'tis very true indeed ; for till this Hour I never knew the Value of *Clarinda*. (*Reads again.*) hum ! hum !—*has given me to a Man, whose Estate and sincere Affection*—by which I am to understand that my Rival is some very rich old Fellow—two excellent Qualifications for a Husband and a Cuckold, as one could wish.

Mrs. Use. I shall make a faithful Report of the Philosophy with which you receive the News.

Mil. Oh ! couldst thou tell her half my Tenderness or my Pain, thou must invent a Language to express them.——

Mrs. Use. Truly, I think you had best set Pen to Paper, and tell her them yourself.

Mil. I had rather trust to your Rhetoric : The Paper, I am sure, will carry no more than I put into it ;—but for thee——

Mrs. Use. If it receives any Addition, it will not be to your Advantage.

Mil. I dare trust thee ; thou lovest the Game too well to spoil it.

Mrs.

The WEDDING-DAY. 297

Mrs. *Use*. It is very strange that a Lover will not answer his Mistress's Letter.—

Mil. Oh! no one writes worse than a real Lover. For Love, like Honesty, appears generally most beautiful in the Hypocrite. In painting the Mind, as well as the Face, Art generally goes beyond Nature.

Mrs. *Use*. Why, this is all cool Reason. I expected nothing but Imprecations, Threatning, Sighing, Lamenting, Raving.—

Mil. You are mistaken. I act on the Marriage of a Mistress as on the Death of a Friend: I strive to the utmost to prevent it.—But if Fate will have it so——

Mrs. *Use*. You are a wicked Man: You know, it hath been in your Power to prevent it.

Mil. Yes; but, my Dear, I am no more resolute to give up my Liberty to the one, than my Life to the other;—and if nothing but my Marriage or my Death can preserve them—agad, I believe I shall continue in *statu quo*, be the Consequence what it will.— (Knocking.

Braz. Sir, here's a Lady—I don't know whether she comes under any of the Titles your Honour would have admitted.

Mil. Sirrah—admit all Ladies whatsoever.

Mrs. *Use*. I'll be gone this Moment.

Mil. Why so?

Mrs. *Use*. Oh! I would not be seen with you for the World.

Mil. Out of Tendernefs for my Reputation, I suppose—But that's safe enough with you; and as for your Reputation, it is safe enough with any one.—Reputation, like the Small-Pox, gives you but one Pain in your Life. When you have had the one, and lost the other, you may venture with Safety where you please.

N 5.

SCENE.

S C E N E III.

MILLAMOUR, *Mrs. USEFUL*, *Mrs. PLOTWEL*.*Mil.* Ha!*Mrs. Plot.* You seem surpris'd, Sir: I suppose this is a Visit you little expected, though I see it's no unusual Thing for you to receive Visits from a Lady.*Mrs. Use.* No, Madam; my Cousin *Millamour* is very happy with the Ladies.*Mil.* (to *Plotwel*.) I believe, Cousin, this is a Relation of ours you don't know; give me leave to introduce you to one another.—Cousin *Useful*, this is my Cousin *Plotwel*; Cousin *Plotwel*, this is my Cousin *Useful*. (*The Ladies salute.*) But come, Relations should never meet with dry Lips.—Here—*Brazen*—bring a Bottle of *Usquebaugh*.—*Both Wom.* Not a Drop for me.—*Mil.* Come, come, it will do you no harm.—Well, Cousin, and how did you leave all our Relations in the *North*? Have you brought me no Letters?*Mrs. Plot.* Only one, Cousin.*Mrs. Use.* (*aside.*) Cousin! this is a Sister of mine, I believe—We are both of the same Trade, my Life on't.*Mil.* (to *Brazen*, who enters with a Bottle.) Sirrah, fill the Ladies—do you hear—(He takes a Letter from *Plotwel*, and opens it.)*SIR*, After so many Vows and Protestations, I should be surpris'd at the Falshood of any one but so great a Villain as yourself: But, as I have been long since certain, that you have not one Virtue in your whole mind, that you are a Compound of all that is bad, and that you are the greatest Tyrant, and the falsest and most perjur'd Wretch upon Earth,*I can*

The WEDDING-DAY. 299

I can expect no other. If you deserve not this and ten times worse, make haste to acquit yourself to the injur'd

LUCINA.

Mrs. Plot. Well, Sir, what does my Aunt say?

Mil. She is very inquisitive about my Health,—complains of my not writing—There's no Secret in't—I'll read it for your Diversion— (reads.

Mrs. Plot. For Heaven's sake, Sir, do not discover the Secrets of our Family.—

Mil. *My dear Nephew, I suppose it impossible for so fine a Gentleman, amidst the Hurry of the Beau Monde, to think of an old Aunt in Northumberland; yet sure you might sometimes find an Opportunity to let one know a little how the World goes — Pshaw! I'll read no more—These Country Relations think their Friends in Town obliged to furnish them with continual Matter for the Scandal of their Tea-Tables. Has the old Lady no Female Acquaintance?—They would take as much Pleasure in writing Defamation as she in reading it. For my Part, I'll never trouble myself with others Business, till I can mind my own; nor about others Sins, till I have left off my own.—*

Mrs. Use. Which will not be till Doomsday, I'm confident.

Mil. Never while I have the same Mind to tempt me to Sin, and the same Constitution to support me in it.—For Sins, like Places at Court, we seldom resign, till we can keep them no longer.

Mrs. Use. And, like Places at Court; you often keep them when you can't officiate in them.

Mrs. Plot. But I hope you will answer my Aunt's Letter.

Mil. Not I, faith. Your Aunt's Letter shall answer itself. Send it back to the old Lady again, and write my Duty to her on the back Side on't.

Mrs. Use. You have done your Duty to her already, or I am mistaken.

SCENE

300 *The* WEDDING-DAY.

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, USEFUL, *Mrs.* PLOTWEL,
BRAZEN.

Brazen. Sir, Sir.

Mil. Well, Sir; what, another Cousin?—Do you hear, Sirrah, I am at home to no more Female Relations this Morning.

Braz. Sir, Mr. *Heartfort* is below.

Mil. Desire him to walk up.

Mrs. Plot. But are you resolved not to answer the Letter?

Mil. Positively.—And, hearkee—tell the enraged fair One, she hath made a double Conquest: Her Beauty got the better of my Reason, and now her Anger hath got the better of my Love.—Give my humble Service to her, and when she comes to herself again, tell her I am come to myself.

Mrs. Plot. You will repent of your Haughtiness, I warrant you.

Mil. So there's your Dispatch—and now for my other Cousin.

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, *Mrs.* USEFUL.

Mil. And for you, Madam, give my kindest Respects to Mrs. *Stedfast*—Tell her, I will endeavour to efface the lovely Idea which *Clarinda* had formed in my Mind, since she is now another's. I will pray for her Happiness, but must love her no more.

Mrs. Use. And is this all?

Mil. You may carry her this again. — Tell her I will have nothing to put me in mind of her—and this Kiss, which I send her by you, shall be the last Token she shall have to awaken the Remembrance of me.

Mrs.

The WEDDING-DAY. 301

Mrs. Use. Well, you're a barbarous Man.—
But suppose now I could procure a meeting between you — suppose I could bring her to you this very Day, at your own House——

Mil. Suppose! Oh! thou dear Creature, suppose I gave thee Worlds to reward thee.

Mrs. Use. Well, I will suppose you a Man of Honour, and much may be done.—Don't be out of the Way.

Mil. Thus Men of Business dispatch Attendants.—And in Female Affairs, I believe, few have more Business than myself. — The Grand Signor is but a petty Prince in Love, compared to me. — But tho' I have disguised my Uneasiness before this Woman, *Clarinda* lies deeper in my Heart than I could wish. There is something in that dear Name gives me a Sensation quite different from that of any other Woman.—The Thought of seeing her another's stings me to the very Soul.

S C E N E VI.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Heart. What, is your Levee dispatch'd? I met antiquated Whores going out of your Door as thick as antiquated Courtiers from the Levee of a Statesman, and with as disconsolate Faces.—I fancy thou hast done nothing for them.

Mil. Thus it will ever be, *Jack*, where there are a Multitude of Attendants. The Lover no more than the Statesman can do every Man's Business.

Heart. Thou dost as many People's Business as any Man in Town, I dare swear.

Mil. I believe no one tastes more the Sweets of Love——

Heart.

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Heart. Nor any more its Bitters, than I—
Oh! *Millamour*, I am the most unhappy of Man-
kind—I have lost the Mistress of my Soul.

Mil. Ay—and I have lost two Mistresses of my
Soul.

Heart. The Woman I doat on to Distraction
is to be married this day to another.

Mil. A Reprieve, a Reprieve, in comparison
of my Fate: The Woman I doat on was married
this morning to another.

Heart. Thou knowest not what it is to love
tenderly.

Mil. No, Faith; not very tenderly——not
without a great deal of Discretion—Here lies the
Difference between us: You, *Heartfort*, have
Discretion in every thing but Love—I have
Discretion in nothing else.——Mine is a true
English Heart; it is an equal Stranger to the Heat
of the *Equator* and the Frost of the *Pole*. Love
still nourishes it with a temperate Heat, as the
Sun doth our Climate; and Beauties rise after
Beauties in the one, just as Fruits do in the other.

Heart. Is it impossible to engage thee to be
serious a moment?

Mil. Faith, I believe it would on this Subject,
if I did not know thy Temper.

Heart. The Loss of a Mistress may indeed
seem trifling to thee, who hast lost a thousand.

Mil. The Devil take me, if I have.——I have
found it always much easier to get Mistresses, than
to lose them. Women would be charming Things,
Heartfort, if, like Cloaths, we could lay them
by when we are weary of them; since, like
Cloaths, we are often weary of them before they
are worn out. But this Curse attends a Multipli-
city of Amours, that a Man is sometimes forced
to support his whole Wardrobe on his Back at
once.

Heart.

The WEDDING-DAY. 303

Heart. My Passion, Sir, will not bear Raillery.

Mil. I am sorry for it.—Raillery is a sort of Test to our Passions: When they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed — Therefore I'll indulge your Infirmary, and for your sake will be grave on a Subject, which I could never be serious on for my own. — So, lay open your Wound, and I'll give you the best Advice I can.

Heart. I am enough acquainted with your Temper, *Millamour*, to know my Obligations to you for this Compliance. — And after all, perhaps my Case requires rather your Pity than Advice; for the last Word I had from my Mistress was, that she hated me of all Men living.

Mil. Hum!—faith, I think your Case requires neither Pity nor Advice.

Heart. But this is not the most terrible, for Time might alter her Inclination.

Mil. Hardly, if it be so violent.

Heart. I take its Violence to be a Reason for its Change; but I have a better from Experience, for she formerly has told me, that she loved me of all Men living.

Mil. And what has caused this great Revolution in her Temper?

Heart. Oh! I defy all Philosophy to account for one of her Actions. You might easier solve all the *Phænomena* of Nature, than of her Mind. All the insight you can get into her future Thoughts by her present is, that what she says to-day, she will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

Mil. So, if she promis'd your Rival yesterday, you may depend upon her discarding him to-day.

Heart. But then she has a Father, whose Resolution is immoveable as the *Predestinarian's* Fate, who has given me as positive a Denial as his Daughter, and is this day determin'd to bestow her on another, whom he has preferr'd to me.

Mil.

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Mil. For the old Reason, I suppose—because he is richer.

Heart. No, upon my Word; for a very new Reason—because he is a greater Rake. For you must know, that this mighty unalterable Will, which is as fixed as the *Persian* Laws, is determined with as little Reason as the Resolutions of some Countries which are less stable.—In short, Sir, he hath laid it down as a Maxim, that all Men are wild at one Period of Life or another; so he resolved never to marry his Daughter but to one who hath already passed that Period.—At last, the young Lady's good Stars and his great Wisdom have led him to the Choice of—Mr. *Mutable*.

Mil. What, our *Mutable*!

Heart. The very same—tho' I have reason to believe she hath as great an Aversion for him as for me. There is some other, *Millamour*, hath supplanted me in her Heart, whom I have not yet been able to discover; for to this Match she is compell'd by her Father.

Mil. So you are a Stranger to the Man she loves; you have only discover'd her Husband.

Heart. Ten thousand Horrors are in that Name.

Mil. Hum!—faith, to him I think there may; but if the Possession of your Mistress's Person be all you desire, I can't see how you are a whit the farther from that by this Match; and as to the first Favour, I should not be much concern'd about that.—If a Man would keep a Coach for my use, I think it is but a small indulgence, to let him take the first Airing in it.

Heart. Oh! do not trifle. An Hour, a Minute, a Moment's Delay may be my Ruin.—Could I but see her before the Marriage, this Compulsion of her Father's might throw her into my Arms.—But he is resolved she shall be married on the same
Day

The WEDDING-DAY. 305

Day with himself, and he hath this Morning taken a second Wife.—Oh! *Millamour*, thou hast a lively Imagination—Set it at work for thy Friend; for, by Heaven, I never can have any Happiness but in Miss *Stedfast*'s Arms.

Mil. Miss *Stedfast*!—and her Father married this Morning!—Oh! my Friend, if I don't invent for thee, may I never be happy in Mrs. *Stedfast*'s Arms.

Heart. What do you mean?

Mil. It is as fixed as your Father-in-law's most confirmed Will, that he is to be the Cuckold of your humble Servant. Take Courage; the D—l's in't if he robs us both of our Mistresses in one day. Mine he has got already—and much Good may she do him.

Heart. Is it possible?

Mil. Ay, faith. This Father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that shall be too, hath outstrip'd me in the Race, and is gotten to the Goal before me.

Heart. You are a happy Man, *Millamour*, who can be so easy in the Loss of your Mistress.

Mil. Ay, and of a Mistress thou hast heard me toast so often, and talk so tenderly, so fondly of—in the Loss of *Clarinda*.

Heart. The D—l! was Miss *Lovely* your *Clarinda*?

Mil. Ay, Sir, Miss *Lovely*, Mrs. *Stedfast* now, was my *Clarinda*, and is my *Clarinda*;—and Miss *Stedfast* shall be yours.

Heart. Keep but your Word there, *Millamour*.

Mil. Lookee, *Heartfort*, if she hath a mind to see you, I'll send for an Engine that shall convey you thither, in spite of all the Fathers in *Europe*.

Heart. But the Time—

Mil.

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Mil. If you will step in with me while I dress, *Brazen* shall fetch the Parson immediately. Come, be not dejected; we shall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

Heart. Yet how do I know but every Moment may be the cursed Period of my Ruin.—Perhaps this Instant gives her to another.

Mil. It cannot give her Inclinations; and, as I have heard thee say, thy Mistress hath Wit and Beauty, depend upon it these Qualities will never be confined in the Arms of a Man she doth not like. Pursue her and she must fall. Decency may guard her a Honey-Moon or two, but she will be yours at last. Never think a celebrated Beauty, when she is married, is deceas'd for ever.—No, rather imagine her setting in her Husband's Bed, as Poets make the Sun do in that of *Thetis*,

Which from our Sight retires a while, and then
Rises and shines o'er all the World again.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *LUCINA's Lodging.*

LUCINA, and Mrs. PLOTWEL.

Luc. **D**ISTRACTION! Send me back my Letter! Is not Falshood enough, must he add Insult to it? Oh! may eternal Furies haunt him! may all the Horrors of Despair attend his Guilt! may he be so wretched that Hell itself may sicken with Revenge!

Mrs.

The WEDDING-DAY. 307

Mrs. Plot. And may you be so happy as to have nothing to do with him ! or rather, so wise not to desire it !

Luc. Sure it is impossible—He could not be so great a Villain—You never carried him my Letter—He, that has sworn so many Vows of Constancy.—

Mrs. Plot. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Vows of Constancy ! that any Woman after Eighteen should think of these.—Vows in Love have just the same meaning as Compliments in Conversation ; and it is as ridiculous to believe the Man who swears eternal Constancy, as to believe him who assures you, he is your most obedient, humble Servant.

Luc. Oh ! *Plotwel*, had I but known thee sooner ! had I but known a Friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienc'd Soul against the wicked Arts of this deceitful Man.—

Mrs. Plot. Then you would have followed my Advice, just as you have done since we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you against the protesting dying Lover, who was breathing out daily Raptures at your Feet, when it is not in your Power to prevail against him, even when he has discovered his Falshood ?

Luc. Believe me, I could never assure myself of it till now ; the whole long Year that I expected his Return to *Paris*, tho' it made me fear his Falshood, still left me room to hope his Truth.

Mrs. Plot. We are apt to hope what we desire. But could any Woman have reason to expect the Return of a Lover, after a Month had past beyond his Promise ? Had he intended to have married you, he would have done it before his Departure. Marriage, like Self-murder, requires an immediate Resolution : He that takes time for Deliberation, will never accomplish either.

Luc.

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Luc. Oh ! *Plotwel*, thou art well skill'd in the Wiles of the Sex : I wonder thou couldst be deceived.

Mrs. Plot. Yes, Madam, I have paid for my Knowledge. Man is that forbidden Fruit which we must buy the Knowledge of with Guilt. He must be tasted, to be known ; and certain Poison is in the Taste. Were Man to appear what he really is, we should fly from him as from a tempestuous Sea ; or were he to be what he appears, we should be happy in him as in a serene one. They lead us into Ruin with the Face of Angels, and when the Door is shut on us, exert the Devil.

Luc. He must have been a Man of uncommon Sense, who work'd your Ruin.

Mrs. Plot. Rather the Circumstances of my Ruin were uncommon.

Luc. I am surpris'd, that in all our Acquaintance, tho' you have often mentioned your Misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the Cause of them.

Mrs. Plot. Tho' the Relation be uneasy to me, still to satisfy your Curiosity, and to prevent any Sollicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few Words as I can.—In my Way to *Paris*, twenty Years ago, I fell acquainted with a young Gentleman, who appeared to be an Officer in the Army. He continued our Fellow-Traveller on the Road, and, after our Arrival at *Paris*, took Lodgings in the same House with us. I was then young and unskill'd, and too ready to listen to the Flattery of a Lover.—In short, he employed all his Art to convince me of his Passion—to make an Impression on that Heart which was too weakly armed to resist him. He succeeded,—and I was undone.

Luc. I can't find any thing uncommon in these Circumstances ; for I was undone just the same way myself.

Mrs.

The WEDDING-DAY. 309

Mrs. Plot. After a Month spent in our too fatal and too guilty Joys, he suddenly elop'd from *Paris*, and from that time I never saw him more.

Luc. But could any thing be so strange as your staying twenty Years in *Paris*, without seeking after him.

Plot. I heard the same Year he was slain at the Battle of *Bellgrade*.—But I think it much more strange in you, after staying a Year at *Paris*, to come a hunting after your Lover. For a Woman to pursue, is for the Hare to follow the Hounds; a Chase opposite to the Order of Nature, and can never be successful. A Woman is as sure of not overtaking the Lover who flies from her, as of being overtaken by a Lover who flies after her.

Luc. Well, I'm resolved to see him. If I reap no other Advantage from it, I shall have at least the Pleasure of thundering my Injuries in his Ear.—

Mrs. Plot. The usual Revenge of an injur'd Mistress.—If Nature had not granted us the Benefit of venting our Passions at our Tongues and our Eyes, the Injury and Falshood of Mankind would destroy above half our Sex.

SCENE II.

SCENE, *The Street.*

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, BRAZEN.

Mil. Your calling on me was lucky enough; you could have been directed to none properer for your Purpose than this Woman; for tho' her Body will scarce go thro' the Door, yet she has Dexterity enough to go thro' the Key-hole.—But let me tell you, that Dexterity must be put in motion by Gold, or it will remain in Rest.

Heart. She shall not want that. When my *Charlotte's* at stake, Fortune or Life are Trifles to the Adventurer.

Mil.

310 *The WEDDING-DAY.*

Mil. Well, for a sober grave Man of Sense, thou art something violent in thy Passion. I always thought Love as foreign to a speculative Man, as Religion to an Atheist.

Heart. Perhaps it may, for I believe the Atheist is as often insincere in his Contempt of Religion, as the other in his Contempt of Woman. There are Instances of Men who have professed themselves Despisers of both, that have at length been found kneeling at their Shrines.

Mil. Those are two things I never intend to trouble my Head about the Theory of—I shall content myself with the Practice—

Heart. With the Practice of one, I dare swear.

Mil. In my Youth, I believe I shall; and for being old, I desire it not. I would have the Fites of Life and Love go out together. What is Life worth without Pleasure? and what Pleasure is there out of the Arms of a Mistress? All other Joys are Dreams to that, give me the fine, young, blooming Girl—Cheeks blushing, Eyes sparkling—Give me her, *Heartfort*—

Heart. Take her with all my Heart. Come, Mr. *Brazen*, you are to conduct me another Way.

Mil. You are too soon for Mrs. *Useful's* Appointment.

Heart. No matter—here is one coming I would avoid.

Mil. Ha! Your Rival—Nay, you have no reason to be angry with him: You tell me, he is as averse to the Match as yourself: You cannot expect he should be disinterested out of Complaisance.

Heart. It is for that Reason I would avoid him. I am not Master enough of my Passions—besides, I hate Lying and Impertinence—I can't bear to hear a Fellow run on with his Intimacy with this Duke and that Lord, whom he has never spoke to, and, perhaps, never seen.

Mil.

The WEDDING-DAY. 311

Mil. A more innocent Vanity at least, than the boasting of Favours from Women, tho' with Truth, as I have known some Men of Sense do; which is a Vanity indulged at the Expence of another's Reputation.

Heart. Faith, and I take the other to be equally as destructive of Reputation; for I can't see why it should more reflect on a Woman, to be great with a Man of Sense, than on a Man of Sense to be great with a Fool.

Mil. Pshaw!—thou art as serious in thy Criticisms on Life, as a dull Critic on the *Drama*. I prefer laughing sometimes at a Farce and a Fool, to being entertained with the most regular Performances, or the Conversation of Men of the best Sense.

Heart. In my Opinion, Laughing at Fools is engaging them at their own Weapons; for a Fool always laughs at those who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the Laugh of his Side; because there are in the World Abundance of Fools to one who is otherwise. In short, it is dangerous to ridicule Folly any where openly; as to speak against *Mahometism* in *Turkey*, or *Popery* in *Rome*.—But he is here.—Good Morrow.

S C E N E III.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MUTABLE,
BRAZEN.

Mut. Nay, 'foregad, *Heartfort*, you shall not run away from me—Pox take your Mistress, I would not lose a Friend for all the Sluts in Town.—Pshaw! damn them, they are plenty enough—If thou can't persuade my Father off the Match, I did not care if the Devil had her.

Heart. Hearkee, Sir, on your Life, do not utter a prophane Word of her.

Mut.

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Mut. Well then, I wish you had her, or the Devil had her—It's equal to me—'Tis so difficult to please you—I must like her, and I must not like her.

Mil. Ay, *Mutable*, to content a passionate Lover is as difficult as to sail between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*: You must fall into one Extreme or other.

Heart. Though I would have *Charlotte* only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her slighted by another.

Mil. Well, *Mutable*, doth this early Sally of yours proceed from having been in Bed early, or from not being in Bed at all.

Mut. Not at all, agad—That Lord *Bouncer* is an everlasting Sitter.

Mil. Who had you with you?

Mut. There was myself, three Lords, two Baronets, four Whores, and a Justice of Peace. His Worship, indeed, did not sit late; he was obliged to go home at Three to take a Nap, to be sober at the Sessions—

Mil. And punish Wickedness and Debauchery.

Mut. *Millamour*, was you ever in Company with my Lord *Grig*?—He is the merriest Dog—We had such Diversion between him and the Duke of *Fleetstreet*—Ha! ha! ha! says the Duke to me—*Jack Mutable*, says he—ha! ha! ha! what do you think of my Lord *Grig*? Why, my Lord Duke, says I, what of my Lord *Grig*? Why, says my Lord Duke again, he is damnably in Love with my Lady *Pidle*.—You know my Lady *Pidle*, *Millamour*—she is a Prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what Sir *John Gubble* told me the other Day at *White's*—

Heart. Death and Damnation! This is insupportable. Come, Mr. *Brazen*—

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Mut. White's—Now, I mention *White's*, I must send an Excuse to my Lord *Goodland*. He invited me two days ago, to dine with him to day.

Mil. Two days ago!—why, he went into the Country a week since.

Mut. Nay, then Sir *Charles Wiseall* was mistaken, for he deliver'd me the Message yesterday; which is a little strange, methinks.

Mil. Ay, faith, it is very strange; for he has been in *Scotland* this Fortnight.

Mut. How!

Mil. It is even so, I assure you.

Mut. Then, as sure as I am alive, I dream't all this. Oh! but may I wish you Joy yet. They tell me you are going to be married.

Mil. Who told you so?

Mut. Hum!—that I can't remember. It was either the Dutchess of *Holbourn*, or Lady *Chatter*, or Lady *Scramble*, or——

Mil. No, you dream't it; a sure Sign it will not happen.

Mut. Heyday! Where's *Heartfort* gone?

Mil. He can't bear a successful Rival.

Mut. Poor Devil! I pity him heartily. And I pity myself: for, I protest, I am as sorry at winning her, as he can be at losing her.

Mil. But, is there no way of persuading the old Gentleman off?

Mut. Odd! here he comes. Prithee, do try; let me call you My Lord, and it will give you more weight with him; for he takes a Lord to be as infallible as the Pope.

Mil. Ay, is he so fond of Quality?

O

Mut.

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Mut. Oh! most passionately. You must know, he hesitates even at this Match on that account: nay, I believe, notwithstanding her Fortune, he would prefer a Woman of Quality for his Daughter-in-law, tho' she was not worth a Groat.

Mil. Ha! 'Sdeath! I have a Thought—but mum—he's here.

S C E N E V.

Old MUTABLE, *Young* MUTABLE, MILLAMOUR.

O. Mut. Ha! *Jacky*, have I found you out at last. It is so long since I was in Town, I had almost lost myself. But, harkee,—who's that fine Gentleman? Hey!

Y. Mut. Oh! one of the Lords I told you I converse with—an intimate Acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, Sir.—My Lord, this is my Father, my Lord—

O. Mut. At your Lordship's Service, my Lord.

Mil. Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you in Town.

O. Mut. I am exceedingly obliged to your Lordship—My Lord, I am vastly unworthy so great an Honour.

Y. Mut. You will excuse my Father, my Lord: As he has liv'd in the Country most of his Time, he does not make quite so fine a Bow as we do.

O. Mut. My Son says true, my Lord. I have lived most of my Time in the Country, the greater my Misfortune, and my Father's Crime, my Lord.—But, I thank my Stars, my Son cannot charge me with stinting his Education. Alas! my Lord, it must be done betimes.—A Man can never be sent into the World too soon.—What can they learn at Schools or Universities?—No, no, I sent my Boy to Town at sixteen, and
allowed

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allowed him wherewithal to keep the best Company. And, I thank my Stars, I have lived to see him one of the finest Gentlemen of his Age.

Y. Mut. Ah! Dear Sir, your most obedient humble Servant.

Mil. It is owing, Sir, to such wise Parents as you, that the present Age abounds with such fine Gentlemen as it does. Our dull Forefathers were either rough Soldiers, pedantic Scholars, or clownish Farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine Gentleman among us then, as it is a true *Briton* among us now.

O. Mut. I am very proud, my Lord, to find my Son in such Company as your Lordship's.

Mil. Dear Sir, the Honour is on my Side, I assure you.

O. Mut. 'Sbud! Your Men of Quality are the civillest sort of People upon Earth.

Mil. And, I believe, my Sister is of the same Opinion.

Y. Mut. His Sister! (*aside*)

O. Mut. I am extremely bound to your good Lordship.

Mil. I see you are shy of speaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the Honour of my House to marry into a worthy Family with a competent Estate, though there be no Title.

O. Mut. My Lord!

Mil. And since my Sister has condescended to receive the Addresses of your Son, I shall not oppose the Match.

O. Mut. I am surpriz'd, my Lord.—

Mil. Nay, Sir, you cannot be surpriz'd; for certainly Mr. *Mutable* has more Honour, than to have proceeded so far without acquainting you.

O. Mut. Oh, Yes, my Lord, he has acquainted me—Yes, my Lord, I have been acquainted in—

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deed—But the Honour was so great that I could scarce believe it.

Y. Mut. (aside) This is not the first Woman I have been in Love with, without seeing.

O. Mut. Oh, fie upon you, *Jacky*, why did you not tell me of this—I'll go break off the other Match this Moment. My Lord, I cannot express the very grateful Sentiments I have of this great Honour, my Lord——

Mil. I shall be glad to see you at my House ; in the mean time Mr. *Mutable* may have as free Access to my Sister as he pleases.

Y. Mut. Dear my Lord, I am your most obedient humble Servant.

O. Mut. I and mine, my Lord, are eternally obliged to your Goodness ; and I hope my Son is as sufficiently sensible as myself.—I will just go do a little Business, and then, *Jacky*, I'll come to this Place, and you shall carry me to wait on his Lordship.—Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you.—In the mean time I am your Lordship's very obedient, devoted, humble Servant, to command.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Millamour. Well, have I not managed the old Gentleman finely——

Y. Mut. Yes ; but, as my Lord *Twitter* says, how shall we carry it on ?

Mil. That I am thinking. Suppose I get somebody to personate my Sister—I see your Father is of a good, easy, credulous Disposition, and not altogether so inflexible as your Father-in-law—

Y. Mut. No, hang him ; he never kept a Resolution two Minutes in his Life. He is the very Picture of my Lord *Shatterbrain* ; and you know my
Lord

The WEDDING-DAY. 317

Lord *Shatterbrain* is very famous for breaking his Word. I have made forty Engagements with him, and he never kept one; then, the next time we met,—*Jack Mutable*, says he, I know you'll pardon me—I have such a Memory—but there's Sir *George Goose* has just such another too—but *George* is a comical Dog, that's the Truth on't—There was he and I and the Duke——

Mil. Hearkee, I have thought how the thing shall be conducted. *Heartfort's* House shall pass for mine; thither do you bring your Father; you shall find a Lady ready to receive you.—But you must remember to behave to her as if you were old Acquaintance. I will instruct her how to answer you. So, go now and expect your Father, and remember to give me the Title of Lord *Truelove*.

Mil. Agad, I din'd with Sir *John Truelove* about four days ago; and how many Bottles do you think we sat?

Mil. Twenty dozen, if you will.

Y. Mut. No, faith, not that—not that quite. I brought off four to my own Share tho'; and so drunk was my Lord *Puzzle*—ha! ha! ha! and so mad—

Mil. But if thou art not quite drunk or mad thyself, prithee do mind thy Business; for, if you stay one Moment longer, I'll fling up the Affair.

Y. Mut. I go, I go. My Lord *Truelove*, your Servant.—Foregad, Sir *John* is one of the merriest dogs in *Christendom*.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMOUR *solus*.

Go thy way, *Guillim* display'd--Thou Catalogue of the Nobility—'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the Vanity of such Fools as this that makes Men proud of a Title, without any other Merit. Now, if I can but match this Spark with my *Northumberland* Cousin,

O 3.

I shall

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I shall handsomely be quit of a troublesome Relation.—And, faith, I think the Arms of a rich Fool are a sort of Hospital, proper to every Woman who has worn out her Reputation in the Service.

SCENE VIII.

Mr. STEDFAST's House.

CHARLOTTE, *speaking to Mrs. USEFUL, who goes out, and returns with HEARTFORT.*

Well, well, tell the Wretch, I will see him, to give him another final Answer, since he will have it. Poor Creature! how little he suspects who is his Rival.—Oh! *Millamour*, thou hast given this Heart of mine more Sighs in one Week, than it ever yet felt—nay, than it hath ever made any other feel.—How shall I let him know my Passion, or how avoid this Match intended for me by my Father! Well, Sir, how often must I tell you, I won't have you, I can't have you?

Heart. Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some Reason why you will not have me.

Char. I tell you a Reason—I hate you.

Heart. I might expect a better Reason for that Hate than the Violence of my Love.

Char. Oh! the best Reason in the World. I hate every thing that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real Lover.

Heart. Methinks, Gratitude might produce the highest Affection.

Char. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir—Gratitude!—that implies an Obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me—did I?—I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole Town.

Heart.

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Heart. Can my Torments make you merry, Madam?

Char. Oh! no certainly; for you must know, I am extravagantly good-natur'd: Nor can you yourself say, that I have not begg'd you to get off the Wreck: But you would have me take you off in my Arms, like an odious ridiculous Creature, as you are.

Heart. Give me my Reason again; untie me from the Magic Knot you have bound me in; for whilst you hold me fast within your Chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me take my Freedom.

Char. Chains!—sure being in Love is something like being in the Gallies; and a Lover, like other Slaves, is the Subject of no other Passion but Pity: Nay, they are even more contemptible—they are meer Insects. One gives Being to Thousands with a Smile; and takes it away again with a Frown. A celebrated Physician might as well grieve at the Death of every Patient, as a celebrated Toast at the Death of every Lover; and then it would be impossible for either of them ever to have dry Eyes.

Heart. Come, come, Madam; the World are not all so deaf to Reason as I am. There are those who can see your Faults, tho' I can't—can weigh Affectation against Beauty, and Ill-nature against Wit.

Char. They are inseparable. No one has Beauty without Affectation, nor Wit without Ill-Nature. But Lovers, you know, only see Perfections. All Things look white to Love, as they do yellow to the Jaundice.

Heart. This cool Insensibility is worse than Rage.

Char. It would be cruel indeed to add to the Fire. I would extinguish your Passion, Sir, since this is the last time it can blaze in Public, without Prejudice to my Reputation.

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Heart. Sure, you can't resolve to marry a Fool.

Char. I can resolve to be dutiful to a Parent, and run any Risque rather than that of my Fortune. In short, Mr. *Heartfort*, could you have prevail'd with my Father, you might have prevail'd with me. I lik'd you well enough to have obey'd my Father, but not to disobey him.

Heart. Was that the Affection you had for a Man who would have sacrificed himself and the whole World to you?

SCENE IX.

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Clar. Fie! *Charlotte*, how can you use him so barbarously? Poor *Heartfort*! I protest, I pity you sincerely.

Char. Indeed, *Clarinda*,—for I shall never call you Mother—I am come to an Age, wherein I shall not follow your Advice in disposing of myself; nor am I more forward to ask your Opinion, than you was to ask mine, when you married my Father.

Clar. My dear *Charlotte*, you shall never have more cause to repent my Marriage, than I believe you would have to repent your own with this Gentleman.

Heart. My Life, Madam, is a poor Sacrifice to such Goodness.

Char. Dear Creature! if the old Gentleman your Husband was here, you would make him jealous on his Wedding-Day.—Besides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a Resolution to give me to Mr. *Mutable*; and you know, or you will know before you have been married to him long, that, when once he hath resolved on any thing, it is impossible to alter him.

SCENE

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SCENE X.

STEDFAST, HEARTFORT, CLARINDA,
CHARLOTTE.

Stedfast. Heyday! What's here to do? I thought I had forbidden you my House. Am I not Master of my own House?

Heart. No, Sir, nor ever will, while you have two such fine Ladies in it.

Sted. Sir, if I had two Empresses in it, my Word should be a Law.—And I can tell you, Sir, I will have Blunderbusses in it, and Constables too, if I see you in it any more.

Clar. Nay, pray, my Dear, do not try to shock him more; *Charlotte* hath us'd him ill enough already.

Sted. Hearkee, Madam, my Dear, I must give you a Piece of Advice on our Wedding-Day:—Never offer to interrupt me, nor presume to give your Opinion in any thing till ask'd.—If Nature hath made any thing in vain, it is the Tongue of a Woman. Women were designed to be seen, and not heard; they were formed only to please our Eyes.

Char. You will be singularly happy, my Dear, with a Husband who marries to please no Sense but his Eyes.

Clar. I do not doubt being as happy with him as I desire.

Sted. This is another Thing I must warn you of—Never to whisper in my Presence.—Whispering no one uses but with an ill Design. I made a Resolution against Whispering at Sixteen, and have never whispered since.

Heart. Yes, Sir, and if you had made a Resolution to hang yourself, others would have been equally obliged to follow the Example.

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Sted. I wish you would resolve to go out of my Doors, Sir; or I shall take a Resolution which may not please you. Madam, if you have not given this Gentleman a final Discharge already, do it now.

Char. You hear, Sir, what my Father says, therefore I desire you would immediately leave us, and not think of returning again.

Heart. Not certain Death should deter me from obeying your Commands; nor would that Sentence give me equal Pain, pronounced from any other's Lips, with this Banishment, from yours.

SCENE XI.

STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Clar. Go thy ways, for a pretty Fellow.

Sted. Go thy ways for an Hypocrite. We shall have that Fellow turn Rake at Forty. The Seeds of Raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a Disease in the Blood, which every Man is born with, and the sooner it shews itself, the better.

Char. But I hope, Sir, since I have complied with your Commands, in dispatching one Lover, you will comply with my Desires, in delaying my Alliance with another.

Sted. As for that, you may be very easy: So you are married to day, I care not what Hour.

Char. Why to day, Sir?

Sted. Because I have resolv'd it, Madam.

Char. One Day sure would make no Difference.

Sted. Madam, I have said it.

Clar. Let me interceed for so short a Reprieve.

Sted. I am fixed.

Char. Consider, my whole Happiness is at stake.

Sted. If the Happiness of the World was at stake, I would not alter my Resolution. (*Servant enters.*)

Ser. Sir, Mr. *Mutable* is below.

Sted.

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Sted. Shew him up. Go you two in—Daughter, be sure and make yourself ready. I have not yet resolv'd the Hour of marrying you, but it shall be this Afternoon; for I am determin'd to keep both our Wedding-Suppers together.

SCENE XII.

STEDFAST, *Old* MUTABLE.

Sted. Mr. *Mutable*, your Servant. Odso! where's the Bridegroom?—He is a little too backward for a young Fellow: The Bride has reason to take it amiss.

O. Mut. Nay, Mr. *Stedfast*, if she or you take any thing amiss, we cannot help that.

Sted. Pugh! I was in Jest with thee: She shall take nothing amiss, for I am resolv'd on the Match.

O. Mut. Truly, I am sorry for it.

Sted. Ha! sorry—for what?

O. Mut. Since it must be known, what signifies Hesitation?—My Son is pre-engag'd, Sir.

Sted. How, Sir, pre-engag'd!

O. Mut. Yes, Sir, to a young Lady of Beauty and Fortune—and, what is more, a Lady of Quality. I assure you, Sir, I did not know one word of it when our Bargain was made; which I am sorry for, and heartily ask your Pardon.

Sted. And is this the Manner you treat me in, after I have refused such Offers for your Son's sake?

O. Mut. The Match was none of my own Choice; but if Quality will drop into one's Lap—

Sted. Ay, Quality may drop into your Lap or your Pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier—And pray, who is this great Lady of Quality?

O. Mut. I know nothing more of her, than that she is a Lord's Sister.

Sted. Hath she no Name then?

O. Mut.

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O. Mut. Yes, Sir, I suppose she hath a Name, tho' I don't know it.

Sted. And pray, Sir, what's her Fortune?

O. Mut. I do not know that either.

Sted. Your very humble Servant, Sir—I honour your Profundity : If the Lady's Quality be equal to your Wisdom, *Goatham* and *Fleetstreet* will be in strict Alliance—Sir, I admire your Son ; for tho' it is probable he may get nothing by the Bargain, I find he has Sense enough to outwit his Father ; and he may laugh at you, while all the World laughs at him.

O. Mut. What do you mean, Sir?

Sted. Stay till your Daughter be brought home, she will explain my Meaning, I warrant you—she will bring you both Extremes, my Life on't—Quality in the Kennel, and Fortune in the Air.

O. Mut. Hum ! if it should prove so—Sir, the Match is not compleated.

Sted. No, Sir ; you are very capable of breaking it off, we see—— (*Servant enters.*)

Ser. Sir, the Lawyer is come with the Writings.

Sted. He may cancel them, if he pleases, and hang himself when he has done.

O. Mut. Stay, Sir, I am not determin'd in this Affair——

Sted. Nor in any, I am sure—but I am ; and you must give up your Pretensions one way or other this Moment.

O. Mut. Then I stand by the securest—So desire the Lawyer to walk in—I hope you will forgive me, Mr. *Stedfast*, what's past.

Sted. Ay, Sir, more for my own sake than yours ; for had I not resolv'd on the Match, I might have taken other Measures.

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SCENE XIII.

Old MUTABLE, STEDFAST, PRIG.

O. Mut. Come, Sir, I am ready to sign Articles.

Sted. Where's Mr. *Squeezepurse* your Master?

Prig. Sir, my Master is busy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

Sted. Sir, I am the best Judge of that—I have resolv'd never to sign any thing without your Master.

Prig. It is the very same thing, I assure you—The Writings are fully drawn, and any Witness may do as well as my Master.

Sted. Your Master is a negligent Puppy, and uses me doubly ill—first, in staying away, and then in sending such an impertinent Coxcomb to dispute with me.

O. Mut. I believe, Mr. *Stedfast*, we may do it.

Sted. Excuse me, Sir, I shall not alter my Resolves—Therefore go to your Master, and tell him to come to me immediately; for I will not sign without him, that I am resolv'd.

O. Mut. In the mean while, I'll step just by and call my Son, that we may meet with no further Interruption.

(*Servant enters.*)

Ser. Sir, the Taylor hath sent word, that he cannot finish the new Liveries till to Morrow Morning.

Sted. Then, Sir, go and give my humble Service to the Taylor, and tell him to send them half done or undone; for I am resolv'd to have them put on to day, though they are thrown like Blankets over their Shoulders, and my Equipage should look like the Retinue of a *Morocco* Ambassador.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Street.*

HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Heart. **T**HOUGH I fear my Fortune desperate, yet is my Obligation infinite to you, my dear *Millamour*, for this Trouble.

Mut. And to me too. — Agad I have run the Hazard of being disinherited on your Account. — As for the Wife, the Loss is not great ; but I have a real Value for the Estate.

Mil. Come, faith, *Heartfort*, thou must confess thyself oblig'd to him ; he hath done what is in his Power. —

Heart. I thank him — And, in return, *Mutable*, let me give you a Piece of Advice — Leave off that ridiculous Quality of pretending an Acquaintance with Men of Fashion, whom thou hast never seen, for two Reasons — First, no one believes you — Nor if you were believed, would any one esteem you for it — Because all the Prize-fighters, Jockeys, Gamesters, Pimps, and Buffoons in *England* have the same Honour —

Mut. Ha, ha, ha, this is very merry, very facetious, Faith — Egad, *Millamour*, if I did not know that *Heartfort* keeps the best Company I should think him envious.

Mil. I rather think his Ambition lies quite the opposite Way ; for I have seen him walking at high *Mall* with a Fellow in a dirty Shirt, and a Wig unpowder'd.

Mut. Auh ! what a Couple of distinguishing Qualifications he chose to appear in the *Mall* with ! —

Heart.

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Heart. And the Man he means happens to have two Qualifications very seldom seen in the *Mall*, or any where else——

Mut. Ay, prithee what are these?

Heart. Virtue, and good Sense.

Mut. Ha, ha, ha, Virtue, and good Sense; no Powder, and dirty Linen—Four fine Accomplishments for an old Philosopher to live upon——

Mil. Ay, or for a modern Philosopher to starve with — But, mum — Remember who I am.

SCENE II.

Old MUTABLE, Young MUTABLE, HEART-FORT, MILLAMOUR.

Mil. So, Sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you please, I am ready to wait upon you——

O. Mut. I am unwilling to give your Lordship any further Trouble; for I find, my Lord, that Matters are too far gone to be broke off now — So I thank your Lordship for the Honour you intended me. But the Boy must be married to his former Mistress.——

Heart. Ha! [*aside.*]

Mil. What's this, Sir?

O. Mut. In short, my Lord, I have as great an Honour for Quality as any Man; but there are Things to be consider'd.—Quality is a fine thing, my Lord; but it does not pay Debts.

Y. Mut. Faith, you are mistaken there, Father; for it does.

Mil. I little thought this Consideration would have expos'd my Sister to an Affront. — You are the last Commoner I shall offer her to, I assure you — Perhaps you may repent this Refusal.——

Y. Mut. Dear Sir, consider.—Your Son's Happiness, Grandeur, Fortune, all are at Stake.

Mil.

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Mil. Now the Affair is over, Sir, I shall tell you, that my Sister was not only secure of a Fortune much larger than Mr. *Stedfast's* Daughter; but as I have resolved against Marriage, my Fortune and Title too must have descended to your Son.

O. Mut. Hey! — And should I have seen my *Jacky* a Lord? — Should I have had a Lord ask me Blessing! — And a Set of young Lords and Ladies my Grand Grand Children! Should this old Crab Tree Stock have seen such noble grafted Fruit spreading on its Branches? — O my good dear Lord, I ask Pardon on my Knees. — Forgive the foolish Caution of a fearful old Man.

Mil. My Honour, my Honour forbids. —

O. Mut. Oh dear, sweet, good my Lord. — Let Pity melt your Honour to Forgiveness.

Heart. Let me intercede, Sir.

O. Mut. If your Honour must have a Sacrifice, let my Fault be paid by my Punishment. Tread upon my Neck, my Lord. Do any thing to me. But do not let me bar my Son's Way to Happiness.

Mil. The strictest Honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself therefore with inflicting on you a moderate Punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the Fortune down before Marriage; I now will do it afterwards.

O. Mut. Whenever your Lordship pleases. I will give one thorough Rebuff to Mr. *Stedfast*, and return instantly. — *Jacky* stay, stay you here, and expect me to conduct me to his Lordship. My Lord, I am your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

Mil. This succeeds to our Wish. I think I'll e'en play the Parson myself, and marry you in Jest.

Y. Mut. But I shall not play the Husband, I thank you.

Mil.

Mil. Phaw, — in Jest.
Y. Mut. Hum, I take Matrimony to be no Jest.

Mil. And I take it to be the greatest Jest in Nature. When the old Gentleman comes, *Heartfort*, do you take him to your House, which must pass for my Lord *Truelove's*, thither will I bring the Lady with the utmost Expedition. But remember to give a particular Order to all your Servants, that your Name is *Truelove*.

Heart. If you would have me stay with you, in the mean time I must have no Lords. Nay, I will not allow you a Baronet. Not even a plain Sir, though he was knighted but last Week, and hath not paid his Fees yet.

Y. Mut. Well, well, you shall be humoured, though I am at work for your Service.

SCENE III.

STEDFAST's House.

CLARINDA, Mrs. USEFUL.

Clar. To leave my Husband's House on my Wedding-Day? And visit a Gallant? I'll never consent to it. —

Use. Then there's a pretty Fellow gone to his Forefathers.

Clar. No, tell the barbarous Man, undone as he is, I would have consented to any other Portion with him than Dishonour. Tell him, he hath forc'd me to the fatal Resolution I have taken; for, to avoid him, was my first Cause of marrying; and tell him, in that Hour I gave my Hand to Mr. *Stedfast*, I resolved never to see him more.

Use. The Devil take me, if I do. You may send another Messenger. I'll have no Hand in his Death. I always had a natural Antipathy to Murder. — Poor, dear, pretty, handsome young Fellow.

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low. — Go,—you are a cruel Creature ! — Oh ! Had you seen how he sigh'd, and sobb'd, and groan'd, and kiss'd your Letter, and call'd you by all the tenderest, softest Names, then shed such a Shower of Tears upon the Paper ; then kiss'd it again, and swore he had lost his Soul in you.— Oh ! it would have melted Rocks, could they have seen it.

Clar. Why wilt thou torment me to no purpose.

Use. It is your own Fault, if it be to no purpose.

Clar. What can I do ?

Use. What can you do ?—that any Woman after Eighteen should ask that Question — What can you do ? — Methinks Charity should tell you, if your Heart was not deaf to every thing that is good — When a fine, handsome young Fellow is the Beggar, what Woman can want Charity ?

Clar. I have no more to give. — My all is now my Husband's ; nor can I, without injuring him, bestow —

Use. Your Husband !—You are enough to make me mad. — Injure your Husband ! — You may as well think you injure your Chest when you take the Money out of it. — And would you be lock'd up all your Life in that old fusty Chest, the Arms of your Husband ?

Clar. Ha ! Doth it become thee to rail against my Husband, who hast employ'd all thy vile Rhetoric to persuade me to receive him ?——

Use. To receive him as a Husband I did, — and I now persuade you to make a Husband of him.

Clar. Oh, Villain ! What hath urged thee to use me as thou dost ? Didst thou not first entice me to leave my Convent, and fly to *England* with that Monster *Millamour* ? — And then didst thou not, with the same Diligence, intreat me to this Marriage ? And now——

Use. What Allegations are here !—I own I advised

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vifed you to quit a Religion I thought not confiftent with the Health of your Soul, and to fly to the Arms of a Man I thought loved you—When I thought he did not love you, I advifed you to leave him—And now I find he does love you, I advife you to return to him again——

Clar. What! with the Lofs of my Honour!—

Ufe. The Lofs of your Honour! No, no—You may keep your Honour ftill; for every Woman hath it, 'till ſhe is diſcovered——

Clar. Name it to me no more——

Ufe. At leaſt you may ſee him—there's no Diſhonour in that——

Clar. I dare not think of it——

Ufe. E'en do it without thinking of it—Let the poor Man owe the continuing of his Life to my Entreaties.

Clar. Oh! he hath a more powerful Advocate within me——

Ufe. Well—I'll fly with the happy News.

Clar. Stay—I cannot reſolve——

Ufe. That's enough—She that can't reſolve againſt her Lover, always reſolves for him——

Clar. Well—I will take one dear laſt Draught of Ruin from his Eyes——And then bid them Farewel for ever——

SCENE IV. [*The Street.*]

CHARLOTTE *diſguiſed.*

Here am I fairly eſcaped from my Father's Houſe—And now, what to do, or whither to go, I know not. If I return, I know the Poſitivenefs and Paſſionatenefs of his Temper too well, to leave me any Hopes of avoiding the Match he is reſolv'd on—If I do not, I dread the Conſequences. Suppoſe I find *Millamour* out, and acquaint him with

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with my Passion ! —I'll die sooner—If *Heartfort* were here this Moment, I believe I should not refuse him any longer—Ah

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE.

Mil. Pox on my Rashness in discharging the good Mother this Morning—I shall never be able to find *Lucina*—I must get another—Ha ! What hath Fortune sent us ? A Woman in a Masque—I suppose she doth it to hide the Small-pox, or some cursed Deformity—But hang it, she may pass for a Woman of Quality, for all that—Agad I'll attack her, and, if I mistake not, she expects it. At least she doth not threaten to run away—Madam, your most obedient, humble Servant—I presume, by your present Posture, that your Masque gives you an Advantage over me—That I have the Honour of being known to you—

Clar. You may depend on it, Sir, it is to my Advantage to cover my Face by my doing it—And I conceive it would be to your Advantage to wear a Masque too.

Mil. I'll excuse your abusing my Face while you abuse your own—Nor do I believe you in earnest in either ; for I see, by your Eyes, that you like me ; and, I am pretty confident, you like yourself.

Clar. Indeed, if Mr. *Millamour* is so fully persuaded of the former—I think he may without any ill Opinion of my Modesty suspect the latter—

Mil. Hum ! my Name too—

Charl. I hope you have not the worse Opinion of yourself from my knowing it.

Mil. No, my Dear, — nor much the better of you, I can tell you—Harkee, Child—I find thou art some old Acquaintance of mine ; and as those
are

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are a Sett of People whom I am always glad to serve, I will make thy Fortune——

Charl. Now I fancy you don't think me an old Acquaintance ; for, if I was, you must be assur'd, I know that is not in your Power.

Mil. Why, truly, Madam, I am not worth as many *Indies* as I would bestow on your dear Sex, if I had 'em—But, in this Affair, I am not to be the Principal, but only a sort of Agent—Or, to speak in your own Language, the Bawd.

Charl. Well, Sir——

Mil. And if you can but act the Part of a Woman of Quality for one half Hour, I believe I shall put it into your Power to act one as long as you live——

Charl. What ! Have you a Man of Quality to dispose of ?

Mil. No ; but I have what many a Man of Quality would be glad to dispose of—I have a great Fortune for you ; and that with it which many a Woman of Quality hath to dispose of—

Char. What's that, pray ?

Mil. A Fool !

Char. Oh ! You won't want Customers ; but you and I, I find, shall not agree ; for we happen to deal in the same Wares.

Mil. But mine is a Man Fool, Madam.

Char. And so is mine, Sir—but let us wave that ; for I will give him to any one who will have him—The Fortune is what concerns me most — Do you know any one, in whose Hands I could place ten thousand Pounds with Safety——

Mil. Nay, prithee don't trifle—If you will come with me, and act your Part well, you shall be Mistress of four times that Sum within these two Hours. You shall have a Husband with those two great Matrimonial Qualities, Rich and a Fool.

Char. Ay, And what is his Name ?——

Mil.

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Mil. What signifies his Name? Will you have a rich Fool for a Husband, Madam, or no? This must be some very vulgar Slut, by her Hesitation.

Char. No, Sir, I don't want Riches, and I hate a Fool.

Mil. Then your Servant. I must go find some body that will. If I had but Time on my Hands, I should find many a Woman of Fashion would be glad to be Mrs. *Mutable*.

Char. Ha! Stay, Sir, (this may be a lucky Adventure, at least it must be a pleasant one) if I had known Mr. *Mutable* was the Gentleman——

Mil. Well, Mr. *Mutable* is the Gentleman.

Char. Oh, Heavens! my Father. I shall be discover'd.

Mil. Come, Madam, we have not a Moment to lose. Step to my Lodgings, and receive Instructions.

Char. Well, Sir, I have so good an Opinion of your Honour, that I will trust myself with you.

Mil. My Honour is most infinitely obliged to your Confidence, dear Madam.

S C E N E VI.

STEDFAST, *Old* MUTABLE.

Sted. Forgive indeed! Why, a Man may as well determine which Way a Weather-cock shall stand this Day Fortnight, by its present Situation, as he can what you will think an Hour hence, by what you think now. A Windmill, or a Woman's Heart are firm as Rocks in Comparison of you.

Mut. I own he did over-persuade me; but, pardon me this Time, and I will immediately fetch the Boy, and Matters shall be dispatched.

Sted. Hum!

Mut. Come, come, you cannot blame me.
Who

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Who would not marry his Son to a Woman of Quality?

Sted. Who would not? I would not, Sir. If I had resolved to marry my Daughter to a Cobler, I would not alter my Resolution to see her a-bed with the Emperor of *Germany*.

Mut. All Men, Mr. *Stedfast*, are not so firm in their Resolutions as you are.

Sted. More Shame for them, Sir. I am now in the fiftieth Year of my Age, and never broke one Resolution in my Life yet.

Mut. Good lack! I am some Years older than you are, and never made a Resolution in my Life yet.

Sted. Well, Sir, I see your Son coming: I will prepare my Daughter. But, pray observe me. Make one Resolution. If you change your Mind again before they are married, they shall never be married at all, that I am resolved.

Mut. (*aside.*) This is a bloody positive old Fellow. What a brave, absolute Prince he'd make? —I'll warrant he'd chop off the Heads of two or three thousand Subjects, sooner than break his Word. I must not anger him any more.

SCENE VII.

Old MUTABLE, Young MUTABLE, HEART-FORT.

O. Mut. Come, *Jacky*, you must along with me: Mr. *Stedfast* and I are agreed at last.

Y. Mut. And disappoint his Lordship, Sir?

O. Mut. Don't tell me of his Lordship. I have taken a Resolution to see you married immediately. And married you shall be.

Heart. Confusion!

Y. Mut. Dear Sir.

O. Mut. Sir, I tell you I have taken a Resolution: So follow me as you expect my Blessing.

Y. Mut.

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Y. Mut. Heartfort, for Heaven's sake stop him.

Heart. 'Sdeath ! I'll stop him, or perish in the Attempt.

S C E N E VIII.

MILLAMOUR'S Lodgings.

Brazen alone, with an Opera Book in his Hand.

Well, I cannot come into the Opinion of the Town about this last Opera. It is too light for my Goute. Give me your solemn, sublime Music. But Pox take their Taste. I scarce know five Footmen in Town, who can distinguish. The Rascals have no Ear, no Judgment. I would as soon ask a Sett of Country Squires what they liked. I remember the Time when we should not have suffer'd such Stuff as this to have gone down. Ah dear, *Si Caro* (*sings.*)

Millamour and Charlotte to him.

Mil. Hey-day ! Here you musical Gentleman, Pray, get you down Stairs.

Braz. Yes, Sir, (*sings the End of the Tune, and Exit.*)

Char. You have a very polite Footman indeed, Sir.

Mil. Yes, Madam. But come, my Dear, as you are now in a Place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more Occasion for your Masque.

Char. No, Sir. Before I discover more of me, it will be proper to set you right in some mistakes you seem to lie under concerning me. In the first Place know, that I am a Gentlewoman.

Mil. Ay, a Parson's Daughter, descended from very honest and reputable Parents, I dare swear.

(*aside.*)

Char.

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Char. And, what will surprize you, one of a very good Family, and very great Fortune.

Mil. Ay, that would surprize me indeed. But come, unmasque, or you will force me to a Violence I would avoid.

Char. You promised me not to be rude, before I would venture hither, and, I assure you, I am a Woman of Fashion.

Mil. Well, Madam, if you are a Woman of Fashion, I am sure you have too much good Nature to be angry with me for making a Promise, which you have too much Wit to expect I should keep. Besides, where there is no Breach of Confidence, there is no Breach of Promise. And you no more believe us when we swear we won't be rude, than we believe you when you swear you think us so. So, dear sweet Gentlewoman, unmasque; for I am in haste to serve my Friend, and yet I find I must serve myself first.

Char. Hold, Sir. You know you are but a Procurer.

Mil. But I generally taste what I procure, before I put it into a Friend's Hands—Look ye, Madam, it is in vain to resist. So, my dear artificial Blackmoor, I desire thee to uncover.

Char. No, Sir, first hear my History—

Mil. I will first see the Frontispiece of it.

Char. Know I am a Woman of strict Honour.

Mil. Your History hath a very lamentable Beginning.

Char. And in the greatest Distress in the World; for I am this Day to be married to a Man I despise. Now if Mr. *Millamour* can find out any Means to deliver me from the Hands of this uncourteous Knight, I don't know how far my Generosity may reward him—I forgive these Suspicions of me, which the Manner, in which you found me, sufficiently justifies: But, I do assure

P

you

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you, this Adventure is the only one which can attack my Reputation ; and I am the only Child of a rich old Father, and can make the Fortune of my Husband.

Mil. Husband ! Oh !

Char. Ay, Husband. As rich a Man as Mr. *Millamour* would leap at the Name ; though I hope you don't think it my Intention to make one of you—To endeavour wickedly to enclose a Common that belongs to the whole Sex.

Mil. Ouns ! What the Devil can she be ?

Char. You have a rare Opinion of yourself indeed, that the very same Morning in which you have escaped the Jaws of a poor Mistress, you should find another with twenty thousand Pounds in her Pocket.

Mil. Every Circumstance (*aside*) Who knows what Fortune may have sent me ? What these Charms of mine have done ?

Char. What are you considering, Sir ?

Mil. I am considering, my Dear, what particular Charm in my Person can have made this Conquest.

Char. Oh ! A Complication, Sir.

Mil. Dear Madam !

Char. For you must know, Sir, that I have resolved never to marry, 'till I have found a Man without one single Fault in my Eye, or a single Virtue in any one's else.—For my Part, I take Beauty in a Man to be a Sign of Effeminacy ; Sobriety, want of Spirit ; Gravity, want of Wit ; and Constancy, want of Constitution.

Mil. So that to have no Fault in your Eye, is to be an impudent, Hatchet-face, Raking, Rattling, Roving, Inconstant——

Char. All which Perfections are so agreeably blended in you, sweet Sir.

Mil. Your most obedient, humble Servant, Madam.

Char.

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Char. That I have fix'd on you as my Cavalier for this Enterprize, for which there is but one Method. I must run into one Danger to avoid another. I have no way to shun my Husband at Home, but by carrying a Husband Home with me—Now, Sir, if you can have the same implicit Faith in my Fortune as you had in my Beauty, the Bargain is struck. Send for a Parson, and you know what follows—[*Unmasks*] You may easily see my Confusion. And I would have you imagine you owe this Declaration only to my horrible Apprehension of being obliged to take a Man I like less than yourself.

Mil. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, Madam. But——

Char. But ! Do you hesitate, Sir ?

Mil. The Offer of so much Beauty and Fortune would admit of no Hesitation, was it not that I must wrong a Friend ? Consider, Madam, if you know none who hath a juster Title to them. How happy would this Declaration make *Heartfort*, which you throw away on me.

Char. I find I have thrown it away indeed—Ha ! Am I refus'd ? I begin to hate him, and despise myself.

Mil. Upon my Soul she is a fine Woman ; but can I think of wronging my Friend ? The Devil take me if she is not exquisitely handsome ; but he is my Friend—But she hath Twenty thousand Pounds—But I must be a Rascal to think of her, and as many Millions would not pay me for it.

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, BRAZEN.

Braz. Sir, here is a Lady.

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Mil. 'Sdeath a Lady!—Fool, Sot, Oaf! How often shall I tell thee, that I am never at Home to two Ladies at a Time?

Braz. Sir, you would have hang'd me, if I should have deny'd you to Madam *Clarinda*.

Mil. Clarinda! Oh, transporting Name—My Dear, shall I beg for the Safety of your Reputation, you would step into that Closet, while I discharge the Visit of a troublesome Relation?

Char. Put me any where from the Danger of a female Tongue—Well, if I escape free this Time, I will never take such another Ramble while I live again.

Mil. (*Shuts her in the Closet*) There—Now will I find some Way to let *Heartfort* know of her being here—I am transported at the Hope of serving him, even whilst *Clarinda* is at my Door.

S C E N E X.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA introduced by
USEFUL.

Mil. My *Clarinda!* This is a Goodness of that prodigious Nature——

Clar. That it can be equal'd by nothing but thy Falshood.

Mil. Can so unjust an Accusation proceed from so much Sweetness?—Can you that have forsaken me.——

Clar. Do not attempt to excuse yourself—You know how false you have been—Nor could any thing but your Falshood have driven me to what I have done.

Mil. By all the——

Clar. Do not damn thyself more—I know thy Falshood; I have seen it. Therefore thy Perjuries are as vain as wicked—Do you think I wanted this Testimony?

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Mil.

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Mil. *Lucina's* Letter! Curfed Accident! She too hath received *Clarinda's*! But I muſt ſtand it out. Hear this! My Falſhood! Mine! when there's not a Star in Heaven that hath not ſeen me, like an *Arcadian* of the firſt ſort, ſighing and wiſhing for you; the Turtle is inconstant, compared to me, the Roſe will change its Seafon, and bloſſom in Midwinter, the Nightingale will be ſilent, and the Raven ſing; nay, the *Phœnix* will have a Mate, when I have any Mate but you.

Clar. Had this been true, Nature ſhould have ſooner chang'd than I——

Mil. Oh! You know it is: You have known this Heart too long, to think, it capable of Inconſtancy.

Clar. Thou haſt a Tongue that might charm the very *Sirens* to their own Deſtruction, 'till they own'd thy Voice more charming, and more falſe than theirs. There is a Softneſs in thy Words equal to the Hardneſs of thy Heart——

Mil. And there is a Softneſs within that——

Clar. Hold Sir, I conjure you, do not attempt my Honour: But think, however dear you have been to me, my Honour's dearer——

Mil. Thy Honour ſhall be ſafe——Not even the Day, nor Heaven itſelf ſhall witneſs our Pleaſures.

Clar. Think not the Fear of Slander guards my Honour——No, I would not myſelf be a Witneſs of my Shame.

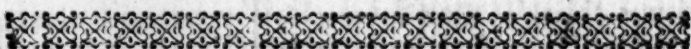
Mil. Thou ſhalt not——We'll ſhut out every prying Ray of Light, and, loſing the Language of our Eyes, find more delicious Ways to interchange our Souls. We'll wind our ſenſes to a Height of Rapture, 'till they play us ſuch dear enchanting Tunes of Joy——

Clar. Oh, *Millamour* (*ſighing.*)

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Mil. Give that dear Sigh to my warm Bosom.
Thence let it thrill into my Heart, and fan thy
Image there—Oh! thou art every where in me
—My Eyes, my Ears, my Thoughts would only
see, and hear, and think of thee. Thou dearest,
sweetest, tenderest—Would Heaven form me ano-
ther Paradise; Would it give me new Worlds of
Bliss,

To thee alone my Soul I would confine,
Nor wish, nor take another World than thine.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, STEDFAST'S House.

STEDFAST, with Servants.

STEDFAST.

IS every thing in Order? Are the New Liveries
on all the rest of my Servants?

Footm. Yes, Sir, They are all on after a Man-
ner; one hath no Pockets, and the other no
Sleeves. *John* the Coachman will not wear his.

Sted. Then desire *John* the Coachman to drive
himself out of my Doors. I'll make my Servants
know they are dress'd to please my Humour, not
their own.

Cook. Sir, It is impossible to get Supper ready
by nine.

Sted. Then let me have it raw. If Supper be
not ready at nine, you shall not be in my House
at ten.—Well, what say you, will not my Wine
be ready?

But. No, indeed will it not, Sir; your Honour
hath by Mistake mark'd a Pipe not half a Year old.

Sted.

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Sted. Must I consult your Palate, or my own?
—Must I give you Reasons for my Actions? Sir-
rah, I tell you new Wine is properest for a Wed-
ding. So go your Ways, and trouble me with no
more impertinent Questions.

S C E N E II.

STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

Sted. Mr. *Squeezepurse*, I am glad you are come.
I am so pester'd with my Servants.

Squeez. The Laws are too mild—too mild for
Servants; Mr. *Stedfast*.

Sted. Well, and have you brought the Writings.

Squeez. They are ready. The Parties Hands
are only necessary. The Settlement is as strong as
Words can make it. I have not been sparing of
them.

Sted. I expect Mr. *Mutable* and his Son this In-
stant; and hope, by the Help of you and the Par-
son, to have finish'd all within an Hour.

(Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's a Letter for your Honour.

Sted. Mr. *Squeezepurse*, you will excuse me.
(Reads) *Sir, I am at length fully determin'd to mar-
ry my Son to the other Lady, so desire all Matters
may be cancell'd between us. I was ashamed to bring
you this Refusal, so have sent it by Letter. Your
humble Servant, Tho. Mutable. Ashamed! Ay,
thou may'st be ashamed, indeed.*

Squeez. Any thing of Moment from the other
Party?

Sted. Death and Fury! Go call your Lady
here—She was a Witness of his Engagements.
I'll go to Law with him.

Squeez. The Law is open to any injured Person,
and is the properest Way of seeking Restitution.

Ser. My Lady, Sir, my Lady is gone out.

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Sted. How! gone out! My Wife gone out—
Oons, and Pestilence! run away on her Wedding-
Day! Where is she gone?

Ser. I don't know, Sir.

Squeez. I saw your Lady, Sir, as I came by, go
into a House in the other Street.

Sted. Shew me that House immediately, good
Mr. *Squeezepurse*. I will fetch her home, I am de-
termin'd. It is a fine Age to marry in, when a
Wife cannot stay at home on her Wedding-Day,

SCENE III.

SCENE, MILLAMOUR's Lodging.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA.

Mil. Cruel *Clarinda*—Thus to stop short when
we were at the Brink of Happiness. To shew my
eager Soul a Prospect of *Elysium*, and then refuse
it the Possession.

Clar. With how much juster Reason may I com-
plain of you! Ah! *Millamour*, didst thou not,
when the very Day of our Marriage was appoint-
ed, didst thou not then forsake me?

Mil. Heaven knows with what Reluctancy, nor
could any thing but my Fear of your Misery have
compell'd me to it.

Clar. It is a strange Love that makes its Object
miserable, for Fear of its becoming so. Nor can
the Heart that loves be, in my Opinion, ever mi-
serable, while in Possession of what it loves.

Mil. Oh! let that plead my Cause, and whis-
per to thy tender Heart—

SCENE IV.

To him BRAZEN.

Brazen. Oh, Sir! Undone, undone.

Mil. What's the Matter?

Brazen,

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Brazen. Mr. *Stedfast*, Sir, is below with another Gentleman—He swears his Wife is in the House, and he will have her.

Clar. I shall faint.

Mil. What's to be done? — There's another Woman in the Closet, whom she must not see.

(Runs to the Closet, and returns.

Braz. Sir, he will be up Stairs in a Moment.

Clar. Ah, Heavens! *(Falls back into a Chair.*

Mil. Sirrah, be at hand, and assist me with lying—Her Fright has inspired me with the only Method to preserve her—Give me my Gown and Cap instantly—Away you to your Post—Madam, do you pretend yourself as ill as possible — So! Hush, hush, what Noise is this?

S C E N E V.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, BRAZEN, STEDFAST, SQUEEZPURSE.

Sted. Where is this wicked, vile, rambling Woman? Where are you, Sorceress, that are run away from your Husband's House on your Wedding-Day?

Mil. Hold, Sir, you must not disturb the Lady.

Sted. Must not disturb her, Sir!

Mil. No, Sir.

Sted. Why, pray Sir, who are you?

Squeez. Mr. *Stedfast*, give me leave if you please. Whoever you are, Sir, I believe you scarce know what you are doing. Do you know, Sir, that this Lady is a *Femme Couverte*, and the Consequence of detaining such, without the leave of her Husband first had and obtained? Mr. *Stedfast*, you have as good an Action against the Gentleman as any Man can wish to have. Juries, now a Days, give great Damages in the Affair of Wives.

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Mil. Is this Lady your Wife, Sir ?

Sted. Yes, Sir, to my exceeding great Sorrow.

Mil. Then, Sir, you owe her Life to me ; for had not immediate Application been made, the whole College could not have saved her.

Sted. To you ! who the Devil are you ?

Mil. Sir, I am an unworthy Practiser of the Art of Physick.

Sted. How came she here, in the Devil's Name ?

Mil. By a most miraculous Accident—She was taken ill just at my Door—My Servant too was then by, as great good Luck, standing at it—*Brazen*, give the Gentleman an Account how you brought the Lady in, when you saw her drop down at my Door.

Braz. I was standing, Sir, as my Master says, picking my Teeth at this Door, when the sick Lady who sits in the Chair, as my Master says, and ready to drop down, as my Master says, and so I took her up in my Arms, and brought her up Stairs, and set her down in the great Chair, and call'd my Master, who, I believe, can cure her if any Doctor in *England* can ; for, tho' I say it, who am but a poor Servant, he is a most able Physician in Women's Affairs.

Squeez. I saw nothing of this happen when she came in, and this Fellow's a good Evidence, or I am mistaken.

Clar. Oh, Heavens ! where am I ?

Sted. Where are you ? Not where you should be—at home at your Husband's.

Clar. My Husband's Voice ! Mr. *Stedfast*, where are you ?

Mil. Go near her, Sir,—Now you may go as near her as you please.

Sted. What's the matter with you, Madam ?

Clar. I cannot tell you, Sir, I was taken in the strangest giddy Manner, with such a Swimming
in

in my Head, that every thing seem'd to dance before my Eyes.

Sted. You may thank yourself. What did you do a gadding? But is this giddy, swimming, dancing Distemper, over, pray?

Clar. Not quite over; but I am much better.

Mil. I never knew that *Specificum Basilicum Magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an universal *Nostrum*.

Sted. Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a *Nostrum*, by which, I suppose, you are not a regular bred Physician; for those are a Set of People, whom I resolved, many Years ago, never to employ.

Mil. Sir, I never took any Degree at our University.

Sted. I like you the better for it.

Mil. You are a Man of Understanding, Sir. The University is the very worst Place to educate a Physician in. A Man, Sir, contracts there a narrow Habit of observing the Rules of a Set of stupid Ancients. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to strike a bold Stroke. A Quack, Sir, is the only Man to put you out of your Pain at once. A regular Physician, like the Court of Chancery, tires a Man's Patience, and consumes his Substance, before he decides the Cause between him and the Disease.

Sted. Come, Madam, I suppose by this time, you are able to walk home, or to a Chair at least.

Mil. Sir, the Air is very dangerous; you had better leave her here some time.

Sted. Sir, I am resolved she shall go home, let the Consequence be what it will. Doctor, here is something for your Trouble. I am much obliged to your Care—Madam, how do you now?

Clar. Oh! infinitely better.

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Mil. A Word with you, Sir,—I heard you say, this is your Wedding-Day — In your Ear (*whispers*) Not as you tender your Wife's future Health, nay, her Life.

Sted. Never fear — come Child — come Mr. *Squeezepurse* — Doctor, your Servant.

Mil. Give me leave, Sir, to hand the Lady to her Chair.

Sted. Pshaw! I hate Ceremony—pray stay behind— (*Pushes away Mil. and exit with his Wife and Squeeze.*)

Mil. Soh! We are well off this time.

Braz. Ay, Sir, some Thanks to me; for I think I lyed pretty handsomely.

Mil. Well, Sirrah, and are you so vain of the Merit? Did not I shew you the way?

Char. (*knocks at the Door.*) Doctor! Doctor!

Mil. Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out *Heartfort*, and bring him hither instantly— My fair Prisoner, I ask your Pardon for keeping you confined so long.

Char. Oh! Sir, no Excuses: Patients must be tended. But pray, Doctor, have you not some little Skill in Casuistry? Will you advise me what to do in this Affair, and whether you think it proper I should suffer you to pass with my Father for so excellent a Physician as you do?

Mil. Oh! Madam, it needs no great Casuist to advise a young Lady how to act, which should be always by the Rules of Good-Nature. Besides, Madam, you shall not see your Father deceived, for I will merit the same Reputation with you, if you will take my Prescription; for I will engage to recommend you one that shall cure you of all Distempers.

Char. Ay! pray what is this infallible *Nostrum*? I am afraid it is something very nauseous to the Palate.

Mil.

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Mil. No, far otherwise : It is taken by a great many Ladies merely for its agreeable Relish.

Char. Well, what is it?

Mil. Nothing more than a very pretty Fellow of my Acquaintance.

Char. Indeed ! and pray is this very pretty Fellow of your Acquaintance like a certain Physician of my Acquaintance ?

Mil. No, Faith : If he was, you would have taken the *Nostrum* long ago.

Char. Hum ! I question that— I fancy, Doctor, you are as great a Quack in Love as you are in Physic, and apt in both to boast more Power than you have. Ah ! if I thought it worth my while, I would play such Pranks with your wild Worship—

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Heart. Oh ! *Millamour*, I have been waiting for you. Ha !

Mil. Well, whether thou hast been waiting for me or seeking me, I am glad you have found me ; for I have a Favour to ask of you, which you must not deny me. Madam, look him boldly in the Face : I dare swear we shall carry our Point.

Char. What Point, Sir ?

Mil. In short, Sir, this young Lady hath begg'd me to ask your Pardon in her Name, and hopes your Forgiveness of all her ill Usage, all her little Airts, which the Folly of Youth, and the Vanity of Beauty together, made her put on ; and she does most faithfully promise, nay, and I have offer'd to be bound for her, that, if you are so generous to forgive the past, she shall never offend for the future.

Char. Intolerable Insolence !

Mil.

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Mil. Yes ; her intolerable Insolence, she hopes, knowing the infinite Goodness and Sweetness of your Temper, will be past over ; and that you will be pleased to consider, that a gay, giddy, wild, young Girl could not have Understanding enough to set a just Value on the sincere Passion of a Man of Sense and Honour.

Char. This is insupportable !

Mil. Nay, nay, I think so too. I must condemn the Hardness of your Heart, that can be Proof against such Penitence in an offending Mistress. Tho' she hath been, I own, as bad as possible, yet sure her repenting Tears may atone.

Heart. I'm in a Dream, for thou, my Friend, I am sure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it possible for me to presume to think the Sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thousand times as great, could touch your Heart ?

Char. Hum ! I thank my Stars, I have it.

Heart. I cannot be awake, nor you be Mistress of such Goodness, to value my little Services so infinitely beyond their Merit. Oh ! you have been too kind. I have not done nor suffer'd half enough.

Mil. Pox take your Generosity ! Suffer on to Eternity, with all my Soul.

Heart. I deserve your Pity now a thousand times more than ever. This Profusion of Goodness overwhelms my Heart.

Mil. Not one bit beyond a just Debt ; she owes you all.

Heart. Millamour, as thou art my Friend, no more.

Char. Let him proceed ; I am not ashamed to own myself Mr. *Heartfort's* Debtor.

Mil. Ay !

Char. And tho' you have somewhat exceeded your Commission, and said more for me than perhaps the Stubborness of my Temper might have permitted.

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permitted me to say, yet this I must confess, my Behaviour to Mr. *Heartfort* hath no way answer'd his Merits.

Mil. Go on, go on, Madam; you never spoke half so much Truth in your Life.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT,
Old MUTABLE, Young MUTABLE.

O. Mut. My Lord, I have been waiting for your Lordship above this Hour: If it had not been for *Jacky* here, I should never have found you.

Mil. A particular Affair, Sir, hath detained me; but I am ready now to wait on you.

O. Mut. *Jacky*, is not that your former Mistress, Miss *Stedfast*? Odsso! it is she. What can she do here?

Y. Mut. I wish she be not come to spoil my Match with my Lord's Sister.

O. Mut. You have hit it, Boy. *Jacky*, you have hit it: but I'll try that. My Lord, my good Lord.

(*They talk apart.*)

Heart. This is such an Excess of Goodness! You judge too harshly indeed of a few slight Gaeties. Women with not half your Merit or Beauty daily practise more. And give me leave to think, they were put on for a Trial of me.

Char. Ay, but what Right had I to that Trial, unless I had intended, which I never can, to disobey my Father?

Heart. Ha! never can!

Char. Heaven forbid I should prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. *Heartfort*, wherefore, pray, did you understand all these Apologies made, but that after all your Merit, I must obey my Father in marrying this young Gentleman?

Heart. Confusion!

O. Mut.

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O. Mut. Indeed, Madam, but there are more Fathers to be obeyed than one. My Son, Madam, is another Woman's Property; and I believe I have as good a Right to my Son, as Mr. *Stedfast* hath to his Daughter. It's very fine, truly, that my Son must be stolen from me and married whether I will or no!

Y. Mut. Ay, Faith is it, Madam, very hard that you will have me, whether I will or no.

Clar. Indeed!

O. Mut. Why truly, Madam, I am very sorry it should be any Disappointment to you; but my Son, Madam, happen'd to be, without my Knowledge, at the time I offer'd him to you, engaged to my Lord *Truelove's* Sister. Was not he, my Lord? Sure, Madam, you would not rob another Woman of her Right.

Char. Sir, if it please you, honoured Sir, my good Father-in-law that was to have been, a Word with you.

O. Mut. As many as you please, Madam; but no Father-in-law.

Char. Tho' in Obedience to my Father I had complied to accept your Son for a Husband, yet I am obliged to your kind Refusal, because that young Gentleman your Son, Sir, happens to be a Person for whom, ever since I had the Honour of his Acquaintance, I have entertain'd the most surprising, invincible and infinite Contempt in the World.

Y. Mut. Contempt for me!

O. Mut. Contempt for *Jacky*!

Char. It would be therefore ungrateful, to let such a Benefactor as you be deceived in a Point which so nearly concerns him. This Gentleman, Sir, is no Lord, and hath no Estate.

O. Mut. How, *Jacky*, no Lord!

Y. Mut. Yes, Sir, I'll be sworn he is.

Char.

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Char. And he hath contriv'd, Sir, to marry your ingenious Son to some common Slut of the Town. So I leave you to make up the Match, and am, Gentlemen, your most humble Servant.

SCENE VIII.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, *Old and Young*
MUTABLE.

Heart. Millamour, I thank thee for the Trouble thou hast undergone for me; but as the Affair is no longer worth my Pursuit, I will release you from your troublesome Title, and this Gentleman from his Mistake. So, Sir, your Son is disengaged, and you may marry him to the young Lady just now gone, whenever you please.

Mil. Faith, Sir, I am sorry I have no Sister for your Son, with all my Heart.

O. Mut. And are you no Lord?

Mil. No, Sir, to my Sorrow.

O. Mut. Why have I been imposed upon then?
(*To Y. Mut.*) But how came you to join in the Conspiracy? Would you cheat your Father?

Y. Mut. Indeed, Sir, not I. I was imposed on as well as you—I took him for a Lord; for I don't know a Lord from another Person, but by his Dress. You cannot blame me, Sir.

O. Mut. Nay, *Jacky*, I don't desire to blame you: I know thou art a good Boy and a fine Gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more Visit to Mr. *Stedfast*, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with Lords? We Country Gentlemen never get any good by them.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Mil. Come, *Heartfort*, be not grave on the Matter : I will venture to affirm thy Mistress is thy own.

Heart. Damn her ! do not mention her : I should despise myself equal with the Fool just departed, could I think myself capable of forgiving her : No, believe me, *Millamour*, was she to commence the Lover, and take the Pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

Mil. And art thou so incensed at a few Coquette Airs of Youth and Gaiety, which Girls are taught by their Mothers and their Mistresses, to practise on us to try our Love, or rather our Patience, when perhaps their own suffers more in the Attempt.

Heart. 'Sdeath ! Sir, hath she not used me like a Dog ?

Mil. Certainly.

Heart. Hath she not trifled with my Passion beyond all Sufferance ?

Mil. Very true.

Heart. Hath she not taken a particular Delight in making me ridiculous ?

Mil. Too true ! and since I see you can bear it, I will tell you, she hath abused you, trifled with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

Heart. Hold, *Millamour*, do not accuse her unjustly neither : I cannot say she hath jilted me.

Mil. Damn her ! Think no more of her : It would be wrong in you to forgive her.

Heart. Yes, forgive her I can : It would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her.—

Mil. Well, do ; and so think no more of her.

Heart.

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Heart. I will not ; for it is impossible to impute so much ill Usage only to the Coquettish Airs of Youth : For could I once be brought to believe that——

Mil. And yet a thousand Women——

Heart. True, true, dear *Millamour* : A thousand Women have played worse Pranks with their Lovers, and afterwards made excellent Wives : It is the Fault of their Education, rather than of their Natures ; and a Man must be a Churl who would not bear a little of that Behaviour in a Mistress, especially in one so very young as *Charlotte* is, and so very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may justly ascribe several Faults to the Number of Flatterers, which Beauty never is without : Besides, you must confess, there is a certain good Humour that attends her Faults, which makes it impossible for you to be angry with them.

Mil. Indeed to me she appears to have no Faults but what arise from her Beauty, her Youth, or her good Humour ; for which Reason I think, Sir, you ought to forgive them, especially if she asked it of you.

Heart. Asked it of me ! Oh ! *Millamour*, could I deny any thing she asked of me ?

Mil. Well, well, that we shall bring her to ; or at least to look as if she asked it of you ; and you know Looks are the Language of Love.

Heart. But pray how came she to your Lodgings this Afternoon ?

Mil. Ha ! Truepenny, art thou jealous ?

Heart. No, faith : Your sending for me prevents that, tho' I was never so much inclin'd——

Mil. Let us go take one Bottle together, and I will tell you, tho' perhaps I must be obliged to trust a Lady's Secret with you, (and I could trust any but your own Mistress's.) Courage, *Heartfort.*
What

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What are thy Evils compar'd with mine, who have a Husband to contend with; a damn'd legal Tyrant, who can ravish a Woman with the Law on his Side. All my Hope and Comfort lie in his Age: And yet it vexes me, that my blooming Fruit must be mumbled by an old Rascal, who hath no Teeth to come at the Kernel.



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, LUCINA's Apartment.

LUCINA with a Letter.

SHALL I write once more to this perjur'd Man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath scornfully sent back? Perhaps I was too severe. Let me revise it. Ha! what do I see? —A Letter from another Woman. *Clarinda Stedfast!* O Villain! doth he think I yet want Testimonies of his Falshood?

SCENE II.

LUCINA, PLOTWEL.

Luc. Oh! *Plotwel*, such new Discoveries! The Letter you brought me back was not my own, but a Rival's; a Rival as unhappy as myself.

Plot. And now I bring you news of a Rival more happy than yourself, if the Possession of a Rake be Happiness. In short, Mr. *Millamour* is to be married to the Daughter of Mr. *Stedfast*.

Luc. Ha! that was the Name I heard when at his Lodgings. He hath debauched his Wife, and would marry his Daughter. This is an Opportunity

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tunity of Revenge I hardly could have wish'd. But how, how, dear *Plotwel*, art thou apprised of this?

Plot. When you sent me back to *Millamour*, while I was disputing with his Servant, who denied me Admission, a fine young Lady whip'd by me into a Chair: I then brib'd his Servant with a Guinea, who discover'd to me, that her Name was *Stedfast*; that she was a great Fortune, and to be married to his Master; and that she lived in *Grosvenor-street*.

Luc. Shall I beg you would add one Obligation more to those I have already received from you, and deliver him this Letter? It may prevent the Ruin of a young Creature——

Plot. One of *Millamour's* Letters to you, I suppose. But it will have no Effect, unless it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an Opportunity of triumphing over a Rival.

Luc. No Matter: To caution the unexperienc'd Traveller from Rocks we split on, is our Duty: If that be ineffectual, his Rashness be his Punishment.

*Plot.** Pray take my Advice, and resolve to think no more of him.

Luc. As a Lover, I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the Cloyster you shall choose, and never more have Converse with that traiterous Sex.

Plot. On Condition you think no more of *Millamour*, I will undertake it, tho' 'tis an ungrateful Office.

Luc. Come in with me, while I enclose it under Seal, that you may securely affirm you are ignorant of the Contents. Come, my faithful *Plotwel*, believe me I both hate and despise Mankind; and from this Hour I will entertain no Passion but our Friendship in my Soul——

Friendship

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Friendship and Love by Heaven seem design'd,
That to enoble, this debase the Mind.

Friendship's pure Joys in Life's last Hour remain;

By Love, that cheating Lottery, we gain
A Moment's Bliss, bought with an Age of Pain.

SCENE III. [*A Tavern.*]

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Mil. And now, dear *George*, I hope I have satisfied your Jealousy.

Heart. I wish I could say you had as well satisfied me with your Behaviour to this young Lady—to *Clarinda*.

Mil. What wouldst thou have me do?

Heart. Why, faith, to be sincere; not what thou hast done: However since that's past, all the Reparation now in thy Power to make, is to see her no more.

Mil. That would be a pretty Reparation indeed! and perhaps she would not thank you for giving me that Advice.

Heart. Perhaps not; but I am sure her Husband would.

Mil. Her Husband! Damn the old Rascal: The teasing such a Cuckold, is half the Pleasure of making him one.

Heart. How! what Privilege dost thou perceive in thyself, to invade and destroy the Happiness of another? Besides, tho' Shame may first reach the Husband, it doth not always end there: The Wife is always liable, and often is involved in the Ruin of the Gallant. The Person who deserves chiefly to be exposed to Shame, is the only Person who escapes without it.

Mil.

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Mil. Heyday ! thou art not turning Hypocrite, I hope. Thou dost not pretend to lead a Life equal to this Doctrine.

Heart. My Practice perhaps is not equal to my Theory ; but I pretend to sin with as little Mischief as I can to others ; and this I can lay my Hand on my Heart and affirm, that I never seduc'd a young Woman to her own Ruin, nor married one to the Misery of her Husband : Nay, and I know thee to be so good-natur'd a Fellow, that what thou dost of this kind arises from thy not considering the Consequence of thy Actions ; and if any Woman can lay her Ruin on thee, thou canst lay it on Custom.

Mil. Why, indeed, if we consider it in a serious Way.

Heart. And why should we not ? Custom may lead a Man into many Errors, but it justifies none ; nor are any of its Laws more absurd and unjust, than those relating to the Commerce between the Sexes : For what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for Women to grant what it is honourable for us to solicit, nay, to ensnare and almost compel them into ; to make a Whore a scandalous, a Whoremaster a reputable Appellation : Whereas, in reality, there is no more mischievous Character than a public Debaucher of Women.

Mil. No more, dear George ; now you begin to pierce to the Quick.

Heart. I have done : I am glad you can feel ; it is a sure Sign of no Mortification.

Mil. Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a Woman, who hath no Fault but foolishly loving me. 'Sdeath ! thou hast rais'd a Devil in me, that will sufficiently revenge her Quarrel. Oh ! *Heartfort*, how was it possible for me to be guilty of so much Barbarity, without knowing it,

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it, and of doing her so many Wrongs, without seeing them till this Moment, till it is too late, till I can make her no Reparation?

Heart. Resolve to see her no more; that's the best in your Power.

Mil. Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do more.

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, USEFUL.

Use. Oh! Mr. *Millamour*, Oh!

Mil. What News?

Use. Oh! I am dead.

Heart. Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of this?

Use. Give me a Glass of Wine, for I am quite out of Breath.

Mil. Help! *Heartfort*, help!

Use. I am come—Give me another Glass.

Heart. You have no reason to complain of your Breath, for I think you drink two Glasses in the same.

Use. Well then, now I am a little come to my self, I can tell you I have charming News for you: *Clarinda* continues still in the same dangerous way, and her Husband—but mum—what have I said?—I forgot we were not alone.

Heart. Oh! Madam, I will withdraw.

Use. Well then, her Husband hath sent me to fetch you to her.

Mil. He hath sent too late; for I have resolv'd to see her no more——

Use. What do you mean?

Mil. Seriously as I say——

Use. You will never see her more!

Mil. Never.

Use. You will see her no more! (*Passionately.*

Mil.

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Mil. No : I have consider'd it as the only Reparation I can possibly make her.

Use. Indeed ! If that be the only Reparation you can make her, you are a very pretty Fellow. But it is false : You are not such a sort of a Man. If I had not known you not to be such a sort of a Man, the Devil should have had you, before I should have troubled my Head about your Affairs.

Mil. My Heart reproaches me with no Action of my Life, equal with my Behaviour to *Clarinda*, and I would do any thing to make her Amends.

Use. Could not your Heart have reproach'd you sooner, before you had made me accessary to the Cheat you intend to put upon her?

Mil. What Cheat?

Use. The worst Cheat can be put upon her. What ! Sir, do you think she hath no Expectations from you ?

Mil. If she hath, her Husband will answer them.

Use. Her Husband ! her Husband won't, nor can't answer them——

Mil. I am not inclin'd to jest——

Use. Nor am I, but I think you are. What would you say of a Man, who would sail to the *Indies*, and when he was just come in Sight of his Port, tack about and return without touching ? Have not you been sailing several Years into the Arms of your Mistress, and now she holds them open, you refuse——What ! did you court her only to refuse in your Turn ? to refuse her, when she is expecting, wishing, longing——

Mil. And do you really think her as you say ?

Use. What could move her else to lay such a Plot as she hath done ? To pretend herself sick, that you might be sent for as her Physician ? But you would play the Physician with her, and make her Distemper real.

Mil. If I thought that——

Q

Use.

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Use. What can you think else? Can any thing hurt a Woman equal with being refused?

Mil. Refuse! what, giving up her matchless Beauty to my longing Arms? 'Sdeath! he is not of Flesh and Blood who could refuse. Thou dearest Woman! and dost thou think she will consent?—Dost thou think my Happiness so near?

Use. I know it must be—but——

Mil. But what?

Use. You had better make her a Reparation for what's past, and see her no more.

Mil. Reparation! ay, so I will—All that Love, transporting, eager, wanton, raving Love can give her—*Heartfort*, you must excuse me: Business, Sir, Business of very great Importance calls me away——

Heart. I can guess your Business by your Company.

Mil. Come, my dear *Useful*, convey me, quick as my Desires, where only they can meet full Satisfaction. Let me enjoy *Clarinda*,—and—then—

Use. And then—perhaps you may keep your Word, and never see her any more.

(*Exeunt Use. and Mil.*)

Heart. There goes an Instance of the great Power our Reason hath over our Passions. But hold,—Why should I seek Instances abroad, who have so sufficient an Example in my own Breast—Where had Reason the Dominion, I should have long since expell'd the little Tyrant, who hath made such Ravage there—Of what Use is Reason then? Why, of the Use that a Window is to a Man in Prison, to let him see the Horrors he is confined in; but lends him no Assistance to his Escape.

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SCENE V.

SCENE, STEDFAST's House.

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Clar. Oh, *Charlotte* ! let no Passion prevail on you to throw yourself away on a Person you despise. Marriage knows no Release but Death. Had I the World, I would give it to recal mine.

Char. You see, *Clarinda*, it is easier to give Advice than to take it.

Clar. You are not in my Situation. Think, my *Charlotte*, think, but of the Danger I was in, against the daily Solicitations of a Man, who had so great a Friend within my Breast. My little Fortune spent. A friendless, helpless Orphan. The very Man I lov'd, with whom I must at least have shared Poverty, refusing to make me the honourable Partner of his Bed ! What could *Charlotte* then have done ? Would you have then refused a rich, an honourable Lover ?

Char. Hum ! Agad, I don't know what I should have done. Heaven forbid, it should be my Case. I should not have taken the old Fellow, I am positive.

Clar. Oh, my dear *Charlotte* ! never let any thing tempt you to forfeit the Paths of Honour.

Char. And yet, my dear *Clarinda*, you can feign yourself sick to see your Lover. Pray, my dear, how doth a Woman's Honour do, when she is sick to see her Gallant ?

Clar. Indeed, you wrong me. The Terror I have of your Father's Bed, put me on the feigning this Sickness, which will soon be real. For as to *Millamour*, I have determined never to see him more.

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Char. Nay, I will swear, I saw *Useful* take a Chair and go for him, as your Physician, by my Father's Order.

Clar. You surprize me ! O that wicked Woman, who hath been the Occasion of all my Misfortunes, and is determin'd to persecute me to the last Minute.

Char. There is somewhat in her which I dislike, and have often wondered why you would indulge her in the Freedoms she takes.

Clar. O *Charlotte* ! in distress'd Circumstances, how easily can Impudence get the Ascendant over us ? Besides, this Woman, of whom I now have your Opinion, can outwardly act a Saint, as well as inwardly a Devil. What Defence hath the Ignorance of twenty, against the experienced Arts of such a Woman ? Believe me, I thank Heaven, I have escaped so well, rather than wonder I have not escaped better.

Char. Well, honoured Madam, if your Daughter-in-law may presume to advise, rest contented with the Honour you have already attain'd ; for if you should be overthrown but in one Battle, there's an End of all your former Conquests. But hush, hush ; to your Chair. My Father is coming up.

SCENE VI.

STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Sted. Well, Madam, how do you now ?

Char. My Mother is extremely ill, Sir.

Sted. I did not ask you—How do you, Child ?

Clar. Oh !

Sted. Oh ! This is the most comfortable Wedding-Day sure, that ever Man had. Well the Doctor will be here presently.

Char.

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Char. Sir, the last Words my Mamma spoke were, she desired she might not see the Doctor.

Sted. Yes, Madam ; but the last Words I speak are, that she shall see him.

Clar. No, Doctor—No, Doctor.

(*Enter Useful and Millamour.*)

Useful (*introducing Millamour*) Sir, here's the Doctor.

Sted. I am glad you are come, Sir : My Wife is extremely ill—Go to her.—Physicians should make a little more Haste.

Mil. Give me your Hand, if you please, Madam.

Sted. How do you do, Child ?

Clar. Oh !

Sted. That's all I have been able to get of her, Doctor ; she is not able to tell you even how she doth.

Use. (*Aside.*) A true Physician faith ! He feels for her Pulse in her Palm.

Sted. How do you find her, Doctor ?

Mil. Truly, Sir, I wish there may not be more Danger in the Case, than is imagined.

Sted. Nay, the World shall not say she died for want of Assistance. I will go send for another.

Mil. Oh ! Sir ! there's no Need of that—I can trust to my own Skill.

Sted. I'm resolved.

Use. Come, Madam, We'll leave the Doctor to his Patient.

SCENE VII.

CLARINDA, MILLAMOUR,

Mil. Oh, speak to me, *Clarinda*—Whisper something tender to my Soul, or I shall die before thee.

Clar. Thou hast undone me, *Millamour*.

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Mil. Then I have undone myself ! Myself ! — What's that to having ruin'd thee ! I would be Ages expiring to preserve thee. My Dear ! my only Love ! Too late I see the Follies of my Life. I see the fatal Consequence of my ungovern'd, lawless Passion.

Clar. Oh ! had thy Eyes but Yesterday been open'd ; but now it is too late.

Mil. Too late ! I will put back the Hand of Time. O think it not too late. Oh, couldst thou but recover ; thy Marriage could not, should not keep us from being happy.

Clar. Alas, my Disease is but a poor Pretence, to see you once again to take this last Farewel.

Mil. Thou Angel Softness ! Thou Fountain of Eternal Sweets ! To take a last Farewel ! Then I will bid farewel to Life, *Clarinda*. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witness Heaven, that could I but recal blest Yesterday again, I would not slight the Offers of thy virtuous Love, for the whole World of Beauty, or of Wealth ! Oh Fool ! to trifle with so vast a Blessing, 'till it was snatch'd from thee ! Yet since we cannot be what we wish, let us be what we can.

Clar. No, *Millamour*, never with the Forfeit of my Honour. I will lose my Life : Nay, what I value much more, rather than quit that Idol of my Soul, I will lose you.

S C E N E VIII.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE,
USEFUL, STEDFAST, CRISIS.

Use. Hush, hush, to your Posts, to your Posts.

Sted. (*introducing Crisis*) Doctor, that is your Patient, and Heaven direct your Judgment.

Cris. Sir, Sir, harkee, who's that ? I observed him feel her Pulse.

Sted.

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Sted. That is a Brother Physician, Sir.

Cris. Ay, What is his Name?

Sted. Doctor, Dr. *Crisis* desires to know your Name.

Mil. My Name ! Name—My Name is *Gruel*.

Cris. *Gruel*, I don't know him, nor do I remember his Name in the College. Some Quack, I suppose.—Sir, here's your Fee—I'm your humble Servant.

Sted. Stay, stay, dear Doctor.

Cris. Sir, I will consult with no Quacks, Sir, I have not studied Physick so long, to consult with a Quack ! Wherefore have we a College of Physicians, if we are to call Quacks to our Assistance?

Sted. For Heaven's Sake, Doctor, my Wife will die.

Cris. Sir, I can't help it, if half the World were to die, unless that Man were out of the Room I will have nothing to do. And that I am resolv'd.

Sted. If you come to that, Sir, I am resolved he shall not be sent out of the Room. I would not send him out of the Room to save my Wife's Life ; No, nor scarce to save my own Life. So see whose Resolution will be broke first, your's or mine.—Resolved, Quotha.

Cris. Here, *John*, my Coach to the Door—Consult with a Quack !

Sted. Doctor, pray return my Fee.

Cris. Sir, your humble Servant.

Mil. I hope, Sir, we shall not want his Advice. I apprehend the Distemper to be now, some Moments past the Crisis, and in half an Hour, I may possibly send you the happy News of your Wife's being out of Danger. But it is intirely necessary she should go to Bed, and then I will go and see her.

(*Enter Servant, who whispers Stedfast.*)

Sted.

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Sted. Doctor, you will excuse me a few Minutes.—A Lady wants me below Stairs. (*Exit.*)

Mil. Come, Nurse; you must put your Patient to Bed, and then I'll visit her again.

Clar. Never, never, *Millamour*. Never from this Hour will I behold that Face again. That fatal Cause of all my Misery.

Mil. Barbarous *Clarinda*! Can I be knowingly the Cause of one Misfortune to you, when I would not purchase the World with one Sigh of thine.

Clar. Thy Conversation is dangerous to my Honour; and henceforth I will fly thee as the worst of Contagions.—Farewel—And think you have lost a Woman, who durst not from her Tenderness, ever see thee more. (*Exit.*)

Mil. Oh Agony! Oh *Clarinda*!

Use. Ha, ha, ha—That ever a Man, who knows so much of the Sex as Mr. *Millamour*, should despair at the very Brink of Victory.

Mil. 'Sdeath—Did she not say she'd never see me more.

Use. Well, and hath she not said so a hundred times; and seen you as often! Did she not say, she durst not see you more? Women are all Cowards, and dare not do any thing unless they are forced to it. I tell you, she is wishing, sighing for you. Honour and Love have a Conflict within her Breast, and if you stand by the little Gentleman, I'll hold a thousand Pounds he gets the better.

Mil. No more of this Foolery. Thou hast undone us both. And, by Heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expose thee to all Mankind, as thy Infamy deserves, 'till every wretched Maid shall curse thee, every honest Woman despise thee, and every Boy that meets thee, shall hoot thee through the World.

Use. Is this my Reward?

Mil.

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Mil. Reward ! There is none in Law or Justice equal to thy Deserts. Thou art a more mischievous Animal than a Serpent ; and the Man or Woman, who admits one of thy detestable Character into his House or Acquaintance, acts more foolishly than he who admits a Serpent into his Bosom. A public Mark of Infamy should be set on every such Wretch, that we might shun them as a Contagion. Never see me more ; for if thou do'st, I shall forego the Dignity of my Sex to punish thee. O *Clarinda* ! I will pursue thee still : For next to having thee mine, is leaving my Life at thy Feet.

Use. Very fine ! I have no more to do here at present. Such Encouragement will tempt me to grow honest, and quit my Employment.

SCENE IX.

STEDFAST, PLOTWEL.

Sted. A very pretty reasonable Gentleman, truly. Would not one Woman content him ? Must he have my Wife and Daughter too ? Would he have my whole Family ? Madam, I know not how to return this Obligation, which the great Concern you have shewed for my Honour, hath laid upon me.

Plot. Can you not find then in this Face something which might give you a Reason for that Concern ? Look stedfastly on me, and tell me, if you remember no Mark in these Features, which were once known to you ?

Sted. There's something in that Voice, that—

Plot. That once was Music in your Ears, if ever you spoke Truth to *Cleomela*.

Sted. *Cleomela* !

Plot. Are there then any Horrors in that Name. Age certainly hath left no Furrows there, how-
ever

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ever it hath alter'd this unhappy Face. Still, if Remembrance of past Joys be sweet, the Name of *Cleomela* should be so.

Sted. I am so surpris'd! I scarce have Reason left to recollect you.

Plot. Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you; to thunder any Injuries in your Ears, nor Breach of Promise.

Sted. You know you cannot. It was your own Fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your Religion. You know my Resolutions were to have married you. And you know my Resolutions were never to marry you, unless you did. You kept your Religion, and I my Resolution.

Plot. How easily Men find Excuses to avoid what they dislike! But that is past; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

Sted. No, Heaven hath taken care to put that out of my Power. As this Letter hath told you before.

Plot. I assure you, Sir, the Contents of that Letter I am a Stranger to.

Sted. Are you? then pray read it—for I intend to make them no Secret. (*Plotwel takes the Letter, reads, and shews much Surprise.*)

S C E N E X.

MILLAMOUR, STEDFAST, *Mrs.* PLOTWEL.

Mil. Oh, Sir, the most unfortunate News.

Sted. What's the Matter?

Mil. Your poor Lady is relapsed into the most violent Fit of Madness. And I question much whether she will ever speak again.

Sted. She hath no Need. She hath Hands to write her Mind. Nay, were they cut off too, she would find some other Tongue. She would invent

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vent as strange Methods to betray the Lewdness of her Mind, as *Lavinia* did to discover her Injury.

Mil. Hey-day! Your Wife hath infected you with Madness.—

Sted. Yes, my Wife has infected me indeed. It breaks out here [*pointing to his Head.*] Harkee, Sir, if there be any infectious Thing about my Wife, she will communicate it to more than her Husband.

Mil. What can be the Meaning of this? I am sorry to see this, Sir, very sorry to hear this. This is no common Distemper.

Sted. No! I thought Cuckoldom the most general Distemper in the Kingdom.

SCENE XI.

Old MUTABLE, STEDFAST, MILLAMOUR, PLOTWEL.

O. Mut. Odsso, Mr. *Stedfast*, I am sorry to hear your Lady is ill.

Sted. It is probable you may; for you and I are not likely to be sorry on the same Occasion—

O. Mut. No, it is not—Yes, it is—it is impossible—Agad! 'tis he—'tis—my dear Lord *Truelove*, I'm your most obedient, humble Servant.

Sted. My Lord *Truelove*!—

O. Mut. Ay, Sir, this is the worthy Lord, Sir, to whose Sister I was to have married my Son, till, by good Luck, Sir, I found my Lord *Truelove* to be no Lord, but a certain wild, young Vagabond, who goes by the Name of *Millamour*.

Sted. What's this I hear?—

Mil. Ay, 'tis so, — the House is infected, and every Man is mad that comes into it.

O. Mut.

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O. Mut. Mad! You young Dog, you have made a Fool of me, I thank you.

Sted. I am a fine one, truly, if Doctor Gruel be a Cheat.

Plot. Mr. Millamour!

Mil. Nay, then 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires less Impudence to confess all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. Plotwel. (*Millamour and*

Plotwel talk apart, and then go out together.

O. Mut. Mr. Stedfast, if you please we'll make no longer Delay of the Wedding——

Sted. Sir, I hate the Name of Wedding——

O. Mut. Hey-day! I hope you are not capable of breaking your Resolution.

Sted. Sir, I shall break my Heart—A Man that is married is capable of every thing but being happy.

O. Mut. Come, come, I'm sorry for what's past, and am willing, to shew my Repentance, to put it out of my Power to offend any more.——What signifies Delays?—Let us have the Wedding to Night.——

Sted. Whenever you please, Sir.

O. Mut. If your Daughter be ready, my Son is.

Sted. I have no Daughter, Sir.

O. Mut. Ha, ha, ha. You're a merry Man.

Sted. Look ye, Gentlemen,—if one of you will take my Wife, the other shall have my Daughter.
[to them Millamour.

Mil. Oh, Sir! the luckiest News: Your Lady is recovered, her Distemper left her in a Moment, as by a Miracle, at the Sight of Mrs. Plotwel.

Sted. My Distemper is not remov'd.——

Mil. Take Courage, Sir, I'll warrant I cure you—What are you sick of?

Sted. What you are sick of too by this time—my Wife.

Mil.

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Mil. Is that all?

Sted. This Insult, Sir, is worse than your first Injury ;—but the Law shall give me a Reparation for both.—

Mil. Here comes a better Friend to you than the Law—If your Wife be all your Illness, she will do what the Law can seldom do, unmarry you again.—I don't know how uneasy you may be for marrying my Mistress ; but I am sure you ought to be so for marrying your own Daughter.

SCENE XII.

To them CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEART-FORT.

Plot. Start not at that Word, but thank the watchful Care of Heaven, which hath sent me here this Day to prevent your Fall, even at the Brink of Ruin.—And, with a Joy becoming so blest an Occasion, receive your Daughter to your Arms.

Clar. My Father, —I am resolved to call you by that Name.

Sted. Call me any thing but Husband.—

Plot. She is indeed your Daughter—the Pledge of our Loves—the Witness of your Treachery, and my Shame, whom that wicked Woman seduced from the Nunnery, where I thought I had placed her in Safety.—

Clar. Sir, I kneel for your Blessing, nor will I rise 'till you have given it me—

Sted. Take it, my Child, and be assured no Father ever gave it more gladly.—This is indeed a happy Discovery—I have found my Daughter, and I have lost my Wife.

Plot. My Child, let me again embrace thee—This is Happiness indeed !—

R

O. Mut.

O. Mut. What have you more Daughters than one, Mr. *Stedfast*?

Sted. Even as you see, Sir.

O. Mut. Why then, Sir, I hope you will not take it amiss, that I desire all further Treaty may cease between us.

Sted. Sir, I would not marry a Daughter of mine into your Family, was your Estate ten times as large as it is—So now you have my Resolution. I should expect, by such a Match, to become Grand-father to a Weather-cock.——

O. Mut. Very well, Sir, very well—there's no Harm done—my Son is in *statu quo*, and as fine a Gentleman as ever he was.——

Heart. Your Honour, Sir, is now disengaged. You will give me Leave oncemore to mention my Ambition, especially if another Child is to share my *Charlotte's* Fortune, I may appear at least worthier of her in your Eye.——

Sted. Here! —Take her—take her——

Char. I told you, Sir, I would obey my Father; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my Husband.——

Heart. When I expect more Obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will punish me by Rebellion.——

Char. Well, I own I have not deserved so much Constancy—but, I assure you, if I can get Gratitude enough I will pay you; for I hate to be in Debt.

Mil. You was pleased, Sir, this Day to promise me, that, on the Recovery of your Lady's Senses, you would give me whatever I should ask.——

Sted. Ay, Sir, you shall have her before you ask. There she is, she hath given you her Inclinations, and so I give you the rest of her. Heav'n be prais'd, I'm rid of them both. Stay, here is another

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another Woman still. Will no body have her, and clear my House of them ; for it is impossible for a Man to keep his Resolutions, while he hath one Woman in it.

Mil. My *Clarinda*, Oh ! transporting Extasy !

Clar. My *Millamour* ! my ever loved !

Mil. *Heartfort*, your Hand, I am now the happiest of Mankind. I have, on the very point of losing it, recovered a Jewel of inestimable Value. O *Clarinda* ! my former Follies may, through an Excess of good Fortune, prove advantageous to both in our future Happiness. While I, from the Reflection on the Danger of losing you, to which the Wildness of my Desires betray'd me, shall enjoy the Bliss with doubled Sweetness. And you from thence may derive a tender and a constant Husband.

From my Example let all Rakes be taught,
To shun loose Pleasure's sweet, but pois'nous
Draught.

Vice, like a ready Harlot, still allures ;
Virtue gives slow, but what she gives, secures.

E P I

EPILOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND, and Spoken by
Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

THE Trial ended, and the Sentence o'er,
The Criminal stands mute, and pleads no more.
Sunk in Despair, no distant Hope he views,
Unless some friendly Tongue for Mercy sues.
So too our Bard (whatever be his Fate)
Hath sent me here Compassion to create :
If damn'd, to blunt the Edge of Critics Laws ;
If sav'd, to beg Continuance of Applause.
All this the frighted Author bid me say.

—But now for my own Comments on his Play.
This Millamour, for ought I could discover,
Was no such dang'rous, forward, pushing Lover :
Upon the Bull I, like Europa, ventur'd,
Enter'd his Closet—where he never enter'd ;
But left me, after all my Kindness shewn,
In a most barbarous Manner, quite alone :
Whilst I, with Patience to our Sex not common,
Heard him prescribing to another Woman :
But, tho' quite languishing and vastly ill
She was, I could not find she took one Pill.
Tho' her Disease was high, tho' fierce th' Attack,
You saw he was an unperforming Quack :
But soon as Marriage alter'd his Condition,
He cur'd her as a regular Physician.

My Father Stedfast took it in his Head
To keep all Resolutions which he made :
As the great Point of Life, this seem'd to strike him :
His Daughter Charlotte's very much unlike him.
The only Joys (and let me freely speak them)
I know in Resolutions, is to break 'em.

I think without much Flatt'ry I may say,
There's strict Poetic Justice through this Play.
You heard the Fool despis'd ; the Bard's just Sentence ;
Heartfort's Reward, and Millamour's Repentance :
And such Repentance must Forgiveness carry ;
Sure there's Contrition with it when we marry.

The End of the First Volume.



